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"REALLY, MR. PUNCH"—said FATHER NILE.

"And really, FATHER NILE," said MR. PUNCH, "and now what's the matter with you, you old Myth and Mystery. Light another pipe, and be sociable. Are you smoking tomboc? If so, give it an extra wash and squeeze in your own river; for it's strong, and makes you surly, and we won't have Surley Hall on the Nile."

"You make me laugh," said FATHER NILE, "but you are uncommonly familiar."

"Familiar, but by no means vulgar," returned MR. PUNCH, lighting his cigar with a dry reed. "Nobody can say I'm vulgar. I have all the exquisite ease of society that is too high to care what anybody thinks. And so we know all about you at last. Do you know that you remind me of a sensation novel; when the secret's out there's nothing in it?"

"Come, I won't be talked to like that," said the Nile. "I am a most respectable old river, and if I am not what I was, that is not my fault. Six hundred and thirty years before your era, there was a Milesian factory upon my Bolbitic branch."

"Bother your Bolbitic branch," said MR. PUNCH. "Do you consider it a credit to have been patronised by the Irish of the Future?"

"I drowned CLEOPATRA's first husband in Forty-Seven."

"If you had submerged the entire *ménage*, the world would have lost a bad woman and a good play."

"Then PROBUS, who conquered FLORIAN—"

"I never could do that, but then I hate all French books, except RABELAIS."

"He improved my navigation—"

"*In otio et negotio Probus*, just like me," said MR. PUNCH.

"Didn't I defeat the Fifth Crusade, by an overwhelming majority?" said FATHER NILE, indignantly.

"Who's a denying on it?" responded MR. PUNCH. "What an edgy old man you are—there's no talking to you. Don't I hold you in all reverence? *Honor est a Nilo*—do you remember that, your honour?"

The placable old creature recovered his equanimity, and said, smiling, "At my time of life we are, perhaps, too apt to believe that we are not treated with due respect."

"Certainly, there's no fool like an old fool," answered the incorrigible MR. PUNCH. "But I tell you I have the utmost veneration for you. Don't I remember what JUVENAL, whom I strongly resemble in all his few good qualities, said about your mouths—*rari quippe boni*—and the gates of Thebes?"

"He didn't mean my Thebes, MR. PUNCH."

"I know that, you quarrelsome old watering-pot. He meant Thebes in Bœotia, where a good many of my literary friends come from. Well, are you not much obliged to my Anglo-Indian friends, CAPTAIN SPEKE and CAPTAIN GRANT, for inventing you, and bringing you up into fashion again, and getting you talked about by SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, in the presence of the most distinguished and intellectual Swells of the Metropolis of the World?"

"Do you mean Alexandria?" said FATHER NILE, languidly.

"Alexandria be—obliterated! No, I won't say that, because it gave my friend CHARLES KINGSLEY the scene for *Hypatia*. Alexandria, indeed! Why, one of your own hippopotamusses could tell you better, if it corresponds with its cousins in the Regent's Park. I mean London, MR. NILUS, the Capital of the Universe."

"Never heard of it, and please don't scold me," said FATHER NILE, pretending to be affected.

"Come, come," said MR. PUNCH, "that won't do with me. Is that a crocodile I see before me? TONY, look out, or that animal'll be a-biting on you."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared FATHER NILE (giving his urn such an extra shake that the man at the Nilometer at Cairo ran out bellowing that the inundation had come without notice, for which indiscretion he was, we are happy to say, well bastinadoed), "there's no selling you, MR. PUNCH."

"My publishers could tell you another story," said MR. PUNCH, modestly, "and could inform you that I am sold wherever the English language, or even what, in America and Belgravia, is supposed to be the English language, is spoken."

"Done this time, however," said FATHER NILE, radiantly. "I know all about you, and how the nations worship you, and your dog TONY, who reminds me of Anubis—*litrator Anubis*, as OVID says.

"The Dog of the Nile. H'm," said MR. PUNCH. "Don't growl, TONY, Sir, the elderly gentleman means to be complimentary, and doesn't know that you have the *entrée* of the British Museum, and have seen Anubis."

"I heard," said FATHER NILE, "that the very first sight which the Prince of your country showed to his beautiful bride, on the day of her arrival, was Yourself, crowned, like a priest, with flowers."

"We don't crown our priests, except sometimes with powdered wigs," said MR. PUNCH, "but on other points you are accurately informed; and though I don't care a piastre for Alexandria, I value the smile I received on that day from ALEXANDRIA at the price of the Pyramids."

"You deserved it," said the Aged River.

"Without self-conceit, I believe that I did," said MR. PUNCH.

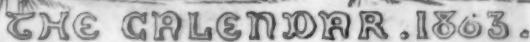
"You resemble Me," said the Nile. "Year after year I send forth, for joy, and for comfort, and for fertilising, my magnificent Volume——"

"So do I," said MR. PUNCH, "and here is my

Forty-Fourth Volume."



Bunch's **A**lmanack

[illegible]

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"The cab was a fast one, and it seemed but a moment between the brilliant lights and sparkling table of the Club, and the silence of the dark cold Lane of the Temple. I hurried towards my chambers, with a slightly uncertain step, for champagne is fire, and as I emerged from the gloomy cloister, I beheld a monstrous Snake, lying in all its slimy blackness upon the pavement, white in the moonlight. A Snake, of awful length, such a one as not the army of the conquering Hæstias, and died under the crushing avalanche from the military engines. More horrible, for at intervals I could descry foul, dwarfed legs, and could see that the stones were damp with its hideous slime. Its head glittered with a fendish and lurid gleam, and was upturned towards my own windows, waiting for the Living Flesh. Magnetic fascination drew me on against my will; I approached it, shuddering, and, horror on horror, stumbled, and fell upon the Beast. Its clammy chill came upon my warm hands and face, and then I heard a fierce gurgling sound, and the loathsome Snake vomited a torrent of—I know not what—I had fainted. . . .

"Then firemen ought to be ashamed of leaving their pipe to trip up the gentleman," said the Policeman, "and—"
Author of *What will he do with a Strange Story?*

TO ANY ONE FOND OF GOOD SUPERFICIAL.—Become a Policeman.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE. MRS. GOOSE'S PREFACE.

Don't tell me of your ZADKIELS and FRANCIS MOORE Physicians. I don't valley nayther on 'em a brass farden. They agint agin to come over me with none o' their signarolies. Hother! There! Give me hold o' the 'Strology book, and if I don't read the Wises of the Stars truer than them, blow in my face and call me Dapple!

JANUARY.—Saturn in Libra is he? Libra the Scales. Ah! the old serpent—drat him! Then there's sure to be bobs and botherations and Barbary q's somewhere. For Saturn finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. No doubt but what there 'll be a rummage of some sort in France, or else a to-do in Russia or Prussia or Italy or a mess in Greece, and goes on in Amerrykey, Turkey in Europe, Asia or Africa. But a fiddlestick for Saturn! I defies him. My motto is and hallways wor, "Tell truth and shame the

devil." Mars in Harris opposite Jupiter and Sun semi-square to Mackery; why then in course we must expect things unsettled, partickler washing bills and other little accounts. The blacks is a risin' in the Cotton States, and a fallin' elsewhere; so much the wiser for linen.

A SERIOUS FACT.—A Preacher of Total Abstinence gravely delivered the following observation from his platform:—"Gin is a Snare."



PLUCK!

Master Cook-Robin. "I TELL YOU WHAT, USCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!"

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

As soon as the frost sets in, the Serpentine will "receive" every day. There will not be any restriction, as to dress. A warm bath, besides a glass of brandy and water, will be provided for all those who happen to drop in. The outsiders on such a hospitable occasion will not be forgotten, inasmuch as refreshment will be provided on the spot for all those who choose to pay for them. Drags will be stationed at certain distances for the convenience of the company, and can be hired (or lowered, if the person wishes it) at a moment's notice by any one holding up to that effect his hand.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Bicester,
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed,
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If you are anxious to know what marvellous things the tongue of the Adder can do, and what extraordinary lengths it will sometimes go to, listen attentively to a Richmond waiter, in the height of the season, when he is reckoning up your score.

AN UNDENIABLE CONTRADICTION.—Whitebait is no small fry.



DELIGHT OF THE HOZ. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PITCHLEY) ON FINDING THAT THE BOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT COWLEY STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HARBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"I know that LAVINIA has written to him," said Miss MALCOLM, quietly.
"But she has not moved from the sofa. The pens have not been used, and though there were five sheets of note-paper yesterday, and now there are four, you took one for little Lucy's bonbons. I have counted the envelopes, and all are there," I said.

"Yes, she has written, and sent the letter. Look out, and you will see that his blind is drawn down. That is the white signal which means 'no danger.'"

"Has SARAH been in the room?"

"Only once, to take away the soup, which LAVINIA scarcely touched."

"Did she eat her roll?"

"A mouthful or two of the crumb. I watched SARAH, and am certain that LAVINIA gave her nothing."

"Give me the opera-glass," I said quickly, and I turned it on CAPTAIN VERNON's other window. He was eating something, I fancied with a sort of ostentation. A thought flashed on my mind.

"Have you done with the newspaper, LAVINIA?" I said.

"Lor, yes," said the invalid, petulantly.

"An hour."

A corner of the paper was gone. It was in the Roll VERNON was eating. Now, to get at that scrap. But first, what was it about?—Author of *The Dead Woman in White's Secret*.

A SONG FOR SPRING.

Now behold the buttercup
In the meadows springing up;
And PHILLIS now, with rapture crazy,
Cries out to CUNEO, "Lawk! a delay!"

LIVING LIKE A PRINCE.—A certain rich nobleman, who keeps a French cook, is accustomed to call his chef "Minister of the Interior."

CUTTING OBSERVATIONS.—Why is a biting jest like a stale proverb? Because an old saw must have teeth.

BATHS AND WASHBOUSES.—The beneficent exertions of sanitary reformers for the good of the working-classes in densely crowded districts are never more successful than when they make a clean sweep.



TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"

Second Boy. "Yes. It's to be delivered IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."

First Boy. "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."

THE POPLAR UNION.

THE Approaching Marriage of the PRINCE of WALES
with the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA of Denmark!
Three cheers, boys!

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

MARCH.—Jupiter a pullin' right and Saturn left—pull baker, pull t' other, as the sayin' is—which signifies there must be ups and downs. If there ain't a railway accident in the course of this month, there will be one or more arter, or praps afore; and some manufacturers possible bustee their bilers. Some individual or other makes a fool of his self. Births, deaths, and marriages appears in the papers, a good many complaints of rheumatis, and somethink or other, mark my words, is safe to happen to somebody. Several dogs ind legs is talked off in the Ouse of Commons.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

(The Questions, by some accident, have not yet occurred to us.)

1. BECAUSE he's a Dick Tatur.
2. When he says Gee-hoss-so-fat.
3. Because it is in-farmhouse.
4. The one is a chin chill, the other a chin chiller.
5. Victor You-go.
6. Because it is an airey-o'light.
7. A weeping Will (oh l)
8. BECAUSE it is the Olmar-knack.

MATHEMATICS FOR MISSES.

PROP. 1. THEOREM. The angles in a Square may be obtuse angles and acute angles, as well as right angles.

Let AB be a square, and C D a young lady in it. Now when C D angles for a husband in the square, she may either hook E F, who makes believe that he has money, or G H who keeps his carriage and is as rich as CROSTUS. Of these two angles clearly the one is an obtuse and the other an acute angle. But if C D be herself angled for, and caught by a man who really loves her, this, we are inclined to think, is a right angle without doubt.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND MEDICINE.—"Stuff a cold," says the proverb, "and starve a cough." Accordingly a cough is the cheaper complaint for a family, because in starving it you save your butcher's and baker's as well as doctor's tails.



LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIDES HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"Won't the first step!" says
Mr. BOLTISOV.

"Well," said the moist lawyer,
looking at the writ, "we must
put in an appearance."

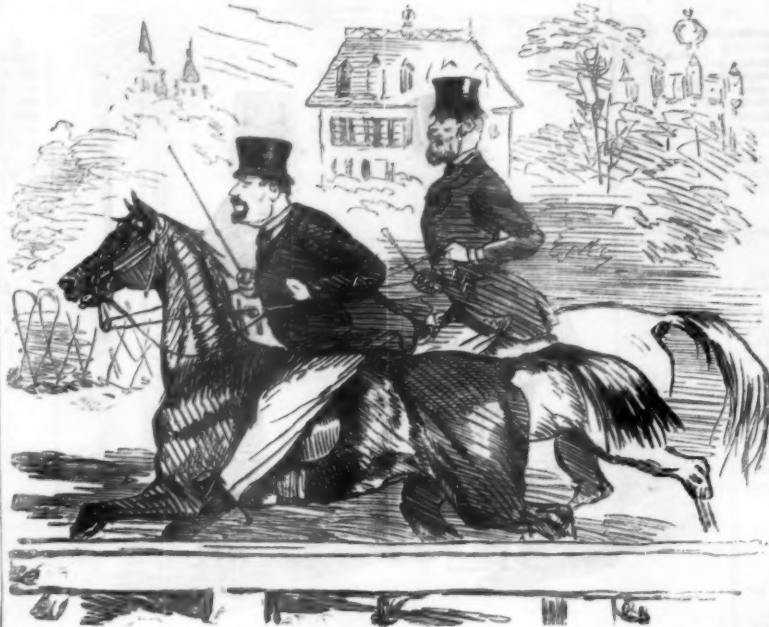
"An appearance," said Mr.
BOLTISOV, thoughtfully. "That
will be hard lines, Mr. TOGGLES,
Sir, but if you say that's the law,
it's no use me saying contrary.
But I could wish the law ud be
content with something else."

"But it won't," said Mr. TOG-

GLER, peremptorily.
"Then, Mr. TOGGLES, Sir, we
must give in. But it's hard lines.
There never were but one Ap-
pearance in our family in all the
days of its lives and the nights
neither, and that you might have
heard talk on by your using the
Pickled Egg, which my grand-
father, OWL BOLTISOV as they
called him, not that he were
baptised OWL, quite the reverse,
but in regard to his meeting one
of them animals in church to
which for I won't deceive you he
was not greatly addicted, and he
naturally supposed he had seen
an Angel, till his mind was made
easy by the scratching and biting,
which is not in the way of angels,
except the women who are called
angels in a paregoric sense, I've
heard."

Mr. TOGGLES united owls, an-
gels, and women in a compen-
dious wish, and demanded what
the Devil Mr. BOLTISOV was
talking about.—Author of *Expec-
tations of Two Great Cities*.

AN ANTITHESIS OF EVILS.—Mity
cheese and weak ale.



BOIS DE BOULOGNE—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY!

VOICES OF THE STARS.

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

APRIL.—The first bein' All Fool
Day, whipper-snapper sportin'
gents, clerks, shopmen, and pres-
tices makes up their bettin' books.
The *Spiritual Magazine* come
out with a cock-and-bull Ame-
rican story, and tomoddies
meets for to practise table-rap-
pin'. Ah! Mars in conjunction
with Uranus—is he? If it's a con-
junction, and if the skies was to
fall we should ketch larks. St. Paul's
may be crushed by a hairy
light—who knows? and there's
no sayin' that the New Houses of
Parliament won't be swollered
up by a hearthquake. Them as
be may live to see.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of
Leeds,
Her eyes were the bigness of
beads,
When they said, "Do you
squint?"
She replied, "I've got lint,
Which I put to my nose when it
bleeds."

NOTE ON THE GAME LAWS.—
Meteors called shooting stars
may shoot without a licence,
but the stars themselves do not
really shoot; neither do any of
the planets, although they are all
revolvers.

A GIFT IN SEASON.—On the
first of April the President of the
United Kingdom Alliance for the
Suppression of the Liquor Traffic
receives the present of a Cork-
screw, and a box of Seditious
powders.

WHERE DIFFERENT PEOPLE SHOULD LIVE.

LAWYERS should live in Bond Street, Magistrates in Beak
Street, and Parsons and Thief-Catchers in Fetter Lane;
Gladiators should live in Glasshouse Yard, Dairymen in Cow
Lane, Bakers in the Rolls' Court, and Sausagemakers in Cat-
cannon Street; Pawnbrokers should live at Balls' Pond,

Seamstresses in Soho, Musicians in Bow Street, and Print-
ers in Chapel Place; Chiropedists should live in Cornhill,
Dentists in Long Acre, and Undertakers in Bury Street;
Actors should always live within call of Acton, and Surgeons
should study to be as close to 'Ealing as possible; Lovers
should live in Fanton Street or Sise Lane, newly-married
couples in Hart street, and Old Bachelors in Vinagar Yard.

PEOPLE WE DESPAIR OF MEETING.

A MUSICAL critic who will call a voice a voice, and not
puzzle simple people by terming it an organ.

A Greengrocer out waiting whose gloves are not too long
for him, or a Hair-cutter who can hold his tongue while he
is operating.



DOOSD AGGRAVATING FOR YOUNG CORNET FLINDERS, YOU KNOW.

Darting (coaxingly to Favourite Hack). "IT WAS A NICE 'TITTLE SOFT NOSE, IT WAS—AND IT HAD VERY NICE EYES, IT HAD—AND IT WAS VERY HANDSOME, IT WAS—AND IT WAS A NICE
'TITTLE SING ALTOGETHER!!"

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS.

FOR ALARM. "The forest was on fire, but that was nothing. It was the wild and frantic passions of the forest that menaced death, hideous death to Perren and the brave maiden who clung to her lover, as a rush of most desperate crossed their path, snoring and screaming, and the monsters had scarcely passed."

when eleven frenzied figures of the largest size came bounding over the heavy brushwood, their eyes shooting fierce flames than the blazing torches. One of them, with gleaming flags, made direct for Perren and his bride. But the brave maiden was firm, and sprang to a large tree, crying to Perren to follow. The tiger dashed at them, but his claws imbedded themselves in the bark, and he was roaring, as he could free himself, this hot ball was in his brain. But he was yet writhing in the death agony when a vast bat con-

spicuous that had taken refuge in the tree wound himself round the Fairy Fawn, and his poisonous breath smote on the face of Perren. To draw his bow, and to dash with one fierce gash the hideous reptile in twain, was a moment's work,—the serpent fell dead, when a vast hippopotamus, rushing at the tree, belted it in a second, and — "Author of *The Alps-Scape-Goat*." New Name for Sir Grimswell Grimswell. — The Gallions Un-Jockey.



A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

MAY—Highly-titled! Mockery in semiquaver to the Royal Hornet. Her Majesty's servants, then as weavers Chivalry, had better take care how they goe nigh the fire, for if the parlor chimney is swept, still there may be danger in the kitchen both to small and great. Explosions of gas take place from dampness and sooty water bottles, and pop goes the woad upon the

Hogarth Doria. Babel breaks off into bloom, and the sun both in Taurus about the Pope's birthday, his Ohness comes out with a Bull; but let Old Hongland always take time by the forelock and the Bull by the nose. How to Keep Ours Hibernian.—If you are married, keep it at home in the bosom of your family; if you are not married, why then keep it to yourself, for who cares about the birthday of a stupid, selfish old bachelor?

Near as I recollect.—On his return from the Rhine a blithesome old tourist, being asked what he thought of the fineness of the views there, answered, "Well, of all the views I came to clap my eyes on, the finest to my taste was the Venus Cognac." A Nasty Humour.—Why is the Turf like a Woodhouse? Because it has a gross many legs.

THE STARS, a goose.

st been 'All Fool, upper sporting men, and 'pres air bettin' books. 'Magazine come and-bull. And to-morrow's table-rap in conjunction? If it's a con the skies was to catch larks. 80 shed by a hairy? and there? New Houses? t be swollen take. Then a

RHYME. young lady of the bigness of id, "Do you ve got lint, nose when it

GAME LAWS.—shooting stars out a licence selves do not her do any of igh they are all

ASON.—On the President of the Alliance for the Liquor Traffic ent of a Cork x of Seidlitz

TING. voice, and not re not too long tongue while he



IT WAS A NICE



A DAY AT B



AT BIARRITZ.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"SOME more coffee, Mrs. HAWKESLEY, and vex not thou the poet's mind with mundane trifles," said her husband, helping himself to marmalade.
"But you'll give me the cheque, CHARLES, that's a duck."
"It isn't, woman, it's a pheasant. Shall I help you to some?"
"No, dear, but give LAURA a roll."
"She has had one already, and you and she are in a conspiracy. Mr. FORD describes you."
"One lulls the Exchequer and one stuns the rolls."
Author of the *Silver Harpsichord*.

FOLK-LORE.

In some rural districts little boys are accustomed to repeat, as a sort of charm, the following string of names denoting common occupations, counted off on their fingers:—"Finker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough boy, thief." The collection of the honest agricultural youth with "him as prigs won't his'n" is inexplicable, though some reason may be assigned for conjoining the medical man with the practitioner of plunder. The lad of the village lives by tillage, but the apothecary and thief both live by pill-age.

A FLING FOR A HORSE-LAUGH.
—A timid rider is generally a good-natured fellow, because he is slow at taking a fence.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

JULY.—Mars and Saturn still a gain' of it. Jupiter in Libra means BLOWING balancin' his self upon the tight-rope about this time unless he breaks his neck afore. More or less fightin' in Chaney, and Gunpowder plots no doubt consorted among them Tea-Pings. The aspice of Mars to Uranus betokens warm work in Amerrykey, and likewise here in the Aymakin' season.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

With sunshine now the Summer's come,
The bee from flower to flower doth hum:
Poor insect! ah, I know too well
That wax-work oft turns out a cell.

SLAWKENBERGHIUS ON NOSES.—The large aquiline nose of Mr. PURCK is an indication of the ardour of his Judyism.

A SMALL CASE OF NEEDLES.

WOMAN sows, and man reaps the advantage of it.
Vows, like waistcoat-strings, are frequently broken, when they bind a person too tightly.
When you find your property (but mind not your person) is running to waste, then only it is justifiable to pull in:
Man without a button is hopelessly adrift, not less so than a ship without its needle.



ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK.

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

JUNE.—Mars enters Leo, and the British Lion will show fight if so be he's attacked, which his enemies will think twice about afore they rouse him. Saturn in the nativity of the HEMPECK OF HADRIANA—the doose is in it—and afore long I reckon he's like to lose Venus. The same in the natal figger of the PRINCE OF PROOSHA makes things look rayther Prooshan blue; jest a spot, no more I ope than enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, and perhaps leave a rimmant for a Dane.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Hartow,
Who would go to church in a barrow,
It stuck in the aisle
And she said, with a smile,
"They build these here churches too narrow."

OBSERVATIONS ON GROUND BAIT.

Boys are often taught, though they never learn, to regard fishing as a cruel amusement, when nevertheless angling, at least as most commonly practised in the Thames, is universally admitted to be particularly and pre-eminently the gentle craft.

CON BY A CONVERSATIONLIST.
—Why is a negative like frozen rain? Because it's no.



SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUGEON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"STUFF," said the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

But RIGBY, though he worshipped a duke more than anything in or out of the world, was not put down. The Duke had demolished NAPOLEON, but could not demolish RIGBY.

"I would not contradict your grace," he said, with his inimitable mixture of abjectness and audacity. "RIGBY's Mixture," as LUCIAN GAY called it.

"I would n't, if I were you," said the young Viscount, who in his Eton days could blush with honest anger at an impertinence. RIGBY did not care a rush for him, for his father was ruined, and Mr. RIGBY knew where he had tried in vain to get a bill done that very week.

"Would n't you?" said RIGBY, turning on him insolently. "Well, you should know, Dr. COCKSLEY tells me he has cured you of making answers. How's birch? But, your Grace," he continued, resuming his own manner, "I contend that if you had used Dartford gunpowder at Waterloo, the battle would have been over six hours sooner."

"You be—" began the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; but at the moment, MIRIAM, in all her fresh and pearly beauty, entered, and the Duke advanced to meet her.

"I'll punch that beggar's head one of these days," said the Viscount.—Author of *Fish Tamer's Temple*.

THE LIFE OF A SWELL.—All's well if a Swell ends a Swell as well as he began.



CROQUET.

VOICES OF THE STARS,
BY MOTHER GOOSE.

August.—Mars leaves Loo, ah! but you don't catch the British Lion asleep, no more than a weasel, whatever you may see 'Merican Eagle, if you puts a bit o' salt on his tail. Howsomadever now there's two 'Merican Eagles, a clapperclawin' one another like mad, and as like as not to be madder about the eclipses of the moon, which bein' sure to appear, there's one prediction for you as can't turn out all moonshine. Much beer drunk at arrests.

Lines on Autumn,
BY A GARDENER.

CONVOLVULUS arvensis now,
And all the Hieracium ludo;
And, sweet Nympha alba, thou
Dost feel the frost thy sails
Invade.

The Anthoxanthum's pollen falls,
Though the Lobelia are dead;
Sad Nectaria leaves the walls,
Hypericum deserts the bed.

No more, Oh Passiflora, rise
Thy radii leguminous;
But Caelium pratense dies,
And Hyacinthus inaeptus.

A MODERN ORACLE.—"As regards diet, how about malt liquor?" was the question put to a mesmeric somnambulist practising medicine in the state of clairvoyance. The reply of the Seer was "No beer but ALL-OP."

AN OUTRAGE ABLE.—An Old Maid fishing for a compliment.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

SEPTEMBER.—Venus and Mars at their wagers. Mars about the Ouse o' the Haustrian Keyair, praps in the shape of GABRIELWIDY; and Venus occasional crowned eds and many others great exciseman. There's a talk of invasion, endin' in smoke. Git out! There's the Volunteers ready

to receive 'em and my old broomstick will be about their ears, which, if to be as they do come, they'll go away with fleas in 'em.

THE QUICKEST WAY OF LEARNING FRENCH.—Turn English Dramatic Author.

THE RACROUBRE AND THE RING.—She who takes a sporting man for better or for worse, may find him both better and worse than she expected.

CUN BY A POOR CROSSING SWEEPER.—Why is a birch-broom like a weeping willow? Because it's a thing as (s)weeps.



CROQUET.

Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLYER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER—WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"Do as you like, Bishop," said Mrs. PROUDFLESH.

Now when Mrs. PROUDFLESH told her bishop to do as he liked, that well-educated dignitary knew perfectly well that if he did not do as she liked the consequences would be unpleasant. He therefore said no more, but went to Prebend's Buildings, and knocked at the door of Ivy Nook.

But there was no Dean there. Mrs. VIRGINAL knew her husband too well to leave him to meet his bishop, and Dr. VIRGINAL had gone to St. CHILDEAS to inspect a highly interesting fresco, just discovered behind the altar. The Dean liked frescoes or anything else better than disobeying Mrs. VIRGINAL.

O how sorry she was that the Dean had gone out! You would have thought that her pretty eyes were really going to fill with tears.

"I know who is a humbug," thought the bishop, but he did not say so, of course, for he was always polite, and humbug is not an episcopal word.

"A new Landseer, I see," said the bishop, for they don't always begin with talk about religion.—
Author of *Most of the New Novels*.

CRUEL USE OF A SHAKESPEARIAN MEMORY.—"You might buy me some gloves as you come up Bond Street, Henry," said a blue-eyed wife to a brute. "Augusta," replied the brute, "you profess to like SHAKESPEARE. Do you remember what *Hamlet* remarks, 'Buy, and buy, is easily said.' " AUGUSTA looked scissored!

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

REMEMBERING when you are more than half-way to the Opera, that you have left your box-ticket at home upon your dressing-table, and at the same time recollecting that the overture was what you wished especially to hear.

While walking home to dine *en famille* with your wife,

remembering that you've asked a few old school-fellows to sup with you, and have quite forgotten to tell her to provide for them.

Remembering at bed-time a business letter which your uncle (from whom you have expectations) begged you to post that morning, and which, you now find, is still in your coat-pocket.

As you drive to him in penitence next day at seven p.m., remembering that his note of invitation said "six sharp," and recollecting that of all things he hates waiting for his dinner.

AN OLD BEAU.—STUBBS, at eighty, stained his hair and whiskers. He died at a good old age—didn't he?



A SOU-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING HOUSE.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

OCTOBER.—WHAT with Saturn and Mars conjoined and Uranus at a stand-still, and the Sun a goin' right through two on 'em, and Mars and Jupiter together in Libra, and Mackery in the stationary line, things in general gits into what I call a otc-potch. Misfortins needs must appen in the best regated families, and, because they never comes single, in course there must be unlucky marriages. Domestic troubles may be expected from foreign affairs. Beware of interestin' furreners as comes a courtin' your darters, and mind, afore you kicks 'em out o' the house, you counts your spoons.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Pin-nor,
She said, "How I wish I was
thinner;
Said Mamma, "A good way
To do that, I should say,
Was to go for a week without
dinner."

A QUESTION FOR LORD DUNDWEARY.

If a woman mawwy a man,
and her husband dies, what do
people call her?—A widow.
If she then mawwy again, and
the second husband dies, what
ought she then to be called?—A
widower.

RIDDLE FOR A BEGINNER.—
When is a cherry bigger than a
pumpkin? When it's a bigaroon.



SEA-FISHING.

Boatman. "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? PRAISE YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS FOR ALBUMS.

"Now, if you ask me even in the most delicately periphrastical and circumstantial manner what I ought to have done, revered Lector, I am compelled to answer you, in the words of the beloved RADIGUNDUS POTATOR, cited by ALCOFRIBAS, and say—but you know what he says, and we have read our HORACE about making recitals. Of course we know what RHAMPHISTUS the Rich, CHOSROES PURVIS, PETROSICH ARBITER, MISPHRAGMUTHOSIS, EXUPERIUS, DALMATIUS, APHRA BEHN, GANGANELLI, and AULUS GELLIVS might, could, would, should and ought (or ought not) to have done in the premises; and that reminds me of an excellent story (*de venia*) which was related to me across a silver sashdow by PRINCE ADAM MACBETHOWITCH, descendant, but with the bar sinister, of SWALOWS III., on an anonymous island of the Neva. 'Little father,' says ADAM—'—Author of *The Seven Dangerous Sons of Baddington*."

MOORE'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

SMOXY house,
Red-deer frisky,
No Grouse,
And big-still whiskey!



THE GAROTTER'S LUNCH.

AS SIR JOSHUA JEBB WOULD GIVE IT.



THE GAROTTER'S LUNCH.

AS WE WOULD ADMINISTER THE SAME.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

NOVEMBER.—So there's Mars and Jupiter on the midheaven of LEWIS NAROLEON. I spose that signifies he's enjoyin' of his self at Compeny, and meanwhile there's VICTOR EMMANUEL and the poor Italians a whistlin for Rome, Saturn at his tricks in Libra, but weighed and found wantin', like most of the sacks o' coals we has in and, half the quarter leaves as comes from the baker's; for now trades-people uses falso weights and measures, and adulteration goes on wuss and wuss that raly you can't hardly depend upon nobody.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of
Stroud,
Whose voice was so awfully
loud,
When she went for a walk,
They forbid her to talk,
For fear of attracting a
crowd.

"OH! HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE!"—Oh, what General are you reminded by seeing a stable full of horses eating hay? Why of GENERAL HAY-GRAW, to be sure!

How does a fellow's marry-ing a wife influence his choice of Counsel? When he gets She(s) he generally gives up Chambers.

A STINGY LOVER'S PARODY.

O WHY should the girl of my soul be in *there*?
In Boxes the frivolous loungeer may sit;
But it's more economic, and better one hears,
In the playgoer's place, the fourth row of the Pit.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—Have you been garrotted?

DITTY FOR DINERS-OUT.

REMEMBER, remember,
Dark nights hath November,
See your bowie-knife ready you've got;
With a loaded stick and
A revolver in hand,
Beware of the brutes who Garotte.

SEW-SEW.—Devote your leisure to needle work. The richest lady in the land is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

A COMMON FORM OF SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS DURING THE HUNTING SEASON?—Not being able to see the end of a run.

CONUNDRUM FOR THE COUNTRY.—Which wind does the Pig see plainest? The Sou-West.



GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS FOR 1862.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUM.

"He stood on the bridge at midnight,
mounted the stone coping, and beheld the
river below him, rushing, bubbling, hurrying
on its way. He drew from his velvet
jacket pocket in succession the bottle of
poison, the revolver, and the long bow-
knife, for he had resolved to *skuffle off this
wretched coat*, and to quit the scene of his many
unmerited afflictions. Did no still small
voice arrest him in his fierce resolve, and
bid him live and retrieve his errors, saying
There is human, to forgive divine. Alas, who
shall say? He waited in his full determina-
tion until a huge barge, then before the
towers of the Archbishop's palace, where
the proud priest slumbered in purple and
blue linen, nothing heeding the wretched
outcast, should glide beneath him, to make
assurance doubly sure. Dashed against her
side, he thought, the waves will receive me
lifeless. Then with one wild cry the wretched
man drove the dagger into his bosom,
swallowed the fatal poison, discharged the
pistol at his head, and sprang into the
gloomy abyss. But his time was not yet
come."—Author of *Any Penny Novel*.

A LOVE SONG BY A LUNATIC.

There's not a spider in the sky,
There's not a glowworm in the sea.
There's not a crab that scurrs on high
But bids me dream, dear maid, of thee!
When watery Phoebus ploughs the main,
When very Luna gilds the sea,
As thou run up the window pane,
So fly my thoughts, dear love, to thee!

(ADVERTISEMENT).

TO LOVERS OF PET DOGS.

FOLLOWED A Gentleman home on Friday last,
13th, an overfed hideously fat Spanish Dog.
If the foolish owner does not send for it
immediately, and pay the expenses of this
advertisement, the brute will be hanged
forthwith. Address, 55, Fleet Street.

RED LETTER CARRIERS.—Avoid Slang. Yet you may say
that General Postman "cut like beans"—because they are
scarlet runners.

DOUBLE-FACED.—MADAME RACHAEL the fashionable ena-
mellist is now known by the name of a favourite character
of her celebrated namesake—*l'écouvreur*.

Why is a boy like a Christmas-box? Because the party
who gives it is an ass.

A NEEDLE-POINT.—An argument soon drops to the
ground, and so will a button, unless supported by a thread
strong enough to hold it.

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Every Theatre's
punctual Christmas statement that its particular pun-
tine is "the very best of the season."

A FACT FOR THE FRENCH.—Vaccination was an English
discovery, and yet a JENNER-ous idea.



Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A little Darling, ain't he?"
Bachelor Friend. "H'm, Ha! I see—YOUNG GORILLA! Is he real OR STUFFED?"

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

DECEMBER.—And now the Moon is afflicted
by Saturn, and comes to grief. Well, there, if
Saturn will only leave this earth alone any how
we shall have a merry Christmas. The Voices
of all the Stars is unanimous in pronoun-
ing roastbeef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie even
to the porpers in the workhouses. The freedom
of the City ain't in no danger; but there's
many a Alderman in Chains. Colds and
coughs prevail on Christmas Day, and the
day after bids and indigestion with much
sickness. Enough's as good as a feast, and
a great deal better, so now to conclude with
a Happy New Year, and many on 'em; and
may none on you ever want a threepenny
piece to buy *Punch's Almanack*!

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Oldham,
And when she got presents, she sold
'em,
When folks said, "How mean!"
She replied, "All's serene,"
And that was the whole that she told 'em.

LOVE AND CALORIC.

ACCORDING to one of the songs of the day,
"Love will Thaw the Ice." It had long been
known that love, like many a skater about
Christmas, would break the ice; but its
effect in the liquefaction of that substance
is a discovery. Will love thaw the ice at 32°?
In that case, what a comfort it would be, if,
during a hard frost, Love would get up
betimes of a morning, and impart fluidity
to the contents of the wash-hand-jug!

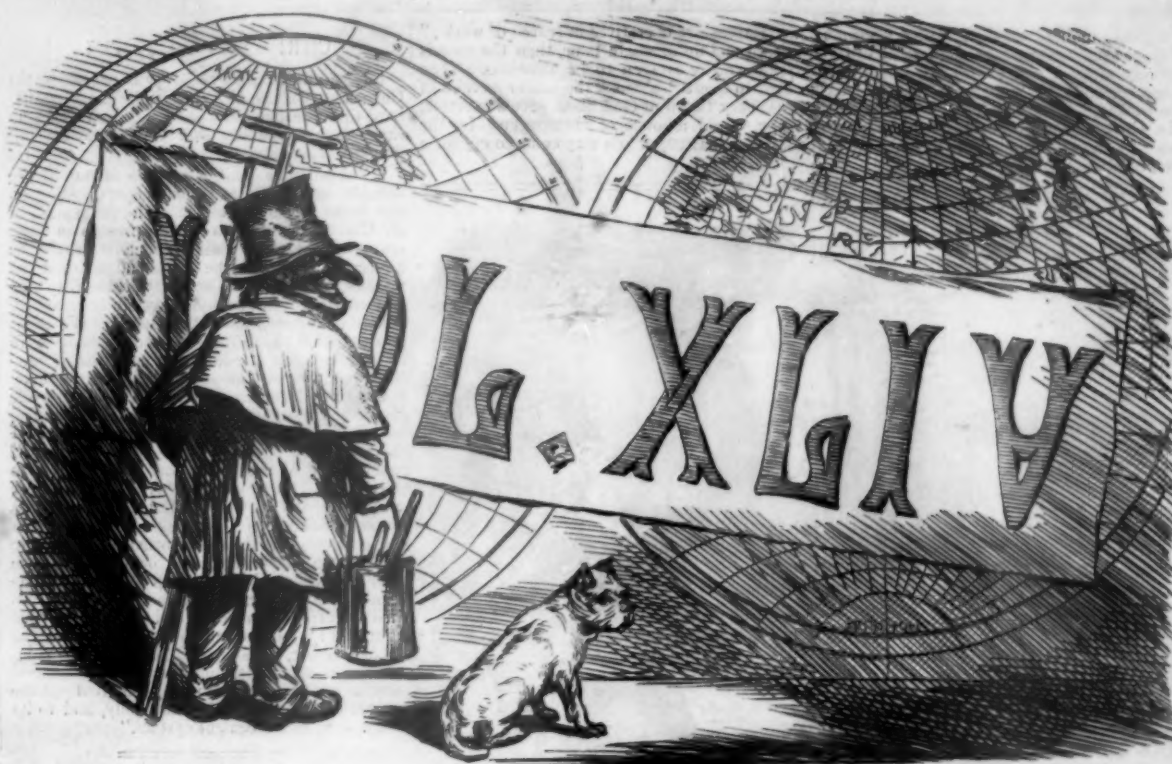
"UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIME."

A FRENCH dramatic author was talking
about a "*succès d'estime*" at a certain
Theatre, when an English civil engineer,
who was present, suggested that "the
railway locomotive was the greatest '*succès
de steam*' that he had ever known."



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "Now, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HOG?'" [FRANK shows her presents.]



ICED VAGRANTS.

WHAT is to be done with our vagrants?" This was the question, according to the *Dewsbury Reporter*, proposed to the Dewsbury Board of Guardians at a late meeting of that benevolent body, by their chairman, W. CROWTHER, Esq., who thus proceeded to solve the problem which he had mooted:—

"THE CHAIRMAN. What is to be done with our vagrants? They average now 180 or 190 per week, and we must take some steps to reduce the number if we can. The fact is, these vagrants are getting to be a public nuisance. MR. FARNALL told us some years ago, that wherever the plan of washing them had been introduced, the number of vagrants attending was reduced to a minimum. The board took up the question, and two persons were appointed to conduct the affair. The vagrants were washed, fed, put to bed, and in the morning were sent away. I think we can't do better than have this plan again, and if any cash is found upon them, they must be made to pay for their board and lodging."

Let us suppose that the vagrants contemplated by MR. CROWTHER are offenders under the Vagrant Act; rogues and vagabonds; and then we shall be enabled duly to relish the lively and humorous discussion which ensued, whereof portions follow. The Chairman's suggestion was first embodied in a formal motion by a philanthropist:—

"MR. GOLDTHORP. I move that we have that plan, and that vagrants be washed all over."

"MR. WILSON. I second the motion. In the absence of a better system, I support the scheme."

"MR. GOLDTHORP. We have a place where it could be done, and there's plenty of cold water."

"MR. HARROP. Could not the vagrants be made to pump instead, as labour?"

"MR. SENIOR. I think you shouldn't carry it out as a punishment, still it is highly necessary that they are kept clean. (A laugh.)"

Against the stern but salutary proposal of MR. GOLDTHORP, a political economist doubtless worth his weight in gold, a protest was raised, happily in vain, for it evidently proceeded from a benevolence which must be considered morbid, that is, of course in relation to criminals:—

"MR. J. TAYLOR. I should like MR. GOLDTHORP to blend a little humanity with his proposal. Some of the people may be suffering from weakness, and they ought not to be washed all over, as you propose, unless tepid water is used."

"MR. GOLDTHORP. I have no objection to allow those who don't want to be washed, to be washed twice. (Laughter.) It's no use unless as a punishment."

"THE CHAIRMAN. No, no, it's a test—(a laugh)—and if you want vagrants kept away there is nothing like washing."

"MR. WM. TAYLOR. Oh, wash them by all means. (Laughter.)"

"THE CHAIRMAN. When the vagrants are naked, there will be the better chance of seeing whether they are ailing or not. If they are not fit to be washed, a surgeon may be sent for."

The sentimentalist was overborne by the weight of opinions, the lightness of whose expression, however, is quite charming. He thus persisted with his mild but obstinate argument, so pleasantly refuted:—

"MR. J. TAYLOR. The board know very well that no surgeon could be called in. It is just possible that men and women, sooner than submit themselves to such treatment, at this inclement season, will refrain from coming to the vagrant wards, and lie at night in barns, and under hedges. Such a test as this involves cruelty, and I shall strongly oppose the motion."

"THE CHAIRMAN. I wash myself all over each morning, and I find the greatest benefit from the practice, and why not the vagrants?"

"MR. J. TAYLOR. I take a shower-bath every morning, and feel greatly benefited, but if I had begun to use it at Christmas, instead of at a more favourable season, it would have made me ill, and it will be the case with the vagrants, if you carry out the plan."

"MR. W. TAYLOR. I think it would produce reaction. (Loud Laughter.)"

But the more tender-hearted TAYLOR was not to be put down. The debate continued:—

"MR. J. TAYLOR. There is much in what Old JACK used to quote—"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

"MR. SENIOR. You don't mean plunging into cold water?"

"MR. WILSON. No, only washing and scrubbing."

"MR. GOLDTHORP. I mean washing from head to heel. We shall promote cleanliness, and if they have any money, we can take it for their lodgings."

"MR. HARROP. The water ought to be a little warm, especially at a season like this."

"MR. GOLDTHORP. If the water was not found to be of a proper temperature when they were being washed, I would be for adding some ice, and make it a little colder."

MR. GOLDTHORP's idea of giving vagrants a cold reception is an excellent one, if, as MR. PEARSON, who is master of the penal institution over which the Dewsbury Guardians preside, said "vagrants chiefly are pickpockets, ticket-of-leave men, and the most lawless part of creation;" and if they are committed under the Vagrant Act. Those conditions being presumed, the sequel of this facetious deliberation will be applauded:—

"MR. PEARSON said he approved of the plan; something obnoxious must be tried or they could not keep the vagrants away."

"THE CHAIRMAN. I don't believe that washing is obnoxious; it is as a test we wish to introduce it."

"MR. J. TAYLOR. It looks very cruel, I think."

"The motion was then put and carried; MR. J. TAYLOR being the only person who voted against it. MR. KELLEY was not present during the discussion."

"MR. PEARSON was next authorised to engage a couple of men to perform the washing, and also empowered to get the necessary appliances."

But stop! If the benevolent MR. TAYLOR was right in thinking that

"a great number" of the so-called vagrants "are Lancashire operatives in search of work;" if those same vagrants consist largely of the destitute and unfortunate poor, then the case is entirely altered, and the device which looked praiseworthy is seen to be atrocious. Then there certainly is "much in what Old JACK used to quote" about "the tender mercies of the wicked," and the whole of it applies to the Dewsbury Board of Guardians. Ice a garrotter, Mr. GOLDTHORP, with as little compunction as you would a bottle of champagne. Ice the thief BARABBAS, but beware of icing the unfortunate LAZARUS, or you may come to cry for a reciprocal refrigeration in vain.



NOTWITHSTANDING THE INSINUATIONS OF A CERTAIN STIPENDIARY—JONES IS NOT AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW.

"Now, then, you Scoundrel—I know what you're at—and if you're not off, I'll shoot you!"

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS PERMANENT INSURANCE COMPANY, UNLIMITED.

CONJUGIAL matches may be classified thus—non-combustible—hazardous—doubly-hazardous and phosphorescent. Those matches which are made with more science than heart—as a wealthy Widow and a noble Widower—may safely be pronounced non-combustible. An Irish Heiress of equestrian habits, and a punctilious member of an Archaeological Society, is rather a hazardous match—doubly-hazardous is that composed of a sweet little Flirt and a tottering Marquis, while a handsome Captain and a distrustful Dowager, constitute a match possessing all the essential ingredients requisite for spontaneous combustion.

The Matrimonial Happiness Permanent Insurance Company Unlimited, was established by a popular Philanthropist who had seen with thrilling emotion the dangers to which numerous matches of modern manufacture are peculiarly liable. A very little explanation will render the principle of the Company intelligible, and its advantages fascinating. As hysterics in a model Establishment for young Ladies are prevented by a well-grounded apprehension of a *douche* Bath, so conjugal discord, it is thought, may be arrested by making domestic litigation ruinously expensive, and imposing tremendous penalties on every ruling power that commences an aggressive war.

FORM OF POLICY.

Know all Women by these Presents that we the undersigned, AUGUSTUS and MAUD are held and firm bound to SOLOMON PUNCH—Founder, President, Sole Managing Director, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Universal Happiness Permanent Insurance Company Unlimited in the several penal sums hereunder written, to be paid to him, the said SOLOMON PUNCH, by the said AUGUSTUS and MAUD, or one of them, on the committal of the offences hereinafter particularly specified. In consideration whereof, the said SOLOMON PUNCH, in his official capacity

as aforesaid, doth hereby guarantee and insure to the said AUGUSTUS and MAUD perfect felicity until evil advisers them shall part. Provided always, that the said AUGUSTUS and MAUD shall regularly, persistently, and conscientiously read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the fatherly counsel hebdomadally offered to them in the didactic writings of the said SOLOMON PUNCH. All fines incurred by the said MAUD should be paid by Trustees of Marriage Settlement out of that portion of separate Estate, commonly called pin money, any thing hereinbefore contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding.

(Signed) AUGUSTUS,

(Signed) MAUD,

The Seal of SOLOMON PUNCH.

TABLE OF FINES.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A severe frown . . .	1 1 0	Expressions of covetousness in reference to brains, furniture, and significant allusion to destitution at home . . .	1 1 0
A freezing tone . . .	1 11 6	Similar expressions in reference to Jones's equipage . . .	1 1 0
A studied sneer . . .	2 2 0	Similar expressions in reference to Robinson's tenderness, liberality, &c. &c. . .	2 2 0
A base insinuation . . .	3 3 0	Periodical Signs for Spa (per series) . . .	19 19 0
A disdainful glance . . .	2 3 0	Val's cold . . .	0 2 6
An air of indifference . . .	3 3 0	Disso with homily . . .	0 10 0
A violent accusation . . .	4 4 0	In Memoriam—Husband or Wife, No. I. . .	21 0 0
Elevated scorn . . .	5 5 0	— If angels, extra.	
Loss of patience . . .	0 0 6		
The like temper sulks (per hour) . . .	10 10 0		
Pouts (per dozen) . . .	0 10 6		
Stamps according to force, ranging from 12 to . . .	0 12 6		
Coldness to anti-nuptial friends . . .	5 0 0		
	0 2 6		

Note.—This Policy will be void to all intents and purposes, if AUGUSTUS or MAUD be presented at Court, and sneakingly solicit the smiles and benediction of SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

THE EMBLEM OF ERIN.—Whence the devotion of the papal Irish to the so-called Rock of PETER at Rome? Because it's a sham-rock.

CHRISTMAS CRITICISM.

CONSIDERING how everybody is praised by the Christmas Critics, Mr. Punch thinks it rather hard that the laudatory notices, which choke up the papers on the day after Boxing-day are not finished in this style:—

"Nor must we omit a word in favour of the amiable and intelligent box-keepers, who, on this night, seemed imbued with the spirit of old Christmas, and who placed persons in their seats with radiant smiles, which it would be illiberal to ascribe to the open-handedness of the visitors, and we must also say, that the play-bills appeared to us to be more tastefully arranged, and to be better printed than usual. We must also say, that the refreshment departments were most admirably attended to, and that if anything could equal the sparkle of the lemonade, it was the effervescence of the soda-water, while the ices left nothing to be desired. We feel too that mention is due to the porters at the door who tendered their services for the procurement of cabs in a way that testified to their sense that it was holiday time, and whose manner to the drivers of the vehicles was a pleasant mixture of business-like friendliness and good-humoured peremptoriness. Nor were the cabmen unworthy of the occasion, and the dash with which they drove up to the doors, the beaming interest they took in learning the destination of their patrons, and the joyous 'All right, Sir!' with which they administered the cut at starting, all showed that Christmas influences were among us, and completed the general satisfaction with which a delighted public returned to the bosom of its family, and to its well-opened and succulent oysters."

Note on Spirit Rapping.

THE familiarity which characterises the messages rapped out by the spirits in communication with a medium, is equally explicable on the supposition that they are familiar spirits. The medium who represents them to be spirits of deceased persons observes little ceremony in their invocation. That is not wonderful. What medium can be expected to be particular to a Shade? J

FREEDOM TO JOHN BRIGHT.

"In America there are no six millions of men excluded by the Constitution from political rights; there is a free Church, a free School, a free hand, a free vote, a free career for the child of the humblest. No! Countrymen who work for your living, remember there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind, if that Republic is overthrown."—*John Bright's Speech at Birmingham.*

FAR be the day when Freedom deigns to take
Thy brazen trumpet for her special organ;
'Tis chaos, not her ordered realm, that shakes
To voice of Demagogue or Demogorgon.

Not thy hot tongue can temperate Freedom move
To eat her best-loved babe, like fabled Saturn,
Or by thy men and measures to improve
Her dear Old England on New England's pattern.

Of the Old World and New, their wrongs and rights,
Freedom disowns the picture thou hast drawn,
Thy deepest darks are still her highest lights,
And what to her seems night thou makest dawn.

Shall she trust eyes which blindness so doth curse
That they her face in England cannot see,
Or own for guide that eloquence perverse,
Which hails the once United States as free?

Where shall she find six million English souls,
From every right political debarred,
From English tongues and pens while free thought rolls,
With laws all persons, purses, homes that guard?

Thy bugbear nobles all in vain she seeks,
Blasted with taxes from poor toilers wrung,
The Army or the Navy, too, that wrecks
Those nobles' hard will sullen serfs among.

She finds an ordered State, kindly compact
Of high and low, but willing labourers all;
Suffering she finds, but, with it, wealth in act
To carry help wherever need may call.

'Tis true she finds not Mob installed as King,
Wisdom's calm will by clamour to o'erstay;
Finds no rights recognised that numbers bring,
And shades of in-bred colour take away.

For these she looks o'er the Atlantic wave,
Where her wild shriek was heard some moons ago,
When every right that English lineage gave
Was hurled in undistinguished overthrow.

Where wisdom, wealth and honour stand aloof
From civil life, left to the baner kind,
That stoops to kiss the rabble's filthy hoof,
Till all lies level with the lowest mind.

Where Slav'ry hath held millions long in chains,
And would be glad for peace to hold them still;
Where with King Mob Almighty Dollar reigns,
Working in base fraternity of will.

And what are the six millions voteless here,
To the four millions there denied a soul?
What the "free Church, speech, school, vote, hand, career,"
With Slavery's poison leavening the whole?

Ask of that Sennet, braggart but o'ercooled,
Of that Executive, weak, wilful, base:
Ask of that greedy lobby-haunting crowd,
Where bluishless shows corruption's brazen face.

Ask that Exchequer, bankrupt of its coin,
Those clouds of debt that black and blacker lour,
Those grasping hands still held out to purloin,
E'en in their country's agonising hour.

Ask of Fort-Henry and Fort-La-Fayette,
Ask of the Provost-Marshal's voice supreme,
Ask of those sister States in battle set,
If this be Freedom, or her fever-dream.

Then turning from this land so sore defiled,
To that which, in thy spite, is still thine own,
Ask if my shriek is like to be more wild,
O'er this or that Republic overthrown.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)

THERE was a young lady of Tring,
And she could do nothing but sing:
She wanted to wed,
But each beau shook his head,
"Such an utterly useless young thing."

THERE was a young lady of Stoke,
She never could manage a joke;
At last she made one,
And she thought it such fun
That she laughed till her stay-laces broke.

THERE was a young lady of Ealing,
Who always went squeaking and squealing,
When they said, "What a noise!"
She said, "Girls are not boys,
And I choose to express what I'm feeling."

THERE was a young lady of Mold,
Who did nothing but chatter and scold,
When they said, "Hold your tongue,"
She replied, "You be hung."
This vulgar young person of Mold.

THERE was a young lady of Crick,
At cards when she lost the odd trick,
She'd stand on her chair
And she'd growl like a bear,
So they threw her down-stairs pretty quick.



THE CROWN OF GREECE.

SINCE our last publication the Crown of Greece has been offered to, and refused by, the following distinguished individuals:—

MR. SPURGEON. He declines on the ground that his own congregation is larger than the population of Greece.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD. He declines on the ground that he cannot bear to be separated from Mr. TOOLE; but if the Greeks will choose two Kings, namely himself and Mr. TOOLE, "he will speak to the Governor."

MR. GLADSTONE. He declines on the ground that he intends to be Prime Minister of England.

MR. COX, Finsbury. He declines on the ground that he does not understand Latin, and does not wish to live in Asia.

MR. BLONDIN. He declines on the ground that it is extremely difficult to walk the narrow and dangerous course which is marked out for the individual who will be raised to the elevated and perilous position.

SIR GEORGE GREY. He declines, because he understands that Greece is full of brigands, whom he might be called on to punish with a severity repulsive to his nature.

(Any further offers and refusals shall be published in a Supplement.)



A HORSEDEALER'S LOGIC.

Customer. "WHY, YOU DON'T CALL THAT A HUNTER, DO YOU?"

Dealer. "WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE 'ORSE—HAD HIM DOWN FROM 'ORNCASTLE FAIR LAST WEEK—PUT JIMMY ON HIM, WOULDN'T ACK A YARD—PUT HIM IN THE BREAK, WOULDN'T DRAW A HOUNCE. NOW THE 'ORSE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR NOTHING; SO HE MUST BE A HUNTER!"

EXCLUSIVE PUBLIC-HOUSES.

The subjoined extract from the *Times* suggests what can be, only in a very few cases indeed, a necessary

"CAUTION TO INNKEEPERS.—On Thursday last two innkeepers at Lacock, near Chippenham, were summoned before the Corsham Magistrates (MR. J. B. BULLER, SIR JOHN AUBRY, and LORD METHUEN), for unlawfully refusing to admit and entertain a man named EPHRAIM COLERIDGE, who had met with an accident at Lacock. The man COLERIDGE was a few days ago driving a loaded waggon through the toll-gate near Lacock, when he fell, and the wheels passed over his body. He was picked up and taken back to Lacock, but the defendants refused to admit him to their houses, and the consequence was, that the poor man had to be conveyed in a van to the Chippenham workhouse, where he soon afterwards died."

The two publicans, whose names are mercifully withheld in the foregoing statement, doubtless rank with a very small minority of that body of which they are vile members. None but some of the more brutal keepers of houses of call for garotters and burglars, whose natures have become assimilated to those of the ruffians whom they are used to harbour, can possibly be capable of the inhumanity which the Lacock innkeepers evinced in refusing to receive a poor fellow whose body had been crushed under the wheels of a loaded waggon. It would be idle to ask a couple of savages, who have as little imagination as compassion, to imagine themselves in the place of the sufferer against whom they closed their doors. An occasional supper off pork-chops may be followed by a nightmare, the proverbially usual vision being complicated by a dream wherein a loaded waggon will lie heavily upon those inhospitable hosts.

Is it possible that these churls have ever heard a narrative about a certain Good Samaritan? If they have, the moral which they deduced from it most likely was, that no host should admit a wounded wretch unless a substantial party guarantees his expenses.

The Magistrates would have served these very exceptional innkeepers right by making their barbarity cost them dear. What they paid for it

was a very small sum. That they were let off so lightly does not appear to have been owing to the voluntary lenity of the Bench:—

"The case having been proved, the Magistrates were for some time in doubt as to whether the defendants ought not to be indicted at the next Wiltshire Sessions, but they ultimately decided on ordering the defendants to pay the costs, which amounted to 6s. 6d. The Bench severely censured the defendants for their conduct, and wished it to go forth to the public, that it is the duty of innkeepers to admit all persons under similar circumstances."

Yes: but under what penalty? The doubt of the Magistrates probably was, not whether the defendants ought to, but whether they could be, indicted at the next Wiltshire Sessions. Intelligent justices cannot, like coroners' juries, send people to trial for manslaughter upon evidence which is insufficient to establish the charge. But the Beak has one opportunity for a bite upon such publicans as those who refuse to afford rest to the maimed and mangled. That happens on the arrival of the time for granting licences, which there could be no better reason for revoking than such refusal.

The order of Boniface is disgraced by fellowship with brethren who decline to admit a poor dying man, whereas they would be glad to take in a rich one. Such catiffs may be said properly to belong rather to the guild of Maliface. They should change their signs respectively for those of The Hog and The Cur. We wonder what sort of tap they keep. Surely it cannot flow with generous liquor. It is impossible that they can sell good beer.

HUSBANDS, LOVE YOUR WIVES! and to show them that you do so, buy them *Punch's Almanack*. The possession of this work is sure to make home happy; for besides the other useful information it contains, it supplies you with the means to amuse your dull acquaintances, and in the laughter it occasions will make a man forget even the presence of his mother-in-law.

A PROBLEM FOR AN OSTEOLOGIST.—State the osseous connection that exists between a merry-thought and a funny-bone.



THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

Mr. PUNCH. "HA! A VERY FINE BABY, INDEED—BUT, IF I'M TO BE GODFATHER, I HOPE HE WON'T KICK UP SUCH A ROW AS THE LAST ONE DID."

HEIR-HUNTING AMONG THE WEST-INDIANS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SHOT FROM AN OLD BROW."



MOST persons who take an interest in the curiosities of savage life, are familiar with the practice of "wife-snatching among the Torokas." It is, however, perhaps not so widely known, that a companion custom prevails among the West-Indians, a tribe much more highly civilised, and whose language and manners have won the admiration of all travellers in the occidental region from which the West-Indians derive their euphonious name. The mode of capture commonly adopted is this:—

At certain seasons of the year, the Chaperons, as the Chiefs of the West-Indians are designated, assemble in large groups, each one having under her charge a fair and bashful Maiden, to whom a lasso is attached. As soon as a fine young Heir is discovered, the lasso is adroitly thrown by the Huntress, and he is gently but firmly drawn into a circle where his struggles often provoke the derision of his associates, but from which he seldom is able to effect his escape.

The timidity of the Heir is proverbial. What he most dreads, and sedulously seeks to avoid, are epistolary lines which cunning trappers frequently spread for his entanglement. I have seen one completely scared by an old Squaw endeavouring to drive him into a corner. When a splendid Heir is caught, the West-Indians testify their delight by clapping their hands at a breakfast, which is held on the hunting ground and at which all the Braves, Medicine-Men, and Prophets of the tribe are present, wearing gloves made of Mountain Kid.

The Clubs for which the West-Indians are so celebrated, have given rise to a great deal of speculation, and by many feminine outsiders they have been rather rudely handled. Some compare them to Banquet Halls, where wine is poured into Skulls with Scandinavian hilarity. Others, more charitable, believe that their primary object is to provide monastic Cells, where men who have long lived in a wild state, may by severe discipline and maceration, become worthy of social intercourse and endearment. Here the terrified Heir takes refuge from his pursuers, and in conscious security is tempted to smile upon the baffled Huntresses who stand afar off with sinking hearts admiring and coveting his form.

Notwithstanding the predatory habits of this singular race, they are generally speaking very amiable and quite trustworthy. A West-Indian's honour is cherished with such jealous affection, that it is never pledged, but on solemn occasions, and the duplicate is rarely forfeited. When one of their "Nobles" is arraigned for trial, his compeers pronounce him guilty or not guilty "upon my honour." A West-Indian who has lost his honour is immediately sent to Coventry—one of the back settlements, in which lonely Province he remains until it is recovered.

Some of the girls of the West-Indians are exceedingly beautiful, but they are often bartered for the most trifling articles of *éroté*. I remember a young thing, to whom I gave some beads with which she was delighted, being shortly afterwards sold by her silly old grandmother for a little bit of blue ribbon and a star! Such weaknesses certainly make one suspect that the West-Indians regard an *affaire de cœur* as an affair of commerce, extending no greater protection to sentiment than sugar.

The West-Indians are very fond of assembling in crowds. Combined they seem prepared to resist any attempt at invasion from the envious North-Indians and South-Indians, some of whom pay as much as 5000 guineas for the privilege of being smuggled into the West-Indians' camp by treacherous but needy allies. Slender fortifications of enclosed steel are carried about by the fair West-Indians, but while they fail to prevent them from being crushed, they often maim the men most renowned for their valour, many of whom have been heard to declare they would rather confront an enemy in actual battle, than be surrounded by those who with charming irony profess to be their dearest friends.

Remarkable for their vivacity and intelligence, the West-Indians are nevertheless deplorably superstitious. If they hear a slight noise such as a rap on a table, for example, they will start and say, "Listen! there are spirits present—speak softly and they will answer." I have known them to give large sums to Magicians by whom these noises were produced, and they willingly consent to be blindfolded to assist the illusion, which is generally so managed as to elude detection.

Though to Strangers they appear distant and reserved, the West-Indians are not deficient in eloquence. Near the river-side is an immense building constructed of friable stone. There, from 500 to 600 individuals, chosen for their voluble utterance and Spartan insensibility, noisily congregate, some to exhibit their powers of palaver, and others their capacity of Stoical endurance. These contests are carried on for several months with little or no decisive result, neither party liking to acknowledge themselves beaten. At length when no beneficial purpose would be gained by prolonging this windy warfare, the "Administration," as certain officers appointed to preserve the peace are called, humanely interpose, and, by turning both Actors and Audience out of the House, put an end to the wonderful but unprofitable expenditure of words.

"WATER! WATER! EVERYWHERE."

THE United Kingdom Alliance has been boring SIR GEORGE GREY at this merry Christmas time with a deputation. We have been favoured with certain *addenda* to the memorial presented to SIR GEORGE, and gladly give publicity to the following

RESOLUTIONS

passed unanimously at a meeting of the Association, held at the New River Reservoir, MR. CONSTANT TREMERS (a reformed Drunkard), in the Chair.

I. That "henceforth the Licensing power for Public Houses and Beer Shops be transferred from the hands of the Magistrates to those of the people for whose convenience the licences are granted, and that a majority of two-thirds in a meeting to be convened in each parish is to have an absolute veto on the existence of any Public House or Beer Shop within its limits."

II. That as the British Constitution ordains that what "is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and as public-houses and beer-shops are mostly frequented by the working population, or *plebs*, it shall be unlawful for any individual, or individuals, to keep any wine, spirit, or beer in any dwelling-house, club, yacht, balloon, diving-bell, or residence of any sort or kind whatsoever, under a penalty of £100, to be levied, and then paid over to the United Kingdom Alliance for the erection of pumps and drinking fountains.

III. That on and before the 31st January next ensuing all wines, spirits, beer, liquors, now in the Docks of the United Kingdom, be "started" into the proximate waters, whether salt or fresh, under penalties to be hereafter defined.

IV. That all Brewers, Wine-Merchants, Publicans, and Beer Sellers be transported forthwith out of the British dominions, and only to receive a ticket-of-leave conditionally on taking shares in some Water Company, and becoming members of the United Kingdom Alliance.

V. That the United Kingdom Alliance, having shown the practicability of their own suggestions, be allowed to place busts of its members on each of the public pumps of the Metropolis, and on any pump in any market place in the British dominions.

A shower of rain dissolved the meeting before a vote of thanks could be passed to the Chairman.

LATCH-KEYS FOR TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.

EVERY one who has a throat to be garrotted or a pocket to be picked must rejoice with us to see that a Commission is appointed to inquire into the failings of the ticket-of-leave system, to which mainly it is owing that one cannot walk in safety from one street to the next. If the commission does its duty, we trust that robberies with violence will with violence be punished, and that the brutes who strike and strangle a man behind his back will have their own well scarified by the cat.

Meanwhile, SIR JOSHUA JENN had better make the most of his sweet pets, and devise, if it be possible, still further steps to make them comfortable. With this view, we would suggest that latch-keys should be furnished to all prisoners in gaol, and that permission should be given them to take their walks abroad, whenever they so wish, and to return to their snug cells at any hour of the day or night that it may please them. No rude questions should be asked as to how they spend their time when out of quod, and if, through some slight outburst of their speculative temperament, they happen to fall into the hands of the police, the production of their latch-keys should free them from the charge, and be their passport back to prison, when they feel inclined to go there.

We would propose too, that convicts who are thought to be reformed, and have by pious conduct obtained the proud distinction of certificates of leave, should, when discharged from prison, be allowed to keep their latch-keys, that they may let themselves indoors again if they feel so disposed. Prisoners of late have been so petted and made comfortable that, when their sentences are out, they must naturally sigh for the snug quarters they have left; and the possession of a latch-key would ensure their re-admission, and spare them the necessity of committing some fresh crime in order to obtain it.



"FALSE SAILING."

TAB. "What cheer, Mate! You'd better take in a reef o' your tarp'sle; or I'm blowed if you won't have the masts out o' yer."

BAD STEERAGE OF THE CITY SOLICITORSHIP.

THE day after the election of the new City Solicitor a deputation from the Common Council came to Mr. Punch, and, being honoured with an audience, requested his permission to read to him a part of the report of their proceedings, which had been that morning published in the *Times*. "Mind your Vs and Ws, please," said Mr. Punch, by way of warning; "but stop, I know the paragraph," and with his usual power of memory, Mr. Punch recited this:—

"Deputy ELLIOTT, addressing Mr. NELSON, one of the candidates, all of whom appeared at the bar, asked if a memorial he had presented to the Court, setting forth his qualifications, had been written by himself?—Mr. NELSON replied that it had.—Deputy ELLIOTT inquired if he was aware that it contained no fewer than six blunders in grammar?—The answer, if any was given, was lost in the laughter which the question occasioned.—As the final result of a poll, the LORD MAYOR declared the election to have fallen on Mr. NELSON by a majority of 55 votes."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Punch, "you needn't tell me what you want. People will say that you elected your solicitor because he writes bad grammar, as no doubt you do yourselves. And you wish me to abstain from taking notice of the matter, because you fear my doing so would make you still more laughed at."

The deputation having humbly confessed that this was so, Mr. Punch urbanely said, that he would for once abstain from poking any fun at them; upon which the deputation thanked him very much, and were going away to lunch, when Mr. Punch observed that before they had their turtle he had a bone to pick with them, for he had heard that Mr. STUCHBURY, who had for fourteen years transacted the chief work of the office, had applied for the Solicitorship, and had for no apparent reason been refused. Hereupon the deputation looked extremely foolish, and muttered something indistinctly about "not aristocratic enough for him" and "ain't a man of weight."

THE THIEF, TO HIMSELF.

WHY should I work ard, and labour
For my bread agin my will,
Ven I might deprive my neighbour,
Fake is pus, or friak is till?
Regular day by day employment
His a life of pain and grief,
Arter plunder comes enjoyment
Hif so be as you're a thief.

Him as prisn wot isn't his'n,
Never comes to want and wo;
Ven he's cotcht 'tis but to pris'n,
Mind yer, that he as to go.
Him as toils upon Life's hocean,
When he can't get ne'er a job,
Workus is the beger's potion;
Better, precious sight, to rob.

Paupers' diet's maceration,
Conwicks' rations is good cheer,
Barrin' honly the privation
Hof their backy, gin, and beer.
Cos, yer see, t'ood be too cruel
To redoose our elth and strength,
Which, if we was kep on gruel,
Mostly, would decline at length.

Sojers, to compare with us, are
Not with henry to be viewed;
Sarvis in the Army's wusser,
Far, than penal servitude,
With the risk of killed and wounded.
Wot's the Navy you'll agree,
Quod, with chance of being drowned,
Hand the dangers hof the sea.

Ark, I ears a cry appallin'
Wengeance on the willin' ed,
British Public loudly callin'
Thieves like paupers shall be fed!
Pinch us, plague us, stint us, starve us?
Lash garotters with the Cat?
That the way they means to serve us?
Blow me, rayther work than that!

NOBODY'S LUGGAGE can be deemed complete, unless there be found in it a copy of *Punch's Almanack*. This is the best travelling companion yet invented, and no railway passenger ought to be without it.

"Very well," said Mr. Punch, "the latter point I won't discuss with you. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat; and who gives advice to aldermen should be a man of weight. But as one who pays a coal-tax and no end of other civic rates and imposts, I feel naturally an interest in the income of the City, and you must suffer me to say, that for the law-work of the City I think good brains and business habits are all that are required. The next time you have some important office to fill up, come to me beforehand and ask for my advice, and avoid making asses of yourselves."

So saying, Mr. Punch waved his hand towards the door, and politely intimated to the deputation that they had his gracious permission to "get out."

Nobody Coming to Woo.

THE difficulty which many young ladies experience in getting married is mainly owing to their obstinacy in wearing hoops. The girls persist too long in sticking out.

THE BRAVEST WOMAN IN LONDON.

WE know her. On Boxing evening, she gave a cabman sixpence for driving her a mile all but eleven yards. Would there were more like her!

TO PERSONS 'ABOUT TO FURNISH.—Mind you buy a *Punch's Almanack* for the table in your drawing-room, and it will be well too if you purchase another for the library. No house can be comfortable without a *Punch's Almanack*, and a house to be well furnished should have one in every room in it.

PUZZLES FOR PLAYGOERS.



ALL the theatrical papers are most perplexing. We rarely take one up without finding words that puzzle us. As a specimen, we invite attention to the following:—

WANTED, to OPEN on the 19th, a first-class Company, including a good Singing Walking Lady. Talent of any description are requested to apply, stating terms.

To open what? Is the first question this advertisement suggests. Is it ginger-beer or oysters that this "first-class company" are required to open? Or are they to be engaged to do the work of box-openers? Then, is the "Singing Walking Lady" to do both those things at once, and, if so, where is she expected to walk the while she sings? Before she signs a contract, she clearly ought to stipulate to have her walks on level ground: for it would be sadly uphill work for lungs as well as

legs, were she required to sing while walking up a hill. Then, pray where in **LITTLE MURRAY** is there to be found authority for treating the word "talent" as a plural, and what, pray, "are" the talent "of any description" here requested to apply?

When all these problems are solved, there will be found another quite as puzzling:—

WANTED, a LEADING LADY and WALKING LADY, Harlequin and Columbine. Visitation in all other lines. Scenic Artist. Address, &c.

We wonder wherein is the difference between a "leading lady" and a "walking lady." Does the latter always follow people when out walking, and never go in front of them? As to

what on earth is meant by the two words "scenic artist" standing by themselves without a single verb to tell us what they signify, this specimen of what at school we were so learned as to call an apophysis we leave any one who wishes it to study and to solve.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

A Curious Animal, the Aye-aye, has recently arrived, and, if we credit the advertisements, is attracting daily a great number of spectators. It would not much surprise us if the Aye-aye before long be followed by the No-no, which interesting creature still remains at Rome, where it has been kept for some few years by the **EXTERIOR OF THE FAIR**. The No-no, like the Aye-aye, is said to be an animal of mild and quiet habits, although on more than one occasion (as, for instance, in the noted outburst at Perugia) it has certainly displayed a rather savage temperament. We doubt not that the No-no, if exhibited in London, would, for a time at any rate, be greatly sought after and stared at; and, if its keeper would but suffer it to migrate, the Italians, we are sure, would not be sorry to be rid of it.

AT CHRISTMAS MANY SUFFER FROM

INDIGESTION and require stomachic stimulants. *Punch's Almanac* is generally recommended by the faculty as being a specific in all cases of dyspepsia, and a Perfect Cure of all blue devils and low spirits, which result from too much pudding or an over-slice of beef. The exercise of laughing is a great aid to digestion, and *Punch's Almanac* is ever sure to cause a hearty laugh.

THE EFFECT OF DINING OUT.—**SMITH** hearing **JONES** remark that their host **BROWN** talked "like a book," exclaimed, "Why yes, of course he does, isn't he a tome?"

LAWYER AMENDMENT SOCIETY.

At the usual monthly meeting of this Society **MR. D. CORUM** read an interesting Paper on "Forensic Propriety."

It commenced with a dissertation on Wigs and Gowns. Before the introduction of the Coil, learning laboured under heavy disadvantages. The ablest Lawyer was regarded as having the baldest crown, it being ignorantly supposed that flowing locks and profound erudition were incompatible, and no Q. C. was looked upon with confidence who had not plucked out the former under the frequently recurring impulses of mental wool-gathering. The Wig was the great leveller. It made no distinction of persons, and clients were now driven to select their advocate not by his capillary but his cajolery attractions. The Advocate's Gown was indispensable for being emblematic of modesty; without it he might be supposed to have none.

The practice of Junior Counsel illuminating their blotting paper with pen and ink sketches of the "Court," was next touched upon, and severely reprobated. These portraits were almost universally malicious in their design and *outré* in their most prominent features. Some bore a striking resemblance to parrots—some to owls in an ivy-bush. The prevalence of these faulty performances, was a melancholy proof that mischief is always provided by some secret power for idle hands to do. The Essayist recommended that every Inn of Court should have attached to it a School of Photography and that novices who had a real talent for art, should not as at present be found perpetrating pictorial libels, but might be enabled to produce something that would redound to their credit, and render it perhaps unnecessary for them to obtain an extension of it from their Wine Merchants.

With respect to practice at Chambers **MR. D. CORUM** pointed the finger of scorn at the lobster salads with which the path to legal eminence was too frequently strewn and disfigured. He considered the Cornet as too gay and sportive in its tone to suit forensic requirements, and Students should be exhorted to employ their musical energies on Instruments more in harmony with their vocation, among which might be enumerated the Serpent and the Double-Bass.

The character and title of "Devil's Advocate" hitherto confined to Popish Theatricals, **MR. D. CORUM** thought should be assigned to the counsel whose perverted eloquence secures an acquittal for the most notorious Burglar, arraigned at the Central Criminal Court, and his cognisance should be fetters and manacles on a dark ground with a Bull-dog rampant.

MR. D. CORUM would also award prizes to the Student who has regularly eaten his Terms, and whose ruddy aspect proclaims that while studying **SUGGERY**, he has not neglected his digestive powers.

The system of joke-making on the Bench was then reviewed from an æsthetic stand-point. To decorate the mummery of the Civil Law with the artificial flowers of fancy, demanded a dexterous hand which few of our judicial Oracles could lay claim to. He therefore advised that a public officer, to be called the Joker-General, should be appointed, whose functions should be to relieve the tedium of the proceedings by making, at proper intervals, satirical comments on the Judge, Council, Jury, and Sutors, and which, like a polished razor keen, should wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen. The salary to be £7,000 per annum, with a pipe of Burgundy.

MR. PUNCH expressed his cordial approval of the appointment of a Functionary, whose enlightened opinions would rectify the spirit of judicial dicta. In the meantime he suggested, that no unfamiliar joke should be enunciated for the entertainment of a Court of Justice, without the authority for it being judicially quoted.

MR. MURRY opined that jokes, conceived before the time of legal memory, might be exempted from that regulation.

MR. PUNCH thought so too. As to the majority of jokes, namely, those of more than 30 years old, they might be considered to prove themselves, and no evidence of their coming from the proper custody need be required.

In conclusion, the Essayist adverted to the ostentatious display made by a few very young men of flitious Briefs, with imaginary fees of 50 guineas and upwards indorsed, winding up by some disdainful remarks on the analogous system of going into Court bewigged and begowned furtively to enjoy *Punch* and Sandwiches.

An Apology for Sir George Grey.

(No Joke for the Public.)

WHY do we feed our convicts so well? Why, of course, that they may show forth the fruits of good living.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE GAROTTERS. (A hint to **SIR GEORGE GREY**.) Buy a *Punch's Almanac*, and apply the Cut-o'-nine tails in the manner there proscribed.



KIND OLD AUNTY.

OLD LADY OF PROPERTY (to her Nephew, Ensign Skelter, who expects to come in for the best part of his Aunt's money). "So I applied to the Butcher, my dear, and he's sent me a noble Dog; but what I want now, my dear, is to have him unchained, and then for you to slip out, and come over the Garden Wall like a thief or a robber, for me to see if he's faithful!—One of the Men-servants, my dear!—Bless you, a pack o' Cowards, afraid o' their lives of him: besides, my dear, he knows 'em, and wouldn't hurt 'em; but I thought, my dear, as you'd gone into the Army, you wouldn't mind!"

[But the Gallant Ensign was also a judge of Bull Terriers, and didn't seem to see it.

WHAT TEETOTALLERS DRINK.

As we know pretty well what Teetotalers avoid in the way of beverages, it may be not only useful, but amusing, to learn what they do drink, when they go out to enjoy themselves. Here is a *bona fide* card, which has been entrusted to us by one of the watery craft:—

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES FOR FESTIVAL AND BIRTH DAYS.

ALTHOUGH Water is the most wholesome of all liquids, yet the following are free from alcohol, and comparatively innocent, viz.:—

FOR SUMMER USE.

A Lemonade,—much liked in the Harvest field.

2 Lemons.
2 lbs common Sugar,
1 gill Water.

The sugar boiled in the water, and the lemon-juice added when cold.

Aylesbury Sherbet.

Citric Acid 1½ oz. } mix
Ess. of Lemon 50 drops } well.

Dissolve 4 lbs. loaf sugar in 2 pints boiling water: add the said mixture—stir up well—bottle and cork it. A small wine-glass full enough for a tumbler of water.

Capillaria.

Juice of Morella cherries, adding the kernels.

Dantist Syrup—Spruce Beer.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Sherbets—of pine-apple and other fruits.

Fruit Essences may be had genuine of HEDGES AND DYCHES, Chemists, Kensington.

Soda Water and Milk.

Temperance Champagne, 25s. per doz., or 15s. per doz. pints. Sold by MESSRS. T. KETTLE & Co., High Holborn, and other Wine Merchants.

FOR WINTER USE.

Onion Porridge, with milk or with water.

Juice of Morella Cherries, hot with sugar and nutmeg—very delicious.

"*Sausage*" Punch.

Milk—eggs—ginger and nutmeg, heated.

for the worst. We should advise him not to partake too much of the *Aylesbury Sherbet*, or else he may find himself very ill the next morning. That *Lemonade*, too, which is said "to be much liked in the harvest-field," should be taken with the greatest care, for a few incautious tumbler of it would be more than enough to knock the strongest Irishman down. And as for the *Temperance Champagne*, the mere name of it is quite sufficient for us. We would not offer such potent stuff to our greatest enemy—not even to our poorest poor relation, unless we were anxious to make a gooseberry fool of him, or had a design upon him. However, supposing that, carried away by the hilarity of the occasion, and the exhilarating effect of the liquids, one did inadvertently take a drop too much of this glorious *Temperance Champagne*, at 15s. per dozen, the best remedial measure for it the next morning would decidedly be a good steaming dish of the famous *Onion Porridge*. It would put you to rights in a moment; for, indeed, the mere name suffices to give one an appetite.

Judging from the foregoing inviting programme, a Temperance Festival must be such a rare jolly thing, that when the next one takes place, we only wish that we may be there to see.

Matrimonial Navigation.

COURTSHIP is a ship that goes at the rate of so many lovers' knots an hour, and the faster it goes the sooner it reaches its destination, which is, of course, the United States, where a blessed Union, free from all discord, and the prospect of future quarrelling or separation, awaits the happy couple!!! (Written by a True Lover.)

From carefully perusing the above, the reader, should it be his good fortune to be invited to a Temperance Festival, will be duly prepared

THE READING GIRL should go and purchase *Punch's Almanack*, and pass a pleasant hour in reading all the jokes and quips and cranks that it contains.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 15, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, and Frederick Mallett Evans, of No. 11, Bouvaine Street, in the Precinct of Whitechapel, City of London, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitechapel, City of London, and Published by them at No. 38, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.



CABBY. "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medal; 'tain't a Shillin'!"
INTOXICATE. "Good s'hillins' worth of shilver; no further uahs t'me Cabby!"

CLOTHES! CLOTHES! CLOTHES!

(For the Distress in the Cotton Districts.)

THE naked to clothe is a Christian's fit work,
Though it may be performed by a Jew or a Turk;
But Jew, Turk, or Christian, as every fool knows,
Must be furnished with cloth to make any one clothes.

If many poor thousands in dress you would keep,
'Tis a cardinal point that your clothes should be cheap;
And to clothe them for little it need not be hard;
Since the cloth might be gotten for nothing a yard.

All the odds, ends, and remnants, which people reject,
Some benevolent ladies propose to collect.
These patches, joined neatly with skill and with care,
Would make suits fair to look at and famous to wear.

Sewing classes of weavers, whose mills idle stand,
Will be taught to work up these materials by hand;
Thus the girls will the use of the needle acquire,
So needful for all who to wedlock aspire.

These poor folks will all be in articles drest
Of their own manufacture, coat, trousers, and vest,
Shirts, jackets and petticoats; bedding beside,
Will their needles themselves and each other provide.

Of list and waste cuttings there needs but a store;
And the ladies have some, but want very much more.
So to tradesmen and others we venture to say,
Give them those shreds and patches you erst threw away.

Material and clothes, therefore, send in, like bricks,
To Pitt's Head Mews, Park Lane, W., 5 and 6.
If cash you'd contribute, we give you to know
'Twill be gladly accepted by HATCHARD & CO.

Observe! MESSRS. HATCHARD & CO., No. 187, Piccadilly, W. Copy the Address, Nos. 5 and 6, Pitt's Head Mews, Park Lane, W., and direct to the Ladies' Supplementary Association, in Aid of the Sewing and Educational Classes. Their motto is No Monopoly, and they challenge competition.

THE POLICEMAN'S LITTLE GAME.

THAT truly Conservative measure, the New Night Poaching Act, is working admirably. A pleasing instance of its operation is narrated by the *Hampshire Advertiser*, in the report of a case which came the other day before the Magistrates at Andover. Subjoined are the particulars of this gratifying sample of the fruits of well-advised legislation. A respectable but over-sensitive inhabitant of Charlton, named DICKMAN, presented himself to the Bench with the following frivolous complaint against a vigilant policeman. MR. DICKMAN said that he was in Andover on the previous Saturday evening, when he bought a rabbit for his Sunday's dinner, cost him, as MR. PERKS says, 1s. 6d. He took it away with him, intending to carry it home, whither it was not destined to arrive. Within a few yards of his house, he was stopped by the village policeman, who very properly and pertinently demanded to know how he came by the rabbit? As MR. DICKMAN declined to satisfy the policeman's inquiring mind further than by the information that he had bought his rabbit in Andover for eighteenpence, that zealous and active officer immediately seized it, and carried it off to the station, putting the incommunicative DICKMAN merely to the slight inconvenience of providing something else for his next day's dinner. And this, forsooth, was the grievance with which he thought it worth while to trouble the Andover Magistrates! As if his rabbit had been stolen! Of course those worthy Justices told him that they judged that the policeman had acted *bona fide*, fully believing that he had obtained the rabbit illegally, and therefore had not exceeded his duty in taking it away; accordingly, that they must decline to interfere. After the delivery of this decision, which surely empowered the policeman to eat the game which he had conveyed (the wise call it), the superintendent told the Bench that the rabbit had been returned to the prosecutor, who, however, replied that he had not yet received it. We may yet, therefore, indulge the hope that the policeman feasted upon his lawful prize smothered in onions.

It is delightful to think that an absurd jealousy for the liberty of the subject has given way to an enactment which empowers a policeman to seize and take possession of any hare, or rabbit, or other species of game, which anybody is carrying, and which he may possibly have

obtained from some landlord's preserve. The New Poaching Act only wants one little amendment to make it complete. The police ought to be empowered to loot any poulterer's shop, and confiscate all the game in it which they suspect of having been obtained by poaching. A clause to this effect will perhaps be added to the above-named excellent statute next Session by the Tory country gentlemen, with the consent, or by the forbearance, of the Liberal Members of Parliament. In the meantime, should a general election occur, perhaps the majority of voters will gratefully remember the authors and abettors of that salutary measure.

NAME-CHANGERS.

It being now understood that any person who may be desirous of changing his name may do so by a *bona fide* publication of his intentions, the following individuals, whose names have for some reason or other got into disfavour with themselves or others, have given notice of their wish to effect a substitution.

PRESENT NAME.	NAME DESIRED.
MR. COX	proposes to change to MACAULAY-BUCKLE.
" SPURGEON	" " " ST. AUGUSTINE.
" DISRAELI	" " " BOLINGBROKE.
" BOUICAULT	" " " SHAKESPEARE.
" HOLLOWAY	" " " ABERNETHY.
" TUPPER	" " " SOLOMON.
SIR GEORGE GREY	" " " LYCURGUS DRACO.
DR. COLENSO	" " " TIMOTHY.
WASHINGTON WILKS	" " " CICERO CHATHAM.
O'DONAGHUE	" " " O. CROMWELL.
J. A. ROEBUCK	" " " HEER VON JANUS.
LORD LLANOVER	" " " LORD KNOCKUNDER.

Any more must be paid for as Advertisements.

NOBILITY AND WALKER.



that tongue which is supplied with the blood of noble lineage may get to acquire those habitual movements whereof the audible result is vulgar pronunciation? Is it possible that the heir to the title of Viscount could, by the force of any, the most degrading, circumstances, be reduced to frame his mouth to the utterance of such a corruption as *selvedges*? Why, if so, he might even be capable of calling himself a Viscount. A noble Lord might actually be guilty of dropping or superadding the letter H, like a mercantile member of the House of Commons. You can conceive a suitable representative of a London constituency com-

PUNCH.—A dreadful anecdote is related by SIR BERNARD BURKE in his *Vicissitudes of the Peerage*, about the last VISCOUNT KINGSLAND who, before his succession to his family honours, was an under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson Street, Dublin. Having attained to his title, he married a Miss BRADSHAW, an English Lady, and then, says SIR BERNARD, whom I shudder in quoting,—

"His wife took great pains to improve him, but in vain. She watched his words, and always corrected him, even before company. One day, being asked to take some lunch, he declined, saying, 'I have been eating *selvedges* all day.' My lady, correcting him, said, 'sandwiches, my lord.' He replied, 'Ah, then, my lady, I wish ye'd be quiet, you're always retorting me.'"

"What, Sir, can it be that the muscles of

mitting atrocities of that sort; but can you imagine a Peer saying, for example, 'sor' for 'saw'? I trust that true nobility cannot articulate the vulgarisms which are peculiar to the coarser classes. It is my persuasion that thorough-bred lips are naturally endowed with a nicety of intonation and accent, and with elegance, if not absolute correctness of speech. I rejoice in the confirmation of this idea, which I derive from the fact, that one continually meets with a ridiculous person, whose vocal organs prosperity and contact with the most refined society have not divested of those vices of expression which so absurdly betray a lowly origin.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"NORFOLK HOWARD."

"P.S. I dare say characteristic slips of the tongue expose that M^r. BUG, who calls himself after me, having no blood of mine in his veins, although that honour may be claimed by some of the insect family from which he derives his name."

ECCENTRICITY OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

"PRAY, Mr. Punch, can you tell me for what purpose navvies, brick-layers, and other members of the working-classes, who wear fustian or corduroy trousers, are accustomed also to wear a bit of string tied tightly around one leg of those trousers a little below the knee? Apparently it can have no effect but that of impeding the circulation. Is it a badge of any sort of fellowship? The wearers of such an unaccountable ornament certainly exhibit themselves in the character of odd fellows. In the orthography of the humbler orders, I beg to sign myself,

"SCREW TATER."

THE REAL TRUTH.

(From the "New York Herald.")

DEFEAT! Pooh! Bah! who talks of defeat to the eagles of the republic, one and indivisible? Perish the miscreant from off the face of this glorious continent, or let him hurry across the ocean, and hide his ruffian head in the bosom of BRITANNIA—the sordid and ferocious hag who exults in the disasters which she hypocritically affects to deplore—BRITANNIA, who shall have some real disasters of her own to lament as soon as we have put down this accursed and moribund rebellion.

There has been no defeat, and the man who calls the affair at Fredericksburg by that name is a contemptible idiot. If foreign nations do not understand our strategy, and seek to make American generals walk by the feeble light of old world traditions, all we shall condescend to say is, that time will show. We deliberately assert, and we are in a position to prove the truth of the words (though the character of this journal needs no additional testimony to its statements), that the magnificent operations at Fredericksburg were all parts of a defined plan, and that the result is precisely that which was expected and desired. Now then! Do the citizens of our mighty republic believe that its interests are left in the hands of incapable fools, or of politicians who assume to deal with matters which they do not understand? Who will dare to insult the people by such a description of the men whom the noble machinery of our constitution raised to the highest office, and whose genius for government shames the wretched systems of aristocratical Europe. We say once more, and we defy contradiction, that Fredericksburg was a planned thing, and a glorious victory.

We dare say that were DR. RUSSELL, or any writer of that kind among us (which, thank Providence and a wise administration, is not the case, and the free soil of America is insulted by the residence here of no man who will not speak the people's wishes and feelings), we should be treated to a narrow-minded view of the situation, and we should be told that the gallant and glorious BURNSIDE had shown himself incapable of leadership. We should be reminded, in the most insolent and exulting manner, that BURNSIDE led the Army of the Potomac into a semi-circle of fire; we should be told that he attempted what could have succeeded by miracle only, and that he caused the slaughter of some ten or twelve thousand Federal soldiers for no end or object whatsoever. That he fled, defeated and disgraced, and that a fourth fatal blow has been inflicted by the rebels. Luckily no man

breathes on this free soil who would dare to write such words as an exposition of the case, and we take this and every other opportunity of tendering our thanks to the Government that made it impossible for any cold-blooded Britisher to disseminate among us his discouraging photographs, by which, under the pretext of impartiality and truthfulness, the warm and glowing hearts of our enthusiastic citizens are chilled, and doubts are cast upon the perfect working of our unequalled institutions.

But it is fit that our citizens should hear the real truth, with which they can always be trusted. Yes, always, and if our wise administrators ever deem it discreet to manipulate telegrams and despatches, and not to set facts before the world in all their naked literalness, it is not because we are afraid of our own people, but because foreign nations, which have never understood us, would misunderstand many things that would be perfectly well comprehended here. Hence the apparent mystifications with which we have been so frequently taunted by the baffled diplomatists of Europe, men whom we have thus beaten on their own ground. But there is no necessity for ever deceiving a true-born American citizen, and we have now authority for offering the fullest explanation of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

It was all along intended by our Government that our Army should undergo what would be considered a defeat.

Hitherto, so confident has the Union been in its own majestic resources, and so pleased have our patriots naturally been with the long series of victories which have crowned our arms, that it has been impossible to arouse us to a sense of the importance of the occasion. We have played with the war rather than fought. We have volunteered and mustered and reviewed, but the proceedings have rather been those of some brilliant rejoicing day than the stern preparations of war. The Anaconda, that was to draw round the rebellion and crush it to powder, has hitherto preferred to bask in the sun, and show its glittering tints for the delectation of the people, to drawing itself up for the fell bug that shall end the strife. When the rebels have been too presuming, they have been stricken down, and put to ignominious flight; but it has been with the playful whisk of the lion's tail rather than with the blow from his paw. Perfectly certain of our irresistible might, we have treated the rebels as spoiled children rather than as enemies.

We might have continued to do so, putting them down whenever they were presumptuous, and wearing them out until they should prostrate themselves like penitent children, but for considerations quite apart from any of a military character. But the admirable financier

who presides over our interests, and who administers them in a way which turns the malignant Southerner GLADSTONE pale with rage, and even excites envy in the bosom of the Hebrew FOULD, has informed the PRESIDENT that the finance of the country demands a decisive step. We can state that LINCOLN, SEWARD, and CHASE met over oysters and accounts on the 7th December, and the latter submitted his arguments. They were irresistible. He showed that the enormous taxation (not enormous to a country like ours, but still very large) which our playful manner of conducting the war has occasioned, would startle our citizens, and might possibly be resisted, unless they were roused to a realisation of the fact that the Southern rebels are in earnest, and have some means of resistance. He therefore called upon his chief and his colleague to take some action that should make an impression on our high-spirited and courageous people. They concluded that GENERAL BURNSIDE should be ordered to advance, under conditions which made his military success an impossibility. He was telegraphed, and the result is known.

Fredericksburg was a financial, not a military operation. Its success was complete, brilliant, triumphant. By that stroke of genius the eyes of America have been opened, and the finances of the nation have now nothing to apprehend. It would be long before the slow, cold, stupid heads of old world arithmeticians would have hit on such a masterly device. We have more of such in our quiver, as the rebels shall know very soon, and old mother BRITANNIA, it may be a little, but perhaps not much, later.



CONVERSION OF A BISHOP.

Mr. Punch's Office. Enter to him a Bishop.

Mr. Punch. Good morning, my Lord. You can sit down. I desired my boy to call in the first bishop whom he might see going by. Are you the BISHOP OF HEREFORD?

Bishop. No, *Mr. Punch*, I am not. I am—

Mr. P. Hold your tongue, and answer my questions only. If you had been the BISHOP OF HEREFORD I should have asked you to dinner. At present I am not in the mood to show that attention to any other member of the bench.

Bishop. I am very sorry—

Mr. P. Will you be silent until I ask you a question? You are one of those hierarchs who signed the requisition to the Railways to discontinue Sunday excursions.

Bishop remains silent.

Mr. P. Why don't you answer me?

Bishop. You made a statement, you asked no question.

Mr. P. Ha! Smart. I guess who you are. Well, did you sign that?

Bishop. I did.

Mr. P. Why?

Bishop. For the reasons therein stated.

Mr. P. I am willing to believe you, but it is hard work. You think that a working man ought not to be allowed to take his wife and children to the sea-side for eight hours on Sunday?

Bishop. I object to sabbath-breaking.

Mr. P. So do I—nobody more. But what is it?

Bishop. An unnecessary act on a certain day.

Mr. P. Negatur. But for argument's sake I will simply ask you, whether you are prepared to abide by your definition.

Bishop. Certainly I am.

Mr. P. Where did you go to church, last Sunday?

Bishop. To the parish church of "****", which is "the church nearest my country residence."

Mr. P. How far?

Bishop. Two miles.

Mr. P. You walked there, of course. Legs like your Lordship's were made for walking, and I should like to have a walk with you.

Bishop. No, I rode in my carriage.

Mr. P. The day was miserably wet?

Bishop. On the contrary, a beautiful day, like Spring.

Mr. P. You are lame, or were ill?

Bishop. Never in better health in my life, I am happy to say.

Mr. P. Then why did you ride to church? You should have walked.

You compelled your coachman and your footman to work unnecessarily, you prevented one of them from attending service, as he had to see after the carriage, and you set a very bad example to your neighbours.

Bishop (with a smile). I expected that outbreak of low, radical, public-house-newspaper invective. I am prepared with a reply. I had undertaken to preach, and I wished to go quietly to church, that my mind might be undisturbed and tranquil.

Mr. P. I will not ask you whether you read your sermons. But I will meet you on your own ground. You wished to tranquillise your mind after the secular work of the week. So does JONES when he takes his wife and children to Brighton. And considering that your Lordship passes your time amid religious and educated ladies and gentlemen, while JONES works six days in a noisy, dirty shop, it seems to me that JONES's necessity for repose is greater than yours.

Bishop. Let him take his pleasure on a week-day.

Mr. P. So you have recommended, and perhaps you will be good enough to explain on what week-day a hard-working mechanic with a family can afford to take a holiday.

Bishop. We must make sacrifices for the sake of conscience.

Mr. P. Convince JONES's conscience that he ought to cheat his poor wife of a sixth of his earnings, and I dare say he will be ready enough to do so.

Bishop. I have not spoken of cheating, *Mr. Punch*. I hope I am not uncharitable.

Mr. P. You have done worse, my dear Lord. You have accused these poor excursionists of demoralisation. Now everybody cheats, more or less, in this world, but demoralisation is a hard word. Did you ever join in one of these Sunday excursions?

Bishop. I!

Mr. P. Yes. You are shocked. Well, go some day. I think that I would go in plain clothes, though I do not believe that a bishop, even if recognised, has anything to apprehend from the people, in 1863. But there would be less restraint in the carriage, if you went without your apron. Go third class—you might meet a snob or so in the first class. The difference in price would help the day's charities.

Bishop. A third-class Sunday excursion carriage!

Mr. P. Yes, oblige me. Only to Brighton or Hastings, and I will guarantee your safe arrival, barring railway negligence. I will go with you. Come.

Bishop. Really—

Mr. P. You will? I don't tell you that you will see in the carriage any signs of the calm and elegant quiet which is so dear to us aristocrats of the blue blood. On the contrary, there will be an absence of repose. The poorer class do not have so much more pleasure than is good for them that they can take it listlessly. Father will be a little flushed with the effort of getting all the family aboard the train, the children will certainly be excited, and noisy, and I doubt whether any of them will begin to recite hymns, and mother, who has to look after them all, will fidget considerably—and there is a baby with her—if that baby cries I do not suppose that she will ring a bell for the nurse. Then a bottle may come out—it will not be full of *eau de Cologne*—refreshing as that is in a railway journey; but I am quite sure that, if you have only looked kindly at the children, your Lordship will be offered a drop.

Bishop. *Mr. Punch*, what a picture!

Mr. P. There are worse pictures—even in the National Gallery, of which you are a trustee. Well, my Lord, the party will not talk in a way to improve your mind, but I don't believe you will hear anything objectionable—that woman would not permit it—and you will hear a good deal of honest pleasure expressed. That boy opposite has never seen the sea, and it is a family event, I apologise for his restlessness, and hope he did not kick your Lordship's legs. You will soon be at Brighton, and I will bet your Lordship the best dinner the Bedford can give (which is a good one), that you will have seen none of the demoralisation which you have been writing about. (*Sternly.*) Are you not ashamed of yourself to be bearing false witness against your neighbour?

Bishop (confounded). *Mr. Punch*—perhaps—however—yes. I wish that I had not signed that document.

Mr. P. Then be a man as well as a Bishop, and write to the *Times* and say so. After that, my Lord, come and dine with me. At present I wish you a good morning.

HOUSE OF CALL FOR PENNY-A-LINERS.—"The Enormous Gooseberry."



A GAROTTE EFFECT.

THIS IS DE ROBINSON, WHO IN HIS HURRY AND ANXIETY TO BE IN TIME FOR DINNER, PUTS HIS KNUCKLE-DUSTERS IN HIS COAT-TAIL POCKET. (SENSATION SCENE.)

*



* THE KNUCKLE-DUSTER, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.

THE TWO GEORGES.

SCENE—The Elysian Fields.

Shade of King George III. What—what—what? Yes—yes—yes. It is MR. WASHINGTON. Don't avoid me, don't avoid me, don't avoid me. No ill feelings here, you know.

Shade of Mr. George Washington. I beg your Majesty's pardon. I was, I believe, lost in thought, and did not observe whom I was approaching. I offer your Majesty my best now-year congratulations on the prosperity of your illustrious descendants.

Sa. Geo. III. Thanks, thanks, thanks. Very genteel of you, I am sure, but you were always a gentleman. Yes, all goes well in the tight little island—my grand-daughter is the best of Queens, my great grand-daughters are the best of Princesses, and my great-great-grandbabies are the best of babies. Nothing to say against that, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

Sa. Geo. W. The condition of the British Empire must indeed be highly satisfactory to her former ruler. I regret that, *mutato nomine*, I cannot say the same thing of another nation.

Sa. Geo. III. Didn't like to mention it first, no, no, no, no. But as you have mentioned it, no harm in saying that there seems to be rather a pretty kettle of fish on the fire in America.

Sa. Geo. W. It is so, Sire, and to avail myself of your Majesty's very graceful and elegant illustration, I fear there is no fairy to step out of the wall and say, "Fish, fish, fish, art thou in thy duty?"

Sa. Geo. III. Ha! Very good, very good. Remember that story—saw it in a pantomime with CHARLOTTE at Old Drury—we were very fond of pantomimes, CHARLOTTE and I—great fun to see the Clown burn his friend with the hot poker—very good, very good, very good.

Suppose you didn't care about pantomimes, eh, MR. WASHINGTON? Too clever for such things. But what's all your cleverness done for America, eh, eh, eh?

Sa. Geo. W. I own myself disappointed with results, your Majesty, and I wish that the American people had not been such obstinate Tories.

Sa. Geo. III. Eh! what? Eh! what? Eh! what? American Tories. Come, come, come, come, a little too good that. American Tories? No, no, that won't do, jacobins, radicals, levellers, atheists, destructives, what you like, but not Tories, everybody knows that, everybody knows that.

Sa. Geo. W. I must, at the risk of being charged with obstinacy, a quality very repugnant to your Majesty, adhere to my words.

Sa. Geo. III. What? what? Tories, Tories. What d'ye mean, MASTER GEORGE.

Sa. Geo. W. I mean, your Majesty, that if like Englishmen, the Americans had taken a few revolutions quietly and by instalments, they would not now be murdering one another by the thousand.

Sa. Geo. III. I don't see, I don't see.

Sa. Geo. W. Your Majesty was good enough to come among us about forty years ago. Since that time England has emancipated the Dissenters—

Sa. Geo. III. Yes, yes, bad fellows, Dissenters, no doubt of that, except Quakers—and Quakeresses—bad people, Dissenters.

Sa. Geo. W. Has emancipated the Papists.

Sa. Geo. III. Yes, yes, very wicked thing to do—sooner have lost my head at Whitehall.

Sa. Geo. W. Has reformed her Parliament.

Sa. Geo. III. Yes, yes, and quite needless; great mistake, let in the mob, ruined the country.



LATEST FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

GHOST OF KING GEORGE III. "WELL, MR. WASHINGTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR FINE REPUBLIC NOW, EH?—WHAT D'YE THINK? WHAT D'YE THINK, EH?"

GHOST OF MR. WASHINGTON. "HUMPH!"



THE LATEST FROM SPAIN

THE LATEST FROM SPAIN - JANUARY 1, 1891
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Sa. Geo. W. Has abolished the Corn Laws.

Sa. Geo. III. Yes, yes, cruel thing to the farmers. I was a farmer myself, they should never have done it if I had been alive.

Sa. Geo. W. Has adopted Free Trade.

Sa. Geo. III. Yes, yes. Awful error, find it out some day.

Sa. Geo. W. And has ceased to admit that she did anything wrong in removing the head of a King who forgot his duty. Come, your Majesty, those little matters, spread neatly over forty years, seem to me to make up a series of revolutions in Church and State affairs.

Sa. Geo. III. Well, well, well. Yes, yes, yes. If you put it that way, I don't know that you haven't got something to say for yourself; Yes, you hinted that I was obstinate, I understood you, Mr. GEORGE, but I don't mind allowing that you have something to say.

Sa. Geo. W. Yes, Sir, and perhaps I may say one thing more while you are in an assenting temper. But for all these revolutions, I might not have had the honour of congratulating your MAJESTY just now upon the prosperity and security of your Royal House. As for America—we must wait and see.

Sa. Geo. III. Eh? eh? eh? He's bolted. Thought I was going to have a victory over him, and he has turned the tables and gained one over me. I don't mind owning that, as there's nobody to hear me. Yes, yes, yes, yes, there's a good deal to be said on that side. Very rude of him though, now I come to think of it. I'll go and ask BILLY PITT what he says. Six revolutions in forty years. A disagreeable way of putting the matter—very disagreeable—so I'll go and tell it to CHARLOTTE. *[Exit.]*

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



HERE was a young lady of Poole,
Who thought she would set up a school;
But all she could teach
Were the nine parts of speech,
And how to make gooseberry fool.

There was a young lady of Deal,
Who ate up five platefuls of veal,
A sausage, and ham,
And some raspberry jam,
And said, "I have made a good meal."

There was a young lady of Skye,
Who declared she was going to die,
But was instantly cured

When politely assured
If she did, there was no one would cry.

There was a young lady of Oakham,
Who would steal your cigars and then soak 'em
In treacle and rum,
And then smear them with gum;
So it wasn't a pleasure to smoke 'em.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose eyes were excessively blue;
So she got an old fellow
To rub them with yellow,
And so they turned green; which is true.

There was a young lady of Cirencester,
She went to consult a solicitor,
When he wanted his fee,
She said "Fiddledee-dee,
I only looked in as a visitor."

CAPITAL NAME FOR SIR JOSHUA JERR'S PET LAMBS.—THE JO-JERR-aways—a set of untamed savages, worse than any Indians!

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

To the Editor of Punch, London.

"SIR,

"My name is NOCKER—JOSHUA NOCKER, of Nocker Lodge, Herts. You may remember, some time ago, I tackled the opposition candidate on the hustings, and told him to his face that I had no confidence in him or his party. Nor have I. My friends think that I ought to go into Parliament. Perhaps they're right; but how could I sit still while Honourable Members were trotting out their hobbies in every direction? And unless a man under any amount of provocation can keep his seat, it is clear Nature never intended him for a legislator.

"I am not ashamed, Sir, to confess, that I do venerate the wisdom of my ancestors. They had one fine quality. They spoke out, and made their meaning felt. CROMWELL didn't mince matters, and good QUEEN BESS boxed the ear of one of her Ministers. (Look at her portrait, and you'll see her Royal fingers are tingling for a great reform movement.) Precedents of this kind are, perhaps, not to be generally followed; but we all know, Sir, what weight England gained in the scale of nations under her guiding hand; and I don't think that, looking at the dilatory spirit of both ancient and modern statesmen, even a constitutional Sovereign need be too fastidious in her choice of arguments.

"Our ancestors, Sir, called a thief a thief, and I respect them for it. We, nervously anxious not to wound tender susceptibilities, gently intimate that he is somewhat closely connected with the 'dangerous classes.' I was never robbed of a shilling in my life, so don't suppose I labour under feelings of personal irritation. It is not often I go to London. When I do, I button my pockets, tighten my grasp upon my stick, and keep a sharp look-out. Your garrotting villains may be 'dangerous' to astronomers and others of that stamp, whose business lies in the clouds. Mine don't.

"The 'dangerous classes,' Sir, whose existence inspires me with alarm are those pleasant people who make pals of prisoners as beggars do of snakes, and who seem to think that the Bill of Rights was intended mainly for Portland Bill.

"I can defend myself against the ugly rascals who don't profess to deal in the milk of human kindness; but who, Sir, is to protect me against the whimsical benevolence of those who, flattered by the grateful smiles of Jack Sheppard, and his co-mates in exile, lavishly pour all theirs into a Stone Jug?" Answer me that.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"JOSHUA NOCKER."

"Obedient Servant! How absurd! I am not, Sir, your Obedient Servant, nor any man's; but I am your Constant Reader, and I therefore beg—no! I don't beg and never will—but I request, that you will take the foregoing subscription in a parliamentary sense, and nothing more."

* Vide "AINSWORTH'S Dictionary."

A MAGISTRATE COMMITTING HIMSELF.

LAUX! MR. TYRWHITT; what have you been doing, Sir? What d'ye mean by this?

"MARLBOROUGH STREET.—WILLIAM LAUX, a performer in a German band, was charged with refusing to leave off playing when requested to do so.

"MR. EDWARD LEWIS, of Great Marlborough Street, appeared for the defence. "MR. JOHN BARALOTTE, civil engineer, Fens, Surrey, said the complaint was made by MISS BARALOTTE, who lived in Chapel Street, Mayfair, and who was labouring under indisposition. The defendant, with eight or ten other persons, began playing near the house. The notes seriously affected his sister, and she sent out a request to the band to remove into the next street. The defendant, who appeared to be the leader, replied that he should not go away, as they were paid to play. The complainant afterwards went for a policeman, and when he returned, the defendant and his band were making a most atrocious noise. He gave the defendant into custody. MR. BARALOTTE handed in a medical certificate of the state of his sister's health.

"MR. LEWIS submitted various objections on behalf of the defendant; in particular, that the constable had not heard any playing as required by the Act, and that no reasonable cause for removing had been shown.

"MR. TYRWHITT said the witness did not appear to have stated to the defendant that the lady was ill. Had he done so the police might have been appealed to. He was obliged to dismiss the charge."

We have tolerably good sight and an excellent double eye-glass, but we own we cannot see this obligation, MR. TYRWHITT. If a lady in ill-health sends out a request for a street-band to move on, their refusal so to do should constitute, we think, a case for the police. The intention of the Act is the protection of the public from the nuisance of street-music, and if its language can be turned by a word-twisting attorney to a contrary effect, we think a Magistrate is bound to act not by the letter but the spirit of the law. Ladies cannot be expected to read up Acts of Parliament, and know precisely in what terms they ought to frame a message when annoyed by street-musicians; and when they fail to act exactly according to the Act, we really think a Magistrate, so far from feeling himself "obliged" to refuse them his assistance, should rather strain the law, if need be, to render them some help.



ANTI-GAROTTE MOVEMENT.

Brown and Jones return home to the Suburbs with safety, taking front and rear rank alternately.

AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

"JANUARY 1.—The POPE received the officers of the French army of occupation to-day.

"In a long speech His Holiness expressed his conviction that repentant Piedmont would fall at the feet of the chair of St. Peter, as JACOB prostrated himself before the angel after having wrestled with him all night in ignorance of his origin."—*Times*, Jan. 2.

An Allegory is a dangerous thing
For ev'n a Pope his new-year's guests to set afore;
As difficult to a fine point to bring,
As that most ticklish of all tropes, a Metaphor.

For when you've got your Allegory square,
And on four legs have set it well a-going,
The hard-mouthed figure will run here and there,
And where 'twill land you, really there's no knowing.

See poor old PIO NONO mounts to ride
His Allegory from the old Evangel,
Where JACOB stands for Piedmont in its pride,
And PIO NONO for the wrestling angel.

He perks him on his Allegory's back,
And with a touch of the off-heel awakes him,
Forgetting that, like GILFIS on his hack,
The POPE must go where Allegory takes him.

JACOB, says PIO NONO, bowed him low
Before the Angel he had striv'n all night with;
But the same verse says JACOB no'er let go
Until the Angel blessed him he did fight with.

The Angel asked his name and, victory's dower,
The quondam JACOB he as Israel hailed,
"For as a Prince," he told him, "thou hast power
With God and with mankind, and hast prevailed."

IRISH TEMPERANCE OF A YANKEE.

THE subjoined statement, extracted from the American Correspondence of the *Times*, is commended to the attention of the United Kingdom Alliance:—

"One of the most rabid of American declaimers against the British Government and people, whose morbid vanity it is not necessary to feed by the mention of his name, was elected, a few days ago, a member of an Irish temperance society in this city."

And this rascal, on the strength of unfermented liquors, launched out into the quasi-drunken rant below quoted:—

"In acknowledging the distinction conferred upon him, he actually lectured his Irish friends upon the absurdity of their peccable propensities. 'You must,' he said, 'have no more bloodless revolutions. DANIEL O'CONNELL made a great mistake. Moral suasion won't do with Englishmen. Keep on your bayonets, boys; old Ireland shall be free.'"

The members of the Society for the Suppression of Public-houses are invited to consider whether fustian more villainous than the foregoing was ever yelped forth amid the reek of gin, or hiccupped out amid the fumes of brandy-and-water? Could the strongest ale, or even the vilest swipes, inspire a maudlin scoundrel with more truculent drive! This precious example of the effects of total abstinence indeed received a suitable honour in being elected a member of an Irish Temperance Society. His speech was an effusion of truly Irish temperance, which is indistinguishable from the worst results of whiskey. Consideration of such a fact as this fellow should induce the agitators for Permissive Maine Law Legislation to dissolve their conspiracy to rob a poor man of his beer.

THE HAIR AND MANY FRIENDS.

AMONG other inventions to beautify the person, we see a "Vegetable Hair Dye" announced by some perfumer. It is not stated of what vegetables the compound is composed, and this, we think, is a great slip on the part of the composer. A hair-dye made from colewort might, if so announced, sell well; because the idiots who dye their hair might be led to think that colewort would doubtless give their head the blackness of a coal. But who, unless he loved a mermaid, and to please her wanted to have his hair dyed green, would ever dream of using hair-dye manufactured out of cabbage; and surely few people would ever try a "vegetable hair-dye," if there were a suspicion that the stuff was made with carrots.

Then JACOB asked the Angel's name, who said,
"Why askest thou my name?" but then and there
He called a blessing down on JACOB's head,
Before the Sun o'er Peauel rose in air.

Is this the inference PIO NONO drew—
From JACOB, victor in the strife contest,
With power o'er spiritual and temporal too,
JACOB, as Israel hailed *—not banned, but blest?

* Evidently a foreshadowing of the transformation of VICTOR-EMMANUEL, King of Piedmont into VICTOR-EMMANUEL, King of Italy.

A CONTRADICTION.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, 'I AM not in the habit of reading the newspapers, but a friend informs me that it is stated that an accident to PRINCESS ALICE (happily unattended by any serious consequences) has taken place at a locality entitled Broadlands.

"As such a report is calculated to injure me in the estimation of the public, I request you to give publicity to my assurance that the place in question was not my Broadlands. I do not believe it possible that anything that could be in the slightest degree detrimental to any Member of the Royal Family could take place upon my estate.

"Apologising for troubling you with this intrusion upon your valuable space,

"I remain, yours obediently,

"BROADLANDS, Jan. 7." "J. PALMERSTON,
" (Premier and Constable)."

"CAPITAL WANTED."—Rome for United Italy.

QUEENSBERRY QUOTATION.



WE read that the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY departed some months ago with her three children to the Continent, and declines to return them to their Scotch guardians and their deploring grandmamma. Upon the former lady's conduct Mr. Punch has neither means nor wish to offer the slightest expression of opinion—another may be the most fit custodian of three infants who have no father, and we suppose that nobody will think much worse of anybody for breaking what is facetiously called Scotch law. On the other hand, her Ladyship may have acted improperly in thus departing—the case is not before us. But Mr. Punch is utterly and savagely disgusted with an Irishman who has sent him what he calls, "a quotation from ALEXANDER POPE, imminently applicable to the matter":—

"If QUEENSBERRY to stop there's no compelling,
'Tis to be hoped she'll teach 'em
read and spelling."

Our Irish Correspondent is an illiterate and impertinent person, whom it were base flattery to call a ridiculous Bloke.

A NEW WINE PLANT.

THERE is an old saying that "good wine needs no bush;" but the Elder bush is sometimes freely used in making wine, and old port often owes its fruitiness to the Elder fruit. But besides the bush which is used in its concoction, there is in wine occasionally somewhat of a "plant;" and the sale of it includes in slang the "selling" of the buyer. What quantity of foreign wines is yearly made in England, we will not make our readers wretched by venturing to guess; but if Apollo were on earth, and made our gooseberry bushes speak, as he once caused the trees to do, we fear our flesh would creep to hear the secrets they would tell. The maxim of "*in vino veritas*" might have been true in ancient Rome, but nowadays the statement is utterly absurd; and though a modern poet tells us that "there's no deceit in wine," the headaches we get now and then convince us of the contrary, and persuade us that the merchants who sell sugar of lead and aloes-juice, and call it fine old crusted port, are, whatever the old song may tell us, guilty of deceit.

There is another sort of "plant" too which the wine-merchants find useful, and which they pretty largely cultivate and turn to their account. This plant, or trick, consists in their pretending that they have the disposition of the cellar of some mythic connoisseur, who for unknown reasons shuns a public sale, and allows, say, MESSRS. DODGE & Co. to let their favoured customers have the pick of his choice stock. Various excuses are invented for the sale, and MESSRS. DODGE & Co. at times display a talent for invention which, if they tried their hand as novelists, might stand them in good stead. One of their last stories is a most affecting statement, put forth on black-edged paper, showing how "the widow of an eminent divine" has become by her bereavement possessed of a small cellar of the very choicest wines, which, as she wants to travel to mitigate her grief, she is naturally desirous privately to sell. Now, as one well knows the love that persons bear for fine old port, of course one feels disposed to purchase of the widow, and in some degree console her by paying a good price. MESSRS. DODGE & Co. inform us that having long "enjoyed the patronage" of the eminent divine, they can testify of course to the value of his stock; and, that his eminence in choice of wine must have fully been as great as his eminence in divinity, these extracts from his cellar-book will amply serve to show:—

"Port, 41 dozen, more or less, Sandeman's Shipping, bottled in 1854, Vintage not known, price 56s.

"Claret, 28 dozen and 4, 2nd growth, Vintage 1846, bottled in 1844, price 44s.

"Sherry, 6 dozen 9 bottles, old bottled brown, particulars unknown, 52s. per dozen."

How claret "vintage 1846" could have been bottled in 1844 is a

MEN AND MONKEYS.

A FACT for MR. DARWIN has turned up. The narrator of a diplomatic visit to Madagascar says:—

"So far the traveller passes through the Betaninaka and Betanimena countries, the population of which is decidedly East African negro, and who claim descent from the Babacota, or native baboon (the only true monkey in Madagascar), whom they treat with superstitious reverence. This is also the country of that remarkable animal, the *Aye-aye*."

The knowledge, on a child's part, of his own immediate progenitor is proverbially said to argue wisdom. Then, one would think, the limited intelligence of a negro tribe would be inconsistent with any certainty as to their common ancestor. However, if CÉSAR and POMPEY are not only very like one another, but also exhibit a close resemblance to a baboon, the apparent family likeness of all three confirms the blackamoors' tradition of their origin from the monkey species. An animal intermediate between the *himsa* and *quadrumana* of Madagascar remains to be discovered, and may perhaps be found in a creature analogous to the howling Yahoo which is common in Ireland, and has colonised our slums and those of America. The hubbuboo lately created at a certain meeting for the relief of Lancashire distress suggests the supposition that there was no generic difference between the Babacota, or native baboon of Madagascar, and the original O'DONOGHUE.

Progress of Civilization.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has just issued a ukase by which it is permitted to military and naval officers to get bills done, a privilege hitherto confined to the Russian mercantile world. The EMPEROR had been supposed to be devoted to pacific views, but this enactment is an evidence that he is endeavouring to assimilate his army to that of England, and we hope LORD RUSSELL will be ready with explanations.

problem which we leave to wiser heads to solve. Wines often are called "curious," and this claret must be one of them; and until we are enlightened, we must class it with the sherry, "particulars unknown." However there is no doubt that the claret is good stuff. MESSRS. DODGE & Co.'s assertion quite assures us of that fact; and really we can scarcely understand their apprehension that it may not be bought just now so freely as it ought to be. They state, with charming candour, that they are "aware" that the present is not quite the time of year for drinking claret; still they very kindly and thoughtfully suggest that "you might like to try a dozen or so for curiosity, and keep the wine until next summer." Now, we have very little doubt about this claret being "curious," but we cannot say we feel much curiosity to taste it. However, there are doubtless fools whose curiosity is stronger than our own; and if they drink the wines of this "eminent divine," we trust they will not suffer for their curiosity. The fate of *Bluebeard's* wives should make us careful of our head; and we fear that we should suffer most severely in that part, were we to drink much from the cellar of this eminent divine.

"L'ESPRIT COURT LES RUES."

LOUIS NAPOLEON, like a wise tactician as he is, has announced his intention of calling the next great thoroughfare in Paris "Le Boulevard LENOIR." If merit is to meet with this recognition, and the Arts are to be thus honoured, pointing amongst the rest may come in for its appropriate share; in which case, we may probably, by the side of the Boulevard Lenoir, be having *le Boulevard Lebrun*. In this way, merit of every colour meeting with its flattering distinction, Paris will gradually become quite a shade of *couleurs* of a city. There is not a genius living in the annals of French history but what the EMPEROR will in time be able to say to, in the words of *Ophelia*, "Here's *Rue* for you." So true is it that "*L'esprit*" runs through the streets in France, that thanks to this new system of planting names, we may hope, before long, to meet with some great man at the corner of every thoroughfare.

The latest Theatrical Novelty.

THE great difficulty has always been, to exclude the day-light from a theatre during the day-time; but this difficulty, thanks to the genius of MR. FALCONER, has at last been overcome, for any mother can take her child to the morning performance of the pantomime at Drury Lane, and actually see it now without a *Peep o' Day*.



THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

INVALUABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

First Partner (to Second ditto). "WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN! TALK OF THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM OR OF GAS! JUST LOOK AT THE FACILITIES AFFORDED US BY ELECTRICITY. IT IS NOW SIX O'CLOCK, AND WE ARE IN FLEET STREET, AND THIS MESSAGE WAS ONLY SENT FROM OXFORD STREET YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE!"

THE LESSON OF THE YEAR.

"Go hence, ill Year, with robes that reek of war,
Hands that struck down the labour of our North;
My curse go after thee beyond the door
That darkens at thy ghastly going forth.

"Away, foul beldame! give the Young Year room,
What he is like none who await him know;
At worst his looks will mend thy face of doom,
Worse year than thou, the world can never know."

The Old Year on the threshold paused and turned,
Red stains were thick upon the shroud she wore,
An awful light in the sunk eye-balls glared
That looked upon me from the darkened door.

And thin and hollow-sounding, as from far,
A voice came to me, sad at once and stern:
"Who art thou, that arraign'st at thy blind bar
The Power who guides the million orbs that burn

"About this sphere, where thy poor life is past,
Ephemeral, in ephemeral grief or glee,
That ban and blessing, like a child, dares't cast,
On years that owe not an account to thee?

"God's chastisements and bounties is it thine
To measure with thy staff; weigh with thy brains?
I work His bidding: His the will not mine;
Know I how ill dies out, and good remains?

"But ev'n with reverent judgment, meet for man,
Marking the doings of the twelve months gone,

THE FEDERAL BRUTE-TAMER.

AMONGST a class of Americans, not so numerous as select, is MR. RAREY. The many well-wishers of this their American Rarity will have been glad to meet with the following satisfactory account of him in reading their *Times*:

"AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.—MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, has been appointed Commissioner of Horses in the Federal States. His first official act was to go to the Army of the Potomac under BURNSIDE. There he inquired fully into the health of the horses, and has adopted a new system to check the mortality among them."

We rejoice in the assurance, derivable from the above statement, that MR. RAREY is, as our bumpkins say, alive and kicking, whilst he is teaching wild horses not to kick. When he has succeeded in putting the horses of the Army of the Potomac to rights, perhaps ABRAHAM LINCOLN will commission him to try his hand at taming BUTLER, and the other savage brute M'NEIL, if still unchanged, and the rest of the vicious beasts, of whom there are too many, in the shape of Federal officers. It must, however, be feared, that no means which MR. RAREY can employ to "gentle" such ruffians will be effectual in rendering them anything like gentlemen.

BUTLER IN BODILY FEAR.

We trust that the following statement in the *Times*, about GENERAL BUTLER, is founded on correct information:—

"His personal safety is so precarious that, like other great tyrants, he has 'tasters' to prove the harmlessness of his entrées and ragouts, and the innocence of his wines, wears a bullet and dagger-proof coat of mail under his uniform, and sleeps with revolvers at his pillow, and armed sentinels at his door, to prevent midnight assassination."

How pleasing to know that the Yankee Haynan lives in continual fear for the life which he deserves to lose! But it is to be hoped that nobody will assassinate him; because, if half of the tales of his atrocities are true, his blood ought not to be shed by bullet or dagger, or curdled with complimentary poison. BUTLER'S circulation should be arrested by a legal ligature; at least if it is right that the law should be finished by that means on the person of any malefactor or monster. JUDITH would not have cut HOLOFERNES'S head off if she had any reasonable expectation that he would come to be hanged. So, long live GENERAL BUTLER, in dread of assassination with the probability of the gallows looming in the distance! Butlers die many times before their deaths; so let them, and serve them right.

The root of blessing in my bitterest ban
Methinks e'en thy poor wisdom might have known.

"From civil war's high-heaped and festering grave,
By means unguessed of those who fight or rule,
Grows, slow but sure, the freedom of the slave,
While human foresight gapes, a baffled fool.

"In War's rude gripe, what lies, which stoutest thrust
Of Peace, and all her train, could never shake,
Are shattered into rottenness and dust—
What powers of unguessed nobleness awake!

"What lessons are made clear by War's red light
To those who fight and those who watch the strife!
Out of the soil swept bare by battle's blight
What seeds of new strength sudden leap to life!

"For cotton-dearth, with pain and misery rife,
The blessing hidden in it all must own,
Who see how suffering calls love to life,
How of endurance comes a strength unknown.

"Then curse me not, but bless me; there is balm
For every bruise that God inflicts on earth;
His ways are in the storm, as in the calm,
In war and misery, as in peace and mirth."

Taking Conundrum.

(BY SIR GEORGE GREY.)

WHAT is the difference between a Thug and a Garotter? The one is a black choker, whilst the other is a white choker.



Papa. "WELL, MY DEAR, DID YOU TELL MAMMA THAT MISS MYRTLE WAS WAITING TO SEE HER?"
Child. "YES, PA!"

Papa. "AND WHAT DID SHE SAY?"
Child. "SHE SAID WHAT A BOTHER!"

DERING THE DARING.

THE Conservatives, as they call themselves, have sustained a great defeat. That is to say, SIR EDWARD DERING, a baronet whose pedigree goes back to a date a good deal before the creation of mankind, and who is certainly, according to MR. DOD, descended in a straight line from ETHELWARD, King of Diera (whence DERING) has been elected for East Kent. He has overthrown SIR NORTON KNATCHBULL, a baronet of a mere mushroom family which cannot be shown to have held Mersham Hatch, the seat, earlier than the second year of HENRY THE SECOND. For the first time since the county was divided by the Reform Act, East Kent selects a Liberal. This seems truly awful, but the Tories must find balin in Gilead, that is to say comfort in Kent, in the consideration that the electors were the true aristocrats, could not put up with a *novus homo* like SIR NORTON, and chose the descendant of ETHELWARD. It would be bad taste and bad manners to sulk over a defeat like this. If SIR NORTON had been beaten by a THOMAS MACAULAY, or a WILLIAM BROWNE, or a ROBERT PERL, or any such fungus, it might have been afflicting; but to fall before a man whose muniment chest contains a deed dated 800, with his own name to it, must be deemed a glory by any right-minded Conservative. SIR EDWARD is a piece of the British Constitution. He is MR. DISRAELI'S Aboriginal Inhabitant (see *Captain Popanilla*) who will explain to the members that his prosperity is the prosperity of the kingdom, give them all a sound flogging, and go home comfortably. We shall think very ill of the Tories if they make a row about this licking—as SIR WALTER says:—

"And lightly we'll rock of their ravens for Bent,
If they gird at Sir Edward, M.P. for East Kent."

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)

N.B. In consequence of plaintive appeals from the Old Girls of the United Kingdom to be allowed to share immortality with its Young Ladies, *Mr. Punch*, additionally stimulated by certain rhythmical considerations, is graciously pleased to grant the prayer, but intimates that he has drawn the line at Old Girls.

THERE WAS a Young Lady of Snitter,
Whose mother was going to hit her,
When she made a great leap
On the back of a sheep,
And said a black beetle had bit her.

There was an Old Girl of Newcastle,
Who wore a great tassel, or tarsel,
It made her so proud
That the folks said, quite loud,
"Her pride wouldn't make a small parcel."

There was a Young Lady of Hitchin,
Who would never go down in the kitchen,
Till her father said, "Rouse,
You're a goose to suppose
Affectation's genteel and bewitchin'."

There was an Old Girl of Devises,
Her forte was in little surprises,
She let you come near,
And cried, "Bless us, my dear,
Your eyes are of different sizes!"

There was a Young Lady of Scrooby,
Who published a novel with NEWBY,
A critic said, "Mind,
We would not be unkind,
But the girl who wrote this is a booby."

There was an Old Girl of Blackheath,
Whose scissors fell out of the sheath:
She cried, "Scissors and knives
Are the plague of our lives,
And I'll bite all my work with my teeth."

MRS. MARTHA LATHEREM ON CONVICT LABOUR.

"too mist'r punsh LXXXV stote strate sily HE SEE.

"RESPECTED SUR,

"mi landladi MISES JONES [woos heldest sun his A Noosboy] makes a Pint off reeding yr jernal wreglarie hand doo say that If i send in this let'r, u will b shure 2 hincert itt Free of xpenes, hand has i do Think itt will doo good, i forard itt hacordinlie—never There less shoed their b any Think 2 pay, hand itt dont xceed a 4 peny Bitt, u may Konsider i O u l.

"itt is abowt the Konwix as i wish 2 hadress u—i ham a washin-ooman—a wider hand hocashinnlie do Go hout tehairin—i rise levery mornin hat hart harfter 4 Inn the Sumur hand 6 Inn the Wintur hand Seldom leere horf til Tenn hat nite—wot with sopin hand bilin hand rmain hand ringin hand Bluein hand Kepein hup my coper firea hand hangin howt, When the whind his i hand The poles arr Shakey, itt Karnt b sed that mi Lines hav fell Inn plesent places.

"oposite mi lodgins on The fust flore backe, lives a ticket off leewe, A maun off roebust formm—e Kame back From portland larst munday wars a weak hand i never sor hany l looke beter Inn hall mi life—wun e wars sent 2 portland [wich his hateen munths haygo kum Hayprill for A berglarie hatended With yolence hand for wich e Gott 4 ycers peegal Servia] e wars as Thin as A herd—i wate i heerd From A relashun wars onely heleven stun—e now ways Fiftene stun sun housas—opellie think!—now i doo say itt is A burnin sham that A poor wider like Me hand manie nthers, shoed hav 2 ware hour Fingurs 2 the Bone, hand thees tickets off leewe shoed live Inn highdleness hand b fedd Like prise hoggs Att Krismas.

"wot i mist'r punsh wood Purpose his simple this—that theese tickets off leewe shoed b putt before A tubb hand maid 2 stand their Hard att work frum mornin Till nite, like huss poor washinoomen.

"if this sistern wear Karied howt i'll b bownd Inn a very short Tyme portland wood hav A notis hupp '2 Lett' for i'm shure that Tumpin hand Karryin pales Off water, hand fetchin Coles, hand hangin hupp Kounterpains is enuff 2 b a terer 2 hevill dooers.

"bleeve me your Umbl servent martha

"LATHEREM."

"poa ess! sum pepl may bask woo will give these lazie tickets off leewe washin 2 doo f—that i Karnt harnser, but ive no dowt that Those jentlenn woo get hem hand make sow mutsh off them, will subskribe hand Buy A Dolly 2 ces there labor."

THE ADMIRALTY MAKING A MESS OF IT.



HE sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, to watch over the life of poor JACK, ought now and then to give JACK's officers and their affairs a watchful look. There are brave fellows in the ward-room as well as in the fore-castle, and it may be doubted if they be so well cared for as such good men deserve. Ten shillings a day is not a princely income, and we may question if PRINCE ALFRED, when he comes to his lieutenantcy, would be content to live on it. But ten shillings a day is the pay of a lieutenant, and though, in common with the crew, he gets his rations gratis, these by no means serve to cover the expenses of his mess. Besides, an officer and a gentleman of course must dress as such; and notwithstanding the alleged reform of tailors' bills, a uniform is still an expensive sort of

thing. Then after paying for his toggery, on joining a new ship he has to pay for "mess traps;" for hitherto a table has been the only thing provided by the Government, and our officers would have to eat their dinner with their fingers, did they not subscribe together to supply themselves with spoons and knives and forks and plates.

Well, paupers are more cared for than they were a while ago, and even Naval officers are sometimes thought deserving of the charity of Government. So about a twelvemonth since a Committee was appointed to consider how an officer on joining a new ship might be spared from the necessity of doing what young ladies at a boarding-school must do; namely, bringing his own napkins, silver forks, and spoons. After giving, we presume, a year's deep thought to the matter, the Committee have suggested that, to benefit the officers, their rations shall be stopped, and a ten pound note in lieu thereof be added to their pay, while the Admiralty will furnish the things wanted for the mess. The effect of this kind, thoughtful attention to their comfort is thus stated by a truthful correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Let us calculate and compare the position of a ward-room officer on the present and proposed scales at the

end of a three and a-half years' commission. I take the present mess entrance at £12, that being the sum fixed by their Lordships' circular:—

	Present System.	£ s. d.
Rations for 3½ years at 1s. 3d. per diem .		78 16 10½
	Proposed System.	
Mess entrances saved .		12 0 0
3½ years at £10 per annum .		35 0 0
		£47 0 0

"These figures are better arguments than words. They prove that, without considering the loss entailed by the withdrawal of light money, the boon of gratuitous mess traps is bought by a sacrifice of nearly £32 by each individual officer; or, to put the question in a slightly different form, a mess consisting of 17 members will pay about £541 for the privilege of using articles which may be bought new for £165 or £170, and with common care be worth from £28 to £30 at the end of the commission.

"Nobody thinks Naval officers overpaid, and the gift of an outfit would be most gratefully received; but when clogged by the conditions enjoined by the Committee, it will prove a fruitful source of heartburning and discontent, none the less deep because the rules of the service preclude it from outwardly expressing itself."

"Thank you for nothing" will most officers remark, when they find out what a "boon" the Admiralty have given them. But as the rules of the Service forbid them from expressing their gratitude in print, we by proxy make it known for them, and trust that the publicity thus given to the matter will lead to its appreciation in the manner it deserves.

"My Lords" say in their Circular that they "rely upon the hearty co-operation of all officers" in carrying out the new regulations for their comfort, upon which co-operation the success of the new system will in chief measure depend; and when we hear of men "co-operating" to have their pockets picked, we shall be ready to believe that this success has been attained. When the Admiralty have succeeded in the squaring of the circle, they perhaps may prove their Circular is written on the square. Meanwhile we view LORD CLARENCE PAGET as a sort of *Jeremy Diddler*, trying to swindle poor young officers by pretending to discover something much to their advantage, in a scheme that we should think will be scouted in the Navy, though it possibly might find some favour with the navy.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

THOSE who have studied attentively the habits of this singular Bird, need scarcely be informed that the regal honours conferred upon its European congeners, are repudiated by the aerial Republican. His flashing eye glares scornfully at the Crown and Sceptre, and his irritable talons would fain rend to pieces the purple in which Monarchy is robed. Spurning corruption, the "President of the Cliffs," as AUDUBON in his graphic phraseology would have called it, turns a disdainful tail upon those ancient Courts where garbage and aristocracy abide, and soars to its silent eyrie on the Capitol, where purity and bunkum sparkle like virgin snow.

Another quality not less remarkable than its humility is its dove-like gentleness. Its beak, instead of being a warlike weapon, is as soft as the bill of a town sparrow, and no more charming spectacle can be conceived than a couple of these loving birds bred in different quarters of the great transatlantic continent—for example, North and South—sitting on the same perch, and expressing by signs more eloquent than speech, their willingness to live or die together. At present the perch has given way and a few million dollars and a few thousand guns of the largest bore are required (and what simple-minded naturalist would grudge them?) to restore that relic of the golden age.

We have spoken of the extreme amiability of the President of the Crags and Mountain-tops. For one big animal, however, it cherishes or at least manifests the fiercest animosity. This is the old English Bull-dog, who has never resented the Bird's snappishness save on a recent occasion, when with rapacious claws it snatched up two blind pups which were protected by his paw. Yet notwithstanding the Britisher's mild disposition, the Yankee Eagle never sees him, but he flaps his wings with self-created fury, making, meantime, such an unearthly noise, that nothing can be compared with it, if we except (as we are bound to do), the virulent shrieks, which compose the patriotic oratory of CASSIUS CLAY.

Though wearing a black and rather formidable looking muzzle, the Britisher is a cheerful old dog, and regards the frantic hostility of the Yankee Eagle, with easy indifference, tempered by that pity, which is

akin to love. He would gladly form one of a "happy family" embracing among other denizens of the Menagerie, the Yankee Eagle, the Gallican Cock, and the great Russian Bear. The condition, however, should be clearly defined upon which alone this family compact can be maintained, and that is, if the Bird from force of habit should attempt to crow over his chums, he must not be offended by the Britisher jocosely wagging his tail.

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

We read that the KING OF SAXONY is anxious to introduce into his kingdom our ticket-of-leave system. This is a bold experiment, but we are perfectly willing to assist Saxony in carrying it out. With this generous intention, we are ready to make her a present, if she will only kindly accept it, of all the ticket-of-leave men we have at present hanging upon our hands, or rather, about our necks. Thus, instead of going through the tedious process of gradual development, our ambitious rival will be able to have the system in its full perfection at once. She can enjoy the blessing, at a moment's notice, without being put to the painful anxiety of studying its peculiar features, or of speculating about its results; and we can only say, that we heartily wish her joy of her bargain. If Saxony will but agree to this proposition, we are most disinterestedly prepared to make the sacrifice, much as we shall feel the loss of that excitement to which we have recently been accustomed. If our generous offer is embraced, we have no doubt that the Saxons will not fail to be embraced in return by it, and when the grateful garotters throw their arms round their necks, that the persons so embraced will experience the difficulty that we ourselves have felt, of finding words to express their acknowledgments. Should the system flourish there as well as it has done with us, the inhabitants of Dresden will be able to congratulate themselves upon the very superior dressing they will shortly receive; for we should not be surprised to hear, supposing every encouragement is given to this new experiment, that the whole kingdom has been made, from head to foot, as smart as possible, being a striking illustration of the very best double-milled Saxony. We only hope it may not be too tight a fit for them.

THE PREMIER GREEN.

AIM—"The Ivy Green."

OH, a wonderful man is our PREMIER green,
For all *Debrett* doth say
That nine-and-seventy years have seen
Him travel his jaunty way.
From Broadlands he'll steam up to town,
As blithe as a boy of ten,
A Cabinet Council hold and down
To Broadlands bowl again:
And of all the guests that at Broadlands dine,
And joke their jokes and pass their wine,
There's none so genial, glib and gay,
As this green heart with the head of grey—
The youngest old man that ever was seen
Is PAM, our PREMIER evergreen!

Like the elephant's trunk so lithe and thin,
And yet so stout of strain
'Twill rend an oak or raise a pin,
Such is our PREMIER's brain.
There's nought so low and nought so high
But PAM can set thereto
The wit and will that course and fly
This wiry body through.
He'll settle a diplomatic hitch,
Or teach a yokel to drain a ditch;
With equal ease into life will hatch
A protocol or a ploughing match—
The readiest man that ever was seen
Is PAM, our PREMIER evergreen!

As true his aim, with lead and words,
In the Autumn copse wide,
With his double-barrel among the birds,
And the House that cries "Divide!"
Nor straighter his line and better his pace,
As he follows the Hampshire Hounds,
Than rating CORDELL, or barking back
A baffled BRIGHT to bounds.
The House of Commons' ear to hold,
Or an after-dinner yarn unfold,
To this ROBERT HOUDIN of tact is one;
With a "hey!" and a "presto!" the trick is done! —
The neatest tactician that ever was seen
Is PAM, our PREMIER evergreen!

And while on indestructible wheels
He moves, as if Time did stay
To heap on him the gifts he steals
From other men away,
He's, every inch, a Briton still,
Complete from top to toe,
Knows what we are, and can and will,
As Minister ne'er did know.
Free thought, free speech, he'd have for all,
As wide as light and air do fall;
But, how wide soe'er he seems to roam,
His heart and his care are still at home—
The *Civis Romanus*-est man e'er seen,
Is PAM, our PREMIER evergreen!

A ROGUES' RATE.

THE question about the diet of convicts might be simplified by the application of a system which has long been working admirably under our noses. What can be more satisfactory than the operation of the machinery which provides for the maintenance of the poor? The expenses necessary for that purpose are defrayed by means of a rate, the payers of which are assessed by guardians of their own choice. This arrangement effectually bars the possibility of paupers revelling at the cost of the parish in idleness and luxury. Let the same organisation be employed for the support of convicts, and let the county-rate, in as far as quod is concerned, be made, not as it now is, by the Magistrates, but by a committee of the Boards of Guardians. That easy expedient, we may be quite certain, will secure the convicts from being too well fed and clothed, and housed too comfortably. The rate levied for the keep of convicted prisoners might be called the Rogues' Rate. Who can doubt that a Rogues' Rate would necessitate a frugality in prison-expenditure corresponding to that which the Poor's Rate enforces in the workhouse, with the corresponding effect in limiting the number of inmates? This, indeed, would be a signal triumph of sound political economy.

THE FUDGE MAINTAINED BY FRANCE.

WE call the following testimonial to the enlightened piety of a staunch Roman Catholic population from the foreign correspondence of a daily paper:—

"It is a strange religion that of Naples, even now that it is modified by a revolution. St. Gennaro still thaws twice a year to an admiring and, I presume, believing audience, and it is even considered a stroke of policy for the King of ITALY to cover the image of that lamented saint with valuable jewels. Only four days ago there was a great procession, including even civic officials, to see the religious performance at the Church of the Carmine, which consisted of the annual cutting of the hair of an image, which hair grows yearly just enough 'to require the barber' on the 30th December!"

There is one thing more wonderful than even winking images; and that is that the Pope winks at all this humbug. He allows the priests to exhibit the liquefaction of St. Gennaro's blood without reproach; but what would be said if they submitted that substance to a chemist for analysis? Their Holy Father lets them cut the hair of an image, pretending that it has grown; but if they were to demolish their idol and dash its wig to pieces, would not his Holiness give them somewhat worse than a winking?



GOING THE HULL HOG.

HERE is one of the best jokes that we have seen this many a day, and, being such, of course it ought to have a place in *Punch*. At present it has only appeared in the *Hull Packet*:—

"On Friday last a meeting of the Fish Street Congregation was called to consider the case of the Lancashire operatives, with a view of raising funds for their relief; £40 having already been subscribed to the Hull fund."

"During the discussion it was suggested that the proposed collection should be divided, and one-half given to the Lancashire fund, while the other half should be devoted to building a chapel in Madagascar."

"This proposition was gravely discussed by the assembly, and during the discussion, the Minister of the Chapel said that as the feeling of the meeting was in favour of it, perhaps the better plan would be to give the whole amount to be collected to the Chapel in Madagascar; and if the distress in Lancashire continued two or three months longer, they might then make a collection in aid of it. The reverend gentleman's amendment was carried,—the souls of the savages being piously considered of more importance than the wasting bodies of our own countrymen."

These pious Hullhogarians, or whatever else it may please them to be called, have it clearly in their creed, that charity begins abroad. Strained to gaze at the horizon, their philanthrop-eye quite overlooks their starving next-door neighbours, and can see nothing nearer than the shores of Madagascar. Want of bread at home is held of no account, compared with want of bibles by savages abroad.

Now, forty pounds might feed a family in Lancashire for months; but when laid out in the export of spiritual food, we doubt if it can do much good in Madagascar, considering of course the expenses of the transit. To christianise the heathen is a highly proper work, but there are heathens here in England as well as in the tropics. A man is clearly not a Christian who sees his neighbour starving and stirs no hand to help him; and before the Hullhogarians make any further efforts to convert the Madagascar folk, we think they would do well to endeavour to do something towards conversion of themselves.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Arthur (on Pony). "HELLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HEADS?"

Juvenile Swell. "WHY, YOU SEE, EVERY SNOB WEARS A CAP OR A WIDE-AWAKE NOW; SO THE MEN OF OUR SCHOOL HAVE RETURNED TO THE OLD CHIMNEY POT!" [As Paterfamilias, we are sorry to say that we have observed this monstrosity many times this Christmas.

THE BISHOPS AND THE BEERSHOP-KEEPERS.

A CROWDED meeting of Publicans was held the other evening at the Cow and Corkscrew for the purpose of expressing their gratitude to the Bishops, for their attempt to stop the running of Excursion Trains on Sundays. Nearly all the low Beershop-keepers in London being present, there of course were many candidates put forward for the chair. After some confusion the choice ultimately rested upon MR. BARRELS, who, after standing glasses round by way of preface to his speech, said he thought as how the Bishops deserved the 'early thanks of every man in London as kep' a Public-house, and so he wished 'em luck in their pious undertaking, and he called upon the meeting for to drink their jolly good 'ealth.

The toast was drunk upstanding, with much vehemence of cheering and an attempt at musical honours, in which the meeting for the most part were too far gone to join. The glasses being refilled and silence having been as far as possible restored, MR. BUNG got on his legs as well as he was able, and said he—hic—always felt greapleasure in—hic—drink—hic—drinking anybody's health, but why he was to drink the Bishops in perticuler—hic—the Chairman 'adn't told him, and blest—hic—if he knew.

The Chairman here explained that he had't made a speech, because he knowed his friends were thirsty and anxious for their grog (hear!) Besides he thought as bevery body whom he were addressing was aweer of the good reason why he drunk the Bishops' ealth. (Cries of "All right, so we air.") The Bishops, as he 'd call 'em his right reverend friends and brethren (hear!) had been signing a Memorial, saying they thought as Sunday Trains was wicked and unnessary (hear!), and ought, on purely Christian grounds, to be discountenanced and stopped (cheers). Well, what would the effect be, if the Bishops had their way? Why, if the trains were took off, as he 'oped as how they would, the folks as go by 'em in course would have to keep in town, and as they couldn't be in church all day or shut up in a cellar, the odds were that the most of them would go into a Ginshop, and there

spend the spare 'arf crowns as the Railways would have took from them (hear! hear!). This he called a truly right and Christian course of conduct, and he thought as how all of them as were connected with the Beer trade ought to thank their very reverend friends and brethren for proposing it (cheers).

MR. ALLSORTS quite agreed with the Chairman's observations, and if any of the Bishops ever wanted somethin' short, he (MR. ALLSORTS) only hoped as they 'd give a friendly look in at the Pig and Tinder-box (which it were in Whitechapel, as no doubt they knowed), and he 'd be proud to stand 'em any drink they 'd put a name to (hear!).

Similar offers were made by several persons present: the offer in some cases being clogged by the condition that the Bishop who accepted it should take the chair at a harmonic meeting when he called, or have a spouting match with some of the dissenting brick-makers who patronised the house. Some little sensation was caused by this idea, especially among the keepers of the low-classed "sporting publicans," who went so far as to declare that if any Bishop liked to come up to the scratch, they would make it worth his while to take a benefit at their crib. Order having been, for a few minutes restored, a vote of thanks to the Bishops for their friendship to the Publican, with a prayer that they might meet with all success in their good work, was drawn up by the Chairman, and signed by all those present who felt competent to write. The meeting then did "seriously incline" itself to drinking, and was carried home at rather a late hour.

Wanted, A King.

THE Crown of Greece appears to be going a-begging amongst the Royal Houses of Europe. The Greeks, however, have not yet thought of offering it to SMITH O'BRIEN. Are they actuated by the prejudice which, in advertising a place, intimates that "No Irish need apply?"



THE PUBLICAN'S FRIEND.

MR. JUNIPER (*Sotto Voce*). "THANKEE, MY DEAR BISHOP, THANKEE! THAT LITTLE GAME O' YOURN 'LL BE THE MAKING OF ME."



THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN RUSSELL

By J. R. RUSSELL, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

THE CONVICT COMMISSION.



PENDING the examination of witnesses before the Commission for Inquiry into the Convict System, some very interesting and touching revelations continue to be made of the state of feeling on the part of the convict population. *Mr. Punch* subjoins a few extracts.

Mr. Toby Cribbercrack. Begs to say he has no objection to the proposal to revive transportation, but he hopes that not only will vested rights be respected, but that the discoveries of sanitary science will be regarded in the selection of the new Convict Asylum. Has himself a good constitution, he is happy to say, having never denied himself any comfort when out of prison, and having never been denied any when in. He has no bigoted dislike to travel, but he thinks that comfortable steam-packets

ought to be used instead of the tardy and objectionable sailing vessel. Has heard a good deal of Madeira, and thinks that a Convict Asylum there would be agreeable, and he has also heard good accounts of some of the West India Islands. Should certainly decline to go to the Falkland Islands or any place where the English newspapers were not regularly received. Would suggest that the Governor of the Asylum and the officers should be chosen from among the convicts, who should elect them, and that the salaries should be handsome, as that would hold out a stimulus to wholesome ambition. He does not know why Margate should not be made a town of detention, for though the society there is low, the sea-bathing is good, and so is the beer.

Mr. James Barrow. Is opposed to any alteration of the existing system, which works very well, and would work better if people read more, and knew that there must be an average of what are called crimes every year. Has not given his attention, since he has been in prison, to the transportation question, or indeed to anything else except the admirable commissariat system, of which he can speak in the highest terms. He has never had his chocolate cold, and has only once had reason to notice that brown sugar was substituted for white. As for transportation, provided the same comforts were provided in a colony as at home, and medical evidence as to the salubrity of the situation were carefully collected, he should be unwilling to oppose himself to the feelings of a country that had certainly treated him very well whenever it had the opportunity. Agreed with the preceding witness in saying that the mode of transit should be by steamer, and thought that a band of music might be provided for the voyage, and also a library and quois. Had a conscientious objection to theatrical amusements, but in the form of charades did not think they would be injurious to the morals of the involuntary emigrant.

Mrs. Rosemary Lain. Was opposed to transportation. When one has made friends and formed a clique, it is disagreeable to be cast into a new sphere. Her own idea was, that instead of incarcerating persons who had the misfortune to be convicted, they should be sentenced to reside in certain districts in London, to be selected by themselves, placed upon parole (she believed it was called) not to leave those quarters, and that an out-door allowance, sufficient to make them resist temptation, should be paid to them, either at the Vestry-room of the Church, or some bank, or in any way not calculated to hurt the feelings. The police should be withdrawn from such districts, but the convicts should be expected to pledge their honour not to cause disturbances. Clergymen, to be approved of course by the convicts, might be permitted to visit them at reasonable hours, but not to bring tracts, and circulating libraries and music halls should also be opened for the unfortunate residents. She would also forbid the newspapers from publishing any accounts of the convict localities, as such reports tended to excite prejudice, and set class against class.

Mr. Isachar Flashman. Saw no objection to transportation, provided that no new-fangled system of restrictions and persecutions were attempted, and that the old plan was adhered to which gave the clever man the advantages to which intellectual distinction had a right. He thought that wherever the asylum or refuge might be, it should have a kind of collegiate auxiliary, so that at the expense of the nation a convict might learn whatever he might desire in order to fit him to

move in good society as soon as his sentence should be out. A dancing school, a singing academy, and popular lectures ought certainly to be included in the convict course of training. Had heard that Jersey and the other Channel islands were agreeable, and they would enable the convict to acquire a knowledge of French, without which it is difficult to be generally acceptable.

Mr. John Stockdodder. Is opposed to all punishment of every kind, primary, secondary, or tertiary. If all those who have money, arising either from their happening to have a taste for work, or from other sources, did their duty, and without ostentation shared their ill-gotten gains with those whose tastes were of another kind, there would be no crime, for there would be no temptation. It was the wicked and diabolical principle of the recognition of property that caused all these difficulties, and he urged upon the Commission to recommend an abandonment of this idea, worthy only of the Dark Ages. Any man who could enjoy anything was entitled to anything that he could enjoy. Till this truth were recognised, there could be no happiness. The witness added a severe charge against a fellow-prisoner who had knocked him down and taken away a board of tobacco, and hoped that he would be flogged and ordered to make restitution.

Miss Lucy Lockit. Transportation was not a pretty word, but so long as you were in a state of beatitude, the computation of unequal numbers was unphilosophical. Had no objection to travel, it improved the mind, and gave you something to talk about. But certainly thought that any young lady going out to the Colonies ought to have a separate cabin and a pianoforte, and that there ought to be milliners on board who should look after the *toilettes* of the emigrants. A marriage portion ought to be given to any young lady who might succeed in captivating the heart of the Captain or any of the crew, and certainly ladies ought not to be insulted by being placed under the charge of any but the QUEEN'S officers. There ought to be concerts on board, but if any of the low convicts took the liberty of singing their vulgar songs, they should be flogged or thrown overboard. She did not wish to enter into the matrimonial question, but certainly thought that a sentence of any kind ought to operate as a divorce. She would like to be sent to California, or any place where she was likely to pick up a rich husband. If the Commission had nothing else to say, perhaps they would oblige her by saying it.

"THE WINDOW IN TEARS."

(As Sung by MR. FOGY.)

On the morning when people to breakfast come down,
And wish all they meet many Happy New Years,
If every one smile, and if nobody frown,
What matter, although there's "The Window in Tears?"

Yet ingenuous youth, for the holidays home,
May fret at some little restraint in their spheres
Of idleness, being forbidden to roam
In pursuit of tomtits by "The Window in Tears."

But the girls have most likely a party in view,
Which so fully engages their minds, little dears,
That they giggle and chatter, and never boo-hoo
Because they're kept in by "The Window in Tears."

Now, young folks, learn your books, and mind all that you're told,
And your parents and friends then will ne'er box your ears,
And so you won't blubber, and we shan't behold
Your cheeks in the state of "The Window in Tears."

Come, boys, toss off your sherries and drink up your ports,
Your punches, and grogs, and your ales, and your beers,
Rush into all manner of pastimes and sports,
And laugh in the face of "The Window in Tears."

THE GAME OF JACK KETCH. I

ON Saturday last a man named THOMAS EDWARDS was hanged for murder at Liverpool, when, according to a report of the execution which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*—

"To the discredit of some person, a drag, containing gentlemen's children, was brought near the gallows."

Fine fun for gentlemen's children during the Christmas holidays, to see a man hanged. Just the spectacle to amuse little boys—but perhaps there were some little girls too among these gentlemen's children. Well; in that case, the gentlemen have taken a good step towards getting their girls, as well as their boys, off their hands. Nothing is more likely than that the juvenile spectators of THOMAS EDWARDS'S death-struggles will get to play at hanging, and effectually hang one another.



RAILWAY OFFICIAL. "Show your Ticket, Sir—please."

SWELL. "Have, don't want to split my Gloves—would you be kyind enough to take it yourself out of my Waistcoat Pocket?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(See recent Letters to the Times by A. BUGGEY and MARK ANTHONY LOWER.)

ON surnames writes MARK ANTHONY LOWER,
But folks in names so high aspire,
That gentleman, to suit the hour,
Should change *his* to MARK ANTHONY HIGHER.

The age, grown thin-skinned, shrinks from oddity,
And, queer or coarse old sounds forsaking,
Like *Falstaff* seeks "where a commodity
Of good names" may be had for taking.

Considering tricks of trade, and morals
Toned by the medium that besets one,
Punch with no Englishman picks quarrels
Who keeps a good name or who gets one.

Though SHAKESPEARE asks "What's in a name?"
The ancients held that the cognomen
Biased to good or evil fame,
As carrying fair or adverse omen.

Is this *his* faith who braves men's shrug,
As with a new name's gloss he plates himself,—
The JONES who HEBBERT turns, or BUG
To NORFOLK HOWARD who translates himself?

Who into realms of birth and breeding
Feels nominally elevated,
And, giving *Bottom* a new reading,
Exclaims, "Oh BUG, thou art translated!"

Perhaps while thus their names new shaping,
Men will aspire to higher status,
Not satisfied while there stands gaping
"Twixt name and nature a hiatus.

If change of name brought change of nature,
No fear the lofty would be lowered:
HOWARDS would hold their nomenclature,
However many BUGS turned HOWARD.

BUGGEYS who felt it not delectable
To bear a name so *infra dig*.
Would feel compelled to be respectable,
If every BUGGEY grew a GIG.

CIVIL SERVICE INTELLIGENCE.

MR. VALENTINE Spooner Fondle retires from the Volunteers, his intended having taken a dislike to the moustache. Mr. Alpheus Bligg has finally renounced steel shirt collars, having read in his little brother's *Child's First Book*, that steel attracts lightning. Mr. Vermiford Barker's great meerschaum is making rapid advances to a fine colour, and will do his executors credit. Mr. Ebenezer Jollop is about to give notice in the *Holborn Gazette* that he means to change his name to Easterhazy Jolliffe. Mr. Samuel Tomlinson has transferred his patronage from the boiled beef house in Carter Lane to that in Grunter Passage conditionally on being allowed an electrotype fork. Mr. Valerian Catt is inspecting a second-floor in the Mornington Road, from which the enlightened infer that a young lady, resident not quite a hundred miles from Percy Street, has forgiven a certain matter at the Highbury ball. Mr. James Dobberry Glutch has arranged matters with his landlady, who takes a bill for the arrears of rent, and is to be paid weekly from New Year's Day. Mr. Francis Squelch is promoted from the second-floor front to the third-floor back. Mr. Fitzvernon Blenkitter has removed from Millbank Street to Walworth, for the sake of the proximity to Elephant Chapel (the Rev. C. Surgeon), and an excellent slate billiard table. Mr. De Vere Pargies's black eye being nearly well, information has been received at the office that his beloved uncle's convalescence will shortly permit his nephew's return to the desk. Mr. Philemon Blacksheep has applied for an increase of salary, having more time for recreation now that the underground Line takes him to business in ten minutes instead of an hour. Mr. Dawdleton Wimpler has been a good deal hindered in the completion of his poem owing to the incessant persecution of his chief, who comes into the office at all hours, and compels Mr. Wimpler to slam down the desk cover in the middle of an inspiration, but he hopes to publish *The Shudderer* in April. Mr. John Deedles has definitively declined all interviews with his tradesmen until the arrival of quarter day shall enable him to re-adjust his affairs, which were disarranged by his being garrotted in October last. Mr. Ernest Brown Jones has casually intimated to his cousin Miss Clara Flickton that he has had a rise in his salary and a present of embroidered braces from Miss Maria Fisher.

A CHANCE FOR GARIBALDI.

IF GARIBALDI'S intercourse with his friends the Yankees had Americanised a noble nature, how much, according to the subjoined extract from the *Hampshire Independent*, he might have made of himself!—

"GARIBALDIAN RELIC.—GARIBALDI is overwhelmed with letters from ladies asking for locks of his hair. If every request were complied with, the general's head would be as smooth as the palm of his hand. The bandages used for his wound have been cut up into small pieces and distributed among his admirers. The bullet is to be sent to a museum at Naples. An Englishman of fortune vainly offered as much as £2,200 for it."

If an Englishman of fortune could offer £2,200 for the bullet extracted from the hero's wound, doubtless many wealthy ladies are willing to give at least a guinea for a lock of his hair. It would be beneath the dignity of perhaps even an American General to advertise his own hair for sale, but the business of selling it might easily be managed by an arrangement with a sufficiently clever agent to dispose of them in the character of GENERAL GARIBALDI'S confidential valet. Were the hero of Italy capable of such a piece of smartness as the operation above suggested, he at least would be a hero to his valet, if that valet were a Yankee. Nor need there be any danger at all that the General's head would become "as smooth as the palm of his hand," or anything like it. The negotiation of his locks would involve not the least approach to any degree of premature baldness whatever. There are wigs that "defy detection." A curl from one of them would be a still safer imposture. A wooden nutmeg is a much less feasible humbug than a lock of hair which is real if not genuine. The inventors of the former would laugh at any difficulty about the latter.

Bits of bandage, lint, and dressing, with all the surgical evidences of their authenticity, might be easily obtained and indefinitely multiplied through an understanding with a hospital nurse. They would fetch a handsome price per shred. Nail-parings and corn-cuttings might also be passed off in any quantity at high figures. GARIBALDI is an acknowledged hero, but the traffic in his *exuvie*, corporeal and adventitious, would also make him look very much like a saint. Only we are not sure that any saint ever yet actually sold his own relics, or those of other people for his own. There is as yet no regular Yankee saint; and it is quite impossible to conceive a Yankee GARIBALDI.

"SENSATION" SUFFERERS.



low. In his fall he grasped at a guide rope suspended from the ceiling and from others which were stretched across the building, and though in some degree they mitigated the violence of the fall, yet they could not prevent the serious injury which must necessarily ensue from precipitation from such a height. The unfortunate young man came to the ground upon his right shoulder and side with a dreadful shock, and was immediately afterwards carried in a state of insensibility into the retiring room, where it was found that he had sustained such serious injuries that his immediate removal to the Northern hospital was deemed advisable.

ow long will people be permitted to brutalise themselves by seeing acrobatic feats which nightly put so many human lives and limbs in danger? See here another victim to this vitiated taste, and another instance of the callous want of sympathy "Sensation" sights occasion:—

"**BROCKING ACCIDENT AT BELLI'S HIPPODROME.**—We regret to announce that an alarming and serious accident occurred to Mr. DELAVALL, Jan. last evening, whilst performing before a numerous audience at this attractive place of entertainment. Amongst the amusements classified in the programme was what was termed 'Ozma's extraordinary feat,' which consisted of some remarkable trapeze movements executed upon an horizontal bar suspended within a few feet of the roof by a rope at either end. Soon after the performance commenced, one end of this horizontal bar broke away from its fastening, and precipitated young DELAVALL from the dizzy height into the arena below."

It was then ascertained, that in addition to the serious concussion of the whole frame, he had sustained a fracture of one thigh, and of one or more ribs. Strange to say, the people manifested the utmost indifference to what had occurred, which can only be attributed to their ignorance of the serious nature of the casualty, and the performances were continued to the end, without any allusion to the matter. We understand that the young man's life is not in danger."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"Strange!" Mr. Penny-a-liner; nonsense, not at all, Sir. If people will persist in seeing brutalising sights, it stands to reason that their better feelings must be blunted. Any one accustomed to see lives put in peril grows hardened to the sight, and gradually loses all sympathy and pity. If a performer break his back by a fall from the trapeze, his patrons will most likely view the accident as being by no means the least spicy part of the performance. There is something of excitement in seeing a neck broken, and we doubt not that BELLI'S Hippodrome would prove still more "attractive" as a place of entertainment, were it announced that a bad fracture would every other evening terminate the feats, and a broken neck be regularly witnessed once a week among the other highly civilised and elegant "amusements."

Lines Written on the Beach.

BY A SHIPBOLE GENTLEMAN.

THIS phrase, I ne'er could understand,
"The moaning of the tide,"
Until I went to Brighton, and
Found, there, 'twas the Sea sighed.

THE BEECHER-STOWE MANIFESTO.

We have been requested to publish the following correspondence:—

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY TO THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

"MY DEAR PALMERSTON,

"HAVE you read Mrs. BEECHER STOWE's letter? Of course you will pretend that you have not, but you see everything or get told of it, so I assume your knowledge of the contents of the epistle. Now what do you think of ladies interfering in matters that don't concern them? I opposed it at the time with all my might, for you know if there is one thing I hate more than another, it is writing unnecessary or violent or impertinent letters. But out went the address from the Ladies of England, calling on the Americans to put down slavery, and now Mrs. STOWE replies to you, that they are putting it down with all their might as fast as they can, and that the English are sympathising with the slave-owners. Of course this is only another case of a woman's one-sided and incomplete way of putting a matter, but it is not a bad bit, and all this comes of our allowing females to exceed their functions. As for SHAPESBURY, who got the thing up, I hope he has the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

"Now, if I am to conduct the foreign affairs of this nation, I beg to signify most decidedly that I will not have any attempt at a reply to Mrs. STOWE made by any of the ladies who move in our set. It is quite enough to have to do with the Americans themselves, who are as petulant and illigal as women, and as ungrateful; but I will have no more addresses from the Women of England. You will be good enough to shut up SHAPESBURY, or look out for a successor to

"Yours, very respectfully,

"RUSSELL."

"Chesham Place."

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY TO THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"You are irritated, and like many wise people, you instantly fly to pen and ink, and write a letter which is at once 'unnecessary, violent, and impertinent.' I can't waste the short holiday left to me in cavilling with a colleague, but I beg to remind you that one of the first signatures to the Address to the Women of America was affixed by a leading member of the house of Bedford, and—but I abstain from saying something else that you would say were our positions reversed.

"The ladies acted on impulse, and did what was quite right, as they always do. I will never be angry with anything a woman does until she is unnatural enough to attempt to think. I am ready to defend them and the address against you, but surely we need not have a row.

"Feminine eloquence shall not go out as a foil to yours. SHAPESBURY has got his hands full of bishop business, and, *entre nous*, has

rather made a mull of it. He has no time to be concocting letters about liberating black niggers while he is making efforts for cartailing the liberty of white workmen. As for his feeling ashamed of himself, I thought you knew him better. But he shall not annoy you.

"Keep cool, my dear JOHN, for you have got a good deal of talk before you. I hear DERRY has promised to warm you up a little this Season, and he is a man of his word. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but I think you'll be glad when the next holidays come.

"Ever yours,

"PALMERSTON."

"Broadlands."

INVASION OF THE NORTH.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

By Submarine and International Telegraph.

(A small portion of the following appeared in our 22nd Edition of last week.)

Washington, Jan. 4th.

PRESIDENT DAVIS, agreeably to previous announcement, arrived here this morning. On reaching the Capitol his health was drunk with all the honours. Public enthusiasm immense.

LINCOLN has gone to Meeting.

BUTLER was hanged yesterday at 6 A. M., he died hard and is reported to have made no confession.

O'NEIL has escaped into the woods without shoes, and with scarcely any covering. Cuban hounds have been sent in pursuit. If not recaptured he must perish soon, frost-bitten. Thermometer 10° below freezing point.

SEWARD is editing the *Complete Political Letter Writer*, with contributions by EARL RUSSELL.

HALLECK and STANTON have opened a *Restaurant* in Broadway and are making a Mess of it.

New York, Jan. 5.—PRESIDENT DAVIS has just addressed a Deputation who came to offer him the keys of the Treasury. "I wish," he observed, "to return to Richmond. I hope you will be able now to get on without me." (*Cries of No, no, stay where you are!*) "Let the past," he added, "be forgotten. Friendship in marble, animosity in dust." (*Tremendous Cheers, varied with exclamations of You're the right man in the right place, you are. Go ahead, old horse, &c. &c.*)

Later than the Latest Intelligence, *via Cape Race*.—The above Telegrams have not yet been confirmed, and doubts are entertained of their truth—none of their propriety.



LA MODE.

Mr. Jones, unable to meet with a Carriage capable of containing Mrs. J. and two Miss J.'s and luggage, has adopted the above happy mode of conveying his family.—(N.B. Mr. J.'s Carpet-bag will be seen hanging from the lamp-iron.)

OH! PITY POOR BOBBY.

(Song of the Starved Policeman.)

A POLICEMAN I am, and my pay is too small,
Being one pound and sevenpence a week; that is all.
I've a wife and six children; and threepence a head
Is all we've to spend every day for our bread.
Oh! pity poor BOBBY, who clears you the way,
And guards you from plunder by night and by day,
Poor BOBBY, scarce able to make the pot boil,
For fight is his wages, and heavy his toil.

The thief as I collar enjoys better fare.
Why, threepence, his breakfast alone is that there,
He is filled, whilst my hunger can find no relief:
They starve the Policeman and feastes the Thief.

Oh! pity, &c.

You that eats your full dinners in safety and peace,
Protected by me and the other Police,
Just think of your faithful preserver outside,
With his appetite worse than a felon's supplied.

Oh! pity, &c.

Would you grudge the Policeman the mouthful, or verap
As your cook down the airy may give the poor chap?
So famished at times, if it lay in his power,
A whole leg of mutton a cove could devour.

Oh! pity, &c.

No such luck for the officer married like me;
No SUSAN or MARY for sweetheart has he.
Now I gets not a morsel; all that's at an end:
Not a bit from the larders I serves to defend.

Oh! pity, &c.

How often I thinks as I walks on my beat,
Most ready to holler for something to eat,
If instead of the beat I was now on the mill:
Then I should look forrards to eatin' my fill.

Oh! pity, &c.

I could wish, when the cravins of Nature prevail,
For to take myself up and get walked off to gaol,
To exchange my hard labour and starvin' employ
For the leisure and diet as convicts enjoy.

Oh! pity, &c.

'Tis cruel temptation, and hard to resist;
Bat I never will sully the band on my wrist;
And this hand shall grasp other men's collars alone:
Ne'er, to better my lot, take what isn't my own.

Oh! pity, &c.

IMPERIAL COURT DRESS.

On the occasion of the Imperial reception at the Taileries on New Year's Day, according to the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"The regulation for the costume of the magistrates and the functionaries particularly required that they should be in full dress, but 'without their white-pantalons.'"

We are told, in continuation, that "the Grand Master of the Ceremonies of course meant the prohibition to apply only to the colour of the garment." This is not so certain. An Empire professing to be based on democracy may have wished to symbolise its respect for the *sans culottes*. No fashion could be too preposterous for the Court that has revived Hoops. Certainly the edict which forbade gentlemen to wear their white pantaloons did not prevent them from wearing black ones; but perhaps they would have given greater satisfaction had they appeared in petticoats, after the manner of Highlanders, with a difference, consisting in the expansion of their philibegs with ample Crinoline. They would thus have paid a graceful compliment both to the populace and to the petticoat Government which controls the EMPEROR'S Italian policy.

Change of Name.

In consequence of the impoverished condition of the Roman Treasury, it has been suggested that the Papal States shall henceforth be called the Can't Pay-pal States.



A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

FIRST VOLUNTEER ENSIGN. "I declare I heard your Corps was Falling Off."

SECOND DITTO. "All Bosh, my dear Sir. Our Adjutant Fell Off his Horse last week; that's how the report originated."

CONCERNING FECHTER.

THE Strand is the capital of London, and naturally takes the lead in civilisation. Mr. Punch is happy to state that now MR. FECHTER has opened, there are in the Capital Street two theatres from which dirt and harpies are banished. At the Lyceum and the Adelphi there is neither a grinning nor an insolent box-keeper to extort a fee before giving you what you have purchased, and you have comfortable seats, whence you come without any unclean addition to your elegant garments, or the costlier and more elegant raiment of the partner of your bosom and expenses. Some day other managers will be shamed into following the example originally set by MR. ALBERT SMITH; namely, that of making a place of entertainment as comfortable as possible, and of defending its patrons from a system of extortion. When they are, Mr. Punch will record their contrition.

"Here are in all two worthy voices gained."

MR. FECHTER, now a manager on his own account, merits a word from the great Arbiter Elegantiarum, and of everything else, and shall have what he merits. The Arbiter has already recognised this Secessionist from the Parisian Union. Mr. Punch has duly honoured the French actor, who has sought to win new fame by Shakspearian impersonation, and who has not paid MR. W. SHAKSPEARE the economical, but questionable compliment of supposing that his words are strong enough to make his plays attractive in spite of slovenly, conventional, or downright bad acting, dingy scenery, and neglected accessories. MR. FECHTER has treated SHAKSPEARE like a gentleman, and nobody ever repays such attention with so much generosity. The result was, that notwithstanding certain drawbacks, it was, during MR. FECHTER's engagement, an intellectual pleasure to behold SHAKSPEARE at the Princess's, "which was not so before." Fresh, earnest, subtle, and graceful, supported by a well-drilled company, and surrounded by the best aid which stage appliances could lend, MR. FECHTER created a sensation of which an educated public had no cause to be ashamed.

Now he appears as Manager, as well as Actor. DR. CUMMING is

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)

THERE was a Young Lady of Leigh,
Who behaved rather rudely at tea,
Called the footman, "Old Chap,"
Spilt her tea in her lap,
And cried, "There goes my blessed Bohea."

There was an Old Girl of Carshalton,
Whom conceit to absurdity brought on;
She said, "If I chose,
I could write verse or prose,
That would not disgrace MRS. NORTON."

There was a Young Lady of Cheadle,
Was deeply beloved by the beadle:
But she scoffed at his prayer,
Left her work on his chair,
And the beadle sat down on the needle.

There was an Old Girl of South Kilworth,
Met the homœopath, DR. DILWORTH:
And cried, "You old snob, you'll
Be off with your globule;
What's such a ridiculous pill worth?"

There was a Young Lady of Pandy,
Who drank a large tumbler of brandy;
In a moment her eyes,
Turned to gooseberry pies,
And her hair, that was black, became sandy.

A Light Wanted.

WE perceive that at "a northern educational establishment," (penny-a-lining for a Scotch school,) a prize has been given for a poem on the subject of "Gas." A young gentleman at a southern educational establishment wants to know whether it was written in a gas-meter.

THE LATEST CANARD.

It is rumoured that the Crown of Greece has been offered to ROWLAND of Hatton Garden, under the impression, that if accepted, he will be prepared to annex his celebrated Macassar lie to those of Ionia.

out of town, and has locked up his prophesying implements, so that DR. PUNCH cannot offer anything in the prediction line. But, from the opening night, he is inclined to believe that the new manager knows what he is about. MR. PUNCH will be even more certain of it, when MR. FECHTER abolishes, as of course he will do on reading this, the huge booking fee of sixpence per seat, a singular mistake, imported from Paris. The theatre is cleansed, and once more MADAME VESTRIS's taste is revealed to the town. Something more has to be done before the *salle* is quite what it was in the days of the *Island of Jewels*, but upholsterers are but men, and must have time, whereof a fortnight is scant allowance for the renovation of a theatre. The house is bright, and glittering. The opening drama is an adaptation, and a French artist has at least as good a right as an English dramatist to transfer a Parisian success to British boards. *Le Bossu*, by M. PAUL FÉVAL, is drawing Paris, and the *Duke's Motto*, by MR. JOHN BROUGHAM, is its English counterpart. We have had nothing like it for incessant action, escapes, intrigues, duels, supernaturalisms, improbability, and effectiveness. It is a tale of the time of that estimable Prince, the REGENT DUKE OF ORLEANS, and several of the characters are about as worthy of the wheel as the *roués* who made up his delightful Court. But there is the young, warm-hearted dare-devil of an honourable soldier, who throws his sword, and heart, and wit, and recklessness into the plot, and there is some womanly truthfulness and affection to soften the sentiment that pervades the piece, to elevate the gladiator into a champion, and the intriguer into a lover. Moreover, unless the killing an immense number of persons who eminently deserve to be killed be considered slightly ferocious, there is nothing in this play, dated in the wickedest of wicked times, to offend English taste—the dramatist has never once gone near that which should prevent the public from going near him. The scenery and costumes even satisfy the fastidious eye of MR. PUNCH, who, accustomed to his own exquisite delineations, is almost painfully morbid upon artistic matters. The various performers do "all that they know," be the same more or less. Leaving the "less" to the critics, the "more" is exemplified in MR. FECHTER, who has to alternate between soldier, hunchback, and lover, and whose versatility is a

marvel—and also in Miss KATE TERRY, who fairly touched the house with a little part of maidenly pathos.

No great oily puffing playbills—a pretty little lace-edged programme, simply giving information, and omitting falsehoods—but for which last qualification it would really serve for a *billet-doux*. And scented by M. RIMMEL—Mr. *Punch* has been perfuming all his copy with it ever since. "Comparisons are odorous," so he will make none, but will merely congratulate Mr. FECHTER upon being in very good odour at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

WIT IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.



His holidays have done the lawyers good. They come back to their work fresh and jocular. On the first day of term we read that the Queen's Bench became perfectly sparkling. MR. MANISTY moved for something to the detriment of a MR. CREEK, and a squabble arose as to the meaning of the word "building."

MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON appealed to a book edited by MR. WELSBY, who is deservedly an eminent authority with all the lawyers, which stated that a building might be a stable or a slaughter-house. Now MR. CREEK is an attorney, and the following brilliant dialogue followed:—

"MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON. An Attorney's office

may be said to be a slaughter-house, in one sense. (*Great laughter.*)
"LORD C. J. COCKBURN. An attorney's office may be said to be a counting-house. (*More laughter.*)"

Here the report stops for want of room, but the reporter has obliged us with the excited flimsy, and we find that the fun went on—

"MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. An attorney's office must be a counting-house, if he prepares the counts in an indictment. (*Roars.*)"

"MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN. Or if he brings a Count in, as a client. (*Shrieks.*)"

"MR. MANISTY. I ask a rule against this CREEK—"

"MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. Britannia rules the waves, not the creaks. *De minimis*, and so on, you know. (*Screams.*)"

"MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON. *Semble*, that if he were a cove instead of a creek—"

"MR. MANISTY. My lord, he is a Cove, and a proud cove, and I ask you—"

"LORD C. J. COCKBURN. We know nothing of proud coves here. *Poor* speaks of a proud alcove, but I don't see how that helps you. (*Shouts.*)"

"MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN. You've run aground in this creek, MR. MANISTY, and there you may stick. The Court refuses the rule, but you may go to BULL's and get some oysters."

"MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON. At your own expense, you know—you can't get these oysters out of the creek."

Here the Judges threw themselves back, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter, and were imitated by the bar and the public. *Punch* is delighted to find that the bad weather has done his friends so little harm.

ARREST OF AMERICAN SYMPATHISERS.

(From the New York Herald.)

THE British Government has at length shown its determination to carry out the QUEEN'S Proclamation commanding her subjects to observe strict neutrality between the American belligerents. A detachment of English abolitionists had the audacity last week to march through the streets of London to the Embassy in Portland Place, and to tender its homage to the fanatic Abolition party, through his Excellency MR. ADAMS. The personages who thus acted in defiance of their Sovereign were certainly of a very obscure character, and the list comprises the names of certain noisy nobodies whose presence at any political or other gathering usually settles its nature in the estimation of sensible folk, but there were one or two notoriety, including some dissenting preachers. Having gratified their vanity by making speeches to poor MR. ADAMS, and hearing his guarded reply, the sympathisers were about to return to their obscurity, when the tramp of cavalry horses

was heard, and in another minute the Embassy was surrounded by the Life Guards from Albany Street. The Chief Commissioner of Police, attended by a strong force of detectives, entered the house, and arrested such of the delinquents as were worth capturing, and half-an-hour later the "Reverends,"—NORT, HALL, EVEREST, and an M.P. called TAYLOR, were safely lodged in the Tower of London, where they await trial, the others being kicked into the street, with advice to go home and mind their shops and callings. At least such is the account transmitted to us by our intelligent and reliable Correspondent, and we can only say that if it is at all incorrect, Great Britain has been acting with her usual dishonesty and perfidy.

LAMENT OF AN OLD CANNON-BALL.

(TOUCHING THE EAST KENT ELECTION.)

Oh, Men of Kent! Oh, Men of Kent!
How could you serve us so!
We've met with much discouragement,
But never such a blow!
If any county we did prize,
As with old ways content,
Old principles, old blood, old cries,
That county it was Kent!
But Kent returns a Liberal,
Oh, sin and shame for Kent!

The KNATCHBULLS they've been constant men,
Their colour still true blue,
Since to the chalky shores of Kent
The Saxon standards drew:
Let change who will they've stood stock still,
When all was whirling round;
What KNATCHBULL was in BECKET's days,
That KNATCHBULL still is found.
Alas! when KNATCHBULLS are so true
That Kent should be unsound!

There's Mersham Hatch stands where it stood,
To see KING STEPHEN dine;
There, like the oaks of Mersham wood,
Still grows the KNATCHBULL line.
The first of KNATCHBULL baronets,
In CHARLES THE MARTIN's day,
In Parliament did sit for Kent,
The Roundheads to gainsay;
But loyalty and memory both
From Kent they die away!

And then a DERING to elect,
A Peelite through and through,
A man who has a mind to change,
And dares to change it too.
Who puts to shame his ancestry
Of good old Heptarch times,
And does not count to go a-head
The very worst of crimes—
Who turns the *Herald* out of doors,
And taketh in the *Times*!

Alas! Old things are growing new,
Foundations giving way;
There's no such hue as fast true-blue,
E'en cannon-balls decay!
Who's he that stays by ancient ways
Whereon our fathers went,
When DERINGS fall, and worst of all,
So fall'n, come in for Kent!
Ye fifty-two,—the last true-blue—
Dissolve in discontent!

COMMON SENSE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE have the greatest pleasure in announcing, for the gratification of all who are interested in military progress, that a really sensible and rational order has just been promulgated from Head Quarters. It is long since the issue of any regulation touching the equipment of the British Army, so judicious and at the same time so plain and brief, as the subjoined edict:—

"By direction of His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, the chin-strap, worn by both officers and men of the cavalry and infantry, is in future to be worn under the chin."

It rejoices us to bestow a word of praise whenever we can, and it is with the very highest pleasure that we bespeak applause for the foregoing uncommon combination of wisdom and simplicity.

A YOUTH IN THE WOOD.

THERE are few who understand the word Stocks to mean any other existing thing than money invested, or gillyflowers, or stamps, or straps of leather which semigarotte soldiers. Most people imagine that there are now no longer any such Stocks as that apparatus of punishment which was a secondary cousin to the Pillory. Any gentleman who entertains this opinion will find out his mistake if he will go to Andover, and, having disguised himself in a smock-frock, and corduroys with no money in them, will further disguise himself in liquor. He may then expect to share the fate of the unlucky swain who is the subject of the annexed notice in a daily paper:—

"THE STOCKS.—HAMPSHIRE BARBARIY.—At the weekly Petty Sessions held at Andover, on Monday, the 15th ult., THOMAS COLEMAN, a young labourer residing at Charlton, was fined 5s. for drunkenness, and in default of payment within fourteen days sentenced to six hours in the stocks. The money not being forthcoming at the appointed time, the delinquent was escorted into the town on Saturday last, by the Charlton policeman, and exhibited his offence by lying on the cold flag-stones of the market-place, with his 'poor feet' safely encased in the ancient engine of punishment from twelve o'clock at noon until six in the evening, when he was released, amidst the cheers and congratulations of a large number of sympathising friends."

Capital punishment is a penalty which must be admitted to be too severe for the crime of drunkenness, and lying for six hours in the middle of winter on the cold flag-stones of a market-place was enough to kill anybody. Had not the "sympathising friends" of the criminal the sense or the compassion to supply him with a mat or a stool? Let us hope that he was at least provided with that accommodation by the mercy that should temper even Justices' Justice, and that the statement which alleges the contrary is a mistake. Thus, the sting would have been taken out of what certainly would else have been a very gross case of "Hampshire Barbarity." A tipsey clown had better be set in the stocks for six hours than sent to gaol for a week. But the question is whether the youthful rustic, THOMAS COLEMAN, ought to have sat in the stocks alone. He had got drunk, of course, on beer. How much had he taken, and what sort of liquor was it? For if, like the beer of most Hampshire beer-shops, the draught which intoxicated THOMAS was abominable stuff, then the vendor thereof was more responsible than THOMAS for THOMAS's drunkenness. Then, by right, that villainous beer-monger should have been adjudged to a share in the stocks with young THOMAS.

Among the divers urgent and weighty affairs that Parliament will have to settle, there ought to be a Bill for visiting the offence of intoxication on those who cause it by the sale of truly intoxicating, or almost poisonous liquor. There is a beer that inebriates but not cheers, only muddles and stupefies, and distracts; wash too bad for pigs, pernicious for ploughboys. Such is generally the beer of beer-houses, which those who swill, partaking of its quality, are safe to get "drunk on the premises." If the United Kingdom Alliance want effectually to prevent drunkenness, they should go for a Bill to suppress every public-house of which the landlord keeps a bad tap.

POLITENESS IN POLICE COURTS.

It is commonly acknowledged that politeness costs nothing; but that unpoliteness may cost a man a trifle, may be learned from what took place a day or two ago at the Marylebone Police Court. A—well, an Irishman (we dare not use a stronger word) was charged with having stabbed two men, one of whom thus gave his evidence, and was admonished thus:—

"BARTHOLOMEW CARROLL, I was in the Walmer Castle, and saw the prisoner, with a quart pot in his hand, about to strike another man, when I seized his wrist, and taking the pot from him, put it beyond his reach. The prisoner then made a hit at me, and I put up my hand to ward off the blow, when I found my thumb cut through, and I knocked the vagabond down."

"MR. YARDLEY. Stop, Sir; how dare you make use of such language here?"

"WITNESS. Well, Sir, he cut my thigh through, and I have got to take care of my wife and children."

"MR. YARDLEY. Let me tell you it is not for you or anyone else to make use of such language towards a prisoner. If you persist in so doing I shall fine you."

"WITNESS. I beg pardon. After I knocked him down he stabbed me in the thigh."

We know, the law holds a man innocent until he is proved guilty, and so doubtless MR. YARDLEY is quite justified in saying that a witness has no right to call a prisoner hard names, at any rate until his guiltiness is proved. What the fine is for so doing we are not aware, but we should think a sort of sliding scale of fines might be made out, and, for the benefit of the public, posted in the Courts. The list ought to comprise every known word of abuse, and a specified amount of fine be printed against each. Such terms as "rascal," "vagabond," "snob," "blackguard," and the like, should be classified according to their supposed intensity; and for the use of any prefix such as "brutal" or "infernal," something extra should be charged. By this means, witnesses who wanted to let out a few hard words to ease their wrath against a prisoner, might ascertain beforehand how much they would have to pay for them, and could calculate precisely how much of the luxury they thought they could afford themselves.

We incline to think, however, some reduction should be made to

witnesses who wished to use a quantity of epithets; and if for the word "vagabond," say, sixpence were the fine, the expression might be vented twelve times for a crown. Moreover, clearly some allowance should be made to persons who had been maltreated by a prisoner, and who if they could not get their fist within reach of his eye, would wish at least to give him the rough edge of their tongue. In such a case for instance as that which we have quoted, where the witness had been stabbed, and was still suffering from the wound, we think a liberal discount should be taken off the prices, and for a mild word such as "vagabond," the very utmost to be charged should be a farthing fine.



Portrait of a Gentleman who does not care a Button for Garrothers.

APOLOGY FOR THE GUSHERS.

THE Gushers have been at it again. They have been attacking the PRINCE OF WALES. A story came up to town to the effect that H. R. H., when out shooting, had waxed very wrath because one of his tenants presumed to be digging for rabbits; so the Prince, in a huff, stopped his sport, and wanted to bring the tenant to grief. Some of our "best public instructors" seized with customary grace upon the anecdote. They are so eager to be down on principalities and powers, that on the strength of a scrap of penny-a-lining they proceed to assail a gentleman against whom there has never been a single charge of even youthful levity, and who might have been entitled to the benefit of an inquiry before being held up as petulant and tyrannical. The Gushers are in such a hurry that they instantly adopt the penny-a-liner's miserable gossip, instead of thinking it just possible that a well-bred and amiable gentleman, carefully educated by the best father a Prince has ever had, and instructed in what is due to himself and others, might have behaved himself with forbearance and discretion, even had the alleged interruption to his sport taken place. They gush away, and then cometh a quiet letter certifying, on the best authority, that the story was fiction. We have seen no apology on the part of the Gushers, and therefore make one for them, namely that their articles would have been spoiled had the writers waited to ascertain facts.

CHARITY AND CHRONOLOGY.

PUNCH's Almanack of course is the best of extant Almanacks; but as this fact is well known and needs no new advertisement, PUNCH may spare a couple of inches of his "valuable space" (as correspondents will keep calling it) to say a word or two in favour of the Dramatic Almanack, which any one who takes any interest in the stage should yearly purchase and peruse. Here, among a lot of other various information, will be found a list of notable theatrical events, from the time of the Greek plays down to the middle of last month; and one may learn when the first tragedy was acted at Athens, and who played what, when the *Green Bushes*, say, or any other drama of remarkable antiquity, was first of all produced. The astronomical intelligence is similarly complete, and contains a perfect registry of all the movements of the "stars," with the times of their first rising as well as those when they have set. Another great inducement too there is to buy this Almanack, namely, that the profits arising from the sale of it are devoted every year to the Theatrical Sick Fund; an excuse, if any such be needed, for our pushing into notice this well-got-up little work.



THE RISING GENERATION—A LITTLE SMOKE-JACK.

Small Foxhunter. "HERE! STOP A HIT, MAJOR, HAVE ONE OF MINE! THE GOVERNOR'S AIN'T IN GOOD CONDITION—NOW I'VE HAD MINE FOR EVER SO MANY YEARS, AND THEY'RE SPLENDID!"

OLD ABE IN A FIX;

OR, A HARD RAIL TO SPLIT.

RAIL-SPLITTING is a kinder work to tax a feller's muscle,
And yer can't do nawthing at it ef you take it in a bustle;
But it's orful when the grain runs wrong, and the blow ain't perpen-
dic'lar,
And Governin' and rail-splittin' is alike in that pertic'ler.

Now there's this Slavery's been a log in the way of every President,
But it's wuss to me, I guess, than any prev'us White House resident;
And to split it with the wedges and the mauls that folks hev giv' me,
I'm kinder drav up to conclude the job's a stroke above me.

There's a way logs hev in splittin', ef in wedgin' a chap lingers,
The edges kims together, kinder snap, upon yer fingers;
And there they holds you, ketched and clinched, like that old Grecian
feller,

For the wolves and b'ars and painters, to chaw you, as you beller.

I'm kind o' mind you're like to see rail-splitters sarved jest so,
That works with WENDELL PHILLIPS and the REVEREND BEECHER
STOWE,
And I tell you that my fingers kinder turns quite ticklish-feelly,
When I see CHEEVER wedgin' up, along with HORACE GREELEY.

There's about four million niggers—irrepressible black varmint—
That we've somehow got to fix and find in bed and board and garmin't;
They *do* hate work and they *do* hate whip, (on them pints there's no
doubt of 'em),

'Twixt both we *hev* got some of rice, cotton, and backer out of 'em,
By actin' on the principle of counter-irritation,
Their hate o' cow-hide bein' wuss than their hate ov occupation;
But when them niggers walks abroad in the dignity of freedom,
If they don't walk stark and starvin', who on earth's to clothe and
feed 'em?

It's easy in a message to lay down a scheme for purchasin';
But you can't raise gould by whistlin'—you may arsk SIR RODERICK
MURCHISON;

And there's this hitch in redemption-plans, s'pose you'd the cash to
try 'em,

That masters, they won't sell their slaves, and tax-payers won't buy 'em:
We preach up nigger rights, and slaves to run we sometimes show how,
But when the critters *does* git North, the North won't hev 'em nohow,
So the log, if you try *that* wedge, comes together with a pinch,
And leaves a poor rail-splitter in an all-fired ugly clinch.

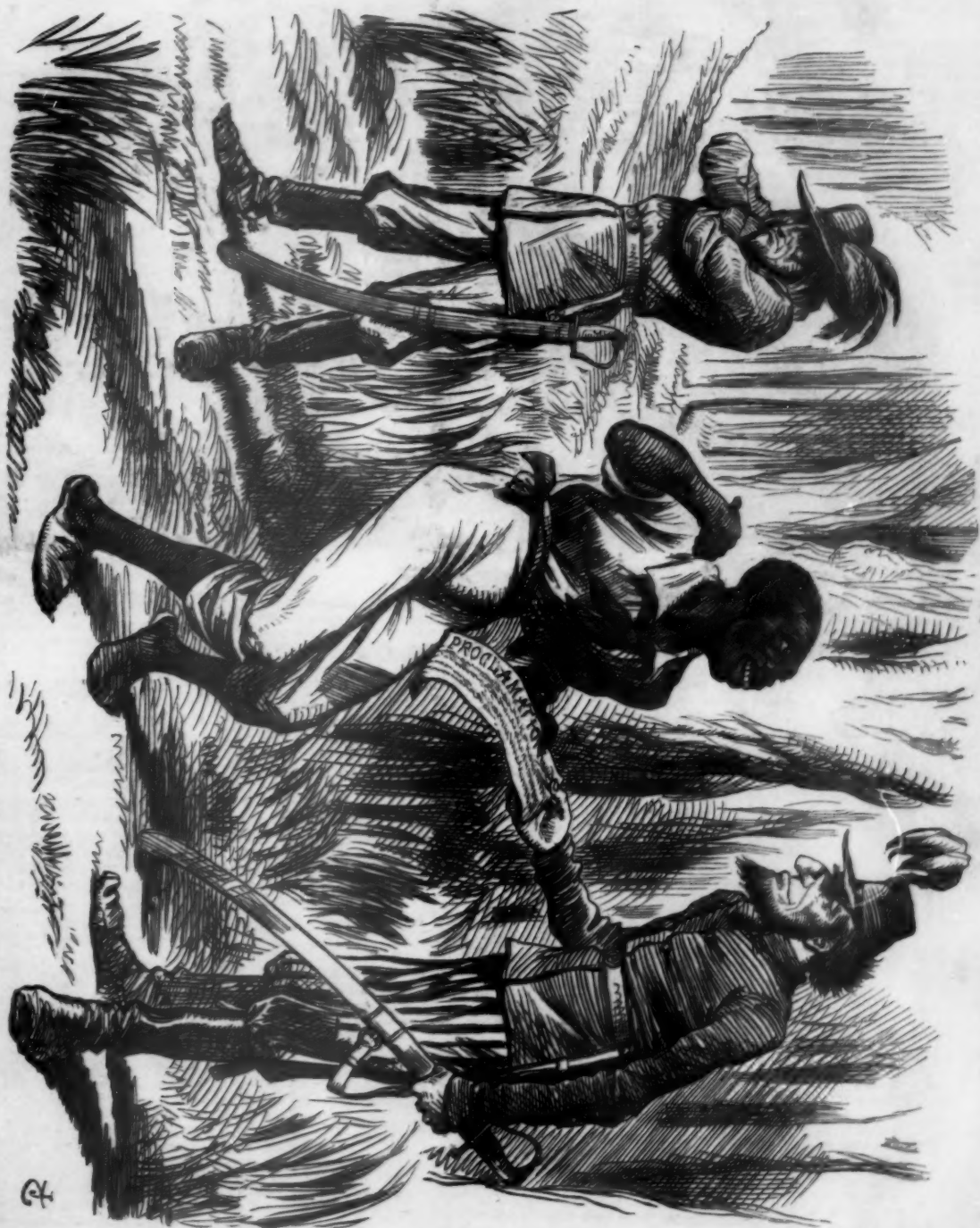
Then there's Loyal States, and Rebel States, and—harf way 'twixt
sound and errin',—

There's Border States, that's neither flesh nor fish, nor good red-
herrin'.

Which side, at last, *they'll* go for, you ain't certain till you axes
(And Greenbacks can't last for ever) their citizens for taxes.
Now in them Rebel States folks count about three million niggers,
And a million in the Harf-an'-harf—guess them's about the figgers—
And here's my hitch, ef I proclaim hull-hog emancipation,
The Harf-and-harfs they'll cut up rough, go out on confiscation;
While in the Rebel States, though we've a stand where we can run boats,
Our troops, somehow, kinder cave in, beyond support of gunboats.
So in freein' slaves of rebels, though we'd like to put 'em through it,
The question that occurs to me is, "Who's to go and do it?"

This freedom which we call the great right o' human natur,
I ken give, by word o' mouth, where my word ain't worth a tatur.
But in the States where I *could* put foot down on liberation,
I must leave the darkies to the chance o' cash-emancipation:
Such freedom as I *can* give givin' slaves o' rebel masters,
Leavin' slaves ov loyal owners to the mercy o' shin-plasters.

Waal—I've done my best, but jest as sure as on this cheer I'm aittin,
I never fixed so bad a job, in my wust days ov rail-splittin':
And what most riles me is, the muss grows wuss the more you mix it.
No—guess I jest can't split this log—can't—no-how I can fix it!



SCENE FROM THE AMERICAN "TEMPEST."

CLARENCE (SANDO). "YOU BEAT HIM 'NOUGH, MASSA! BERRY LITTLE TIME, I'LL BEAT HIM TOO!"—SHAKESPEARE. (*Nigger Translation*.)

ИЗДАНИЕ ПЕРВОЕ
МОСКВА 1880
ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
ИМПЕРАТОРСКОГО
УЧЕБНОГО ЗАВЕДЕНИЯ
ПО ТЕХНИЧЕСКОМУ
УЧЕБНОМУ ДЕЛУ
ПРОЕКТИРОВАНИЕ
И СТРОИТЕЛЬСТВО
ЖЕЛЕЗНЫХ ДОРОГ
И ВОДНЫХ
СОУЩЕСТВЛЕНИЙ
ПО ТЕХНИЧЕСКОМУ
УЧЕБНОМУ ДЕЛУ
ПРОЕКТИРОВАНИЕ
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И ВОДНЫХ
СОУЩЕСТВЛЕНИЙ



BATH BEAKS.



CITY of Bath is celebrated for several things. There are the Bath waters, Bath chairs, Bath chaps, Bath buns, and Bath bricks. To these specialities of Bath may now be added Bath Magistrates, or, as we may say for the sake of conciseness, Bath Beaks.

The Justices of Bath have distinguished themselves from those of most other places by a very remarkable difference between the decisions which they arrived at in two several cases which lately came before them, and are reported in a Bath paper. The first of these involved the charge thus stated:—

"RIOUS CONDUCT.—CAPT. WM. COKE was charged with riotous conduct, and assaulting P.O. NORTH in the execution of his duty. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the officer was on duty in Bathwick,

and hearing a great noise at the end of Pulteney Street, about three o'clock this morning, he went to see what it was, and found the defendant and several other young gentlemen disturbing the inhabitants by shouting and hallooing. He advised them to go home quietly, and the defendant replied, 'You be —: we are gentlemen;' he also gave the officer a bell handle, which had been wrenched off, and pushed against him."

The police-officer hereupon took the other officer up, and walked him off to the station-house, with his friends at his heels. The accusation having been deposed to as above:—

"For the defence, it was shown that the Captain and his friends had been to a party in Pulteney Street, and that, when met by the police-officer, they were walking along in two parties, those behind holding a conversation with those in front, but not sufficiently loud to disturb the inhabitants. It was denied that CAPT. COKE gave the constable the bell handle, but another of the party, whose name the witnesses declined to divulge, or that he assaulted the officer, who was only 'chafed' by the Captain and his friends. The case was dismissed, the defendant and his friends being advised to go home more quietly for the future."

It is quite clear that somebody's bell handle had been wrenched off among these gentlemen, and presented to the policeman, evidently, in the opinion of the Magistrates, as a testimonial of respect for his office, and by way of reparation to the law which had been broken in stealing it. This view their worship must needs have taken, inasmuch as they accepted the evidence of the witnesses, notwithstanding their refusal to divulge the name of the gentleman who performed that act of reverence and restitution. They dismissed the charge, no doubt regarding the conduct of the defendants as amounting to no more than a boyish freak. Yet that other judgment of theirs which exhibits so striking a contrast to this one, suggests the following:—

"CAUTION TO BOYS.—CHARLES HENRY FOWLER, aged 9, was committed for three days for disorderly conduct.—FRANCIS HOLBORN, for playing at tip-cat in the Gravel Walk, to the danger of passengers, was committed for three days."

How lucky it seems to have been for CAPTAIN COKE that he was not a real boy! That is to say, a street boy. Suppose he had been only nine years old, and a little blackguard, is it not too probable that their Bath worship would have committed him to prison for disorderly conduct? Or if, a varlet under ten, he had taken part with other varlets in a game of tip-cat, not to say in the lark of pulling off a bell handle, would not three days in the House of Correction have assuredly been awarded him by the Bath Beaks?

"NO CARDS."

PUNCH heartily applauds the custom, which it gladdens him to see, is more and more becoming common, of adding the two words "No Cards" to matrimonial announcements. The sending out of wedding cards has long appeared to Mr. PUNCH a sadly stupid practice, and he is pleased to find that people are showing their good sense by declining to perform it. Persons when they marry have quite enough to do in preparation for their union, without having time to spare for directing packs of envelopes, and putting wedding cards in them; and, moreover, PUNCH believes that many a small squabble will be saved by the cessation of this quite useless custom. Who can tell what sharp words pass when the card list is discussed, and EDWIN vows he will not call on

ANGELINA's friends the SPOOKSSES, while ANGY says she can't dream of sending cards to such extraordinary people as the SMITHS? And who can tell what pleasant friendships have unhappily been snapped, by the neglecting in the haste of ante-nuptial preparation to forward wedding cards to some old friend or other in the commonly long list?

What the use of wedding cards is, excepting to give trouble, it quite puzzles PUNCH to see. When people commit matrimony, their friends are sure to hear of it, and don't want cards to tell them of the interesting fact. Three lines in the Times (or perhaps say, half-a-dozen, if the person be "assisted" and it be thought needful to name the great-grandfather of the bride), three lines of advertisement will answer every purpose in the matter of publicity, and will spare the friends and relatives on both sides of the marriage much bother and some cost. For now, when one gets cards, one either has to waste one's time and temper in a formal morning call, or else to send one's own card in return by post; either of which processes entails some needless trouble, and leads one to incur unnecessary expense.

So by all means, PUNCH would say, let people put "No Cards" in their announcements of a marriage. But in the interest of those who have a sweet tooth in their heads, PUNCH has little wish to see an added postscript of "No Cake!"

THE STARLING OF THE VATICAN.

THE poor old bird in his costly cage,

'Tis shaped like a tiara,

All jewelled and gilt and set on a stage,

For the gaze of every stayer;

Huddled up on his perch, with his poor old wings

Clipped close as shears can shave,

With his ruffled feathers sits and sings

His everlasting stave—

"Non possumus, possumus, possumus,

Non possumus, non, non, non!"

Though ANTONELLI's at hand to fill

Seed-drawer and water-pan,

And smoothly carpetted, snug and still

The rooms of the Vatican;

He pines as he views his wings that hang

Close-clipt, and his dragged tail,

And thinks of days gone by when he sang

In the ascending scale—

"Et possumus, possumus, possumus,

At volumus, vol, vol, vol!"

The poor old doited starling droops

For all his gilded cage,

And hates the watchful hand that coops

His dark and dreary age;

In vain to freedom he aspires,

Knowing French gaolers nigh,

And, like himself, all Europe tires

With that eternal cry—

"Non possumus, possumus, possumus,

Non possumus, non, non, non!"

"If, poor old starling, thou would'st fly,"

(He hears BRITANNIA say),

"Thy seed and water I'll supply,

In Malta, far away;

There thou shalt have free air and home,

Nor fear a gaoler's eye."

But the old bird keeps its cage at Rome,

And sounds its silly cry,

"Non possumus, possumus, possumus,

Non possumus, non, non, non!"

"It's better thine own old bird to be,

Than ANTONELLI's thrall,

In a Maltese orange garden free

Than caged in a Roman hall;

To fling off state, with fear and hate,

Ev'n heretics among—"

But the old bird shakes his bare old pate,

And sings his parrot-song—

"Non possumus, possumus, possumus,

Non possumus, non, non, non!"

VERY OBVIOUS.

WHAT's the difference between your Great Coat and a Baby? One you wear, the other you was!



MR. PUNCH. "Well done, Bishop, a sensible Improvement; but we must yet Remember the Bakers, and then we'll hear what you've got to say about Sunday Excursions."

AN ULTRA KNOW-NOTHING.

WHILST HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA, is ostensibly offering to cede the Ionian Islands to Greece, and declining for PRINCE ALFRED the offer of the Greek Crown, the *New York Herald*, in an article headed "Greece and Mexico, Firebrands in the Old and the New World," develops the subjoined profundities:—

"A singular analogy exists between the results to occur from the French expedition to Mexico, and England's intended assumption of the throne of Greece. In both cases the people are to vote upon the question of who shall rule them; but in both cases the results of such a vote are defined beforehand. Who can doubt that to English intrigue OTTOMAN, of Greece, owes his fall from power—that the election of an English prince to the throne vacated by OTTOMAN was a foregone conclusion, and that England will thereby secure the undoubted domination of the Mediterranean?"

What next? The intelligence, which alone could have sounded the depths of European policy above exposed, may be credited with almost all knowledge; but hardly, perhaps, with information quite so accurate as that which glares in the immediately ensuing paragraph:—

"Having possession of its extremities, to say nothing of her commanding the Dead Sea, she will, with characteristic greed, seize upon the throne of Greece, and await the results of her bold step in mingled fear and stubbornness, relying upon her wealth to buy off hostility, and determined to use, as she has always done, deceit and treachery to carry out her purposes."

Well; but "Dead" is surely a misprint for "Red." So we should have supposed, superficial reader, in any ordinary case of enlightenment, or even in this extreme example of omniscience almost, but that the wonderful word is repeated. The instructed citizens of New York are told that:—

"Russia cannot let England block up and command the Dead Sea, and, in fact, all of her southern commerce."

And besides, the sea which our sagacious Yankee journalist here means, would, to common understandings, seem to be a sea of another colour than Red by name. He appears to have had the eye of his discerning mind on the Black Sea. That is, in so far as such an egregious writer, even for a Yankee, is endowed with a mind like that of ordinary men. Let no shallow scoffer suggest that MR. CARLYLE would recognise in this man of letters a splendid specimen of his Age

OLD KING COTTON.

OLD King Cotton one raw morning got on
His fluffy throne—in a huff was he,
As he looked askance there was scorn in his glance,
And all gazed with awe on his Majesty.
"Bobbins and Jenny and Mules, though many
May groan, lock up with this iron key.
None shall work," quoth he, "in my territory,
Till North and South live in amity."

A Royal Speech is, history teaches,
A soothing potion certainly,
So lull'd by poppies, the King did drop his
Head, and dreamt—like you or me,
Of war-hounds panting and one hound wanting
His clench'd ear to be set free,
Their red tongues showing hatred glowing,
And the biggest brute named "Unity."

Bunkum spouters, Government touters
Shouted with ferocity,
"List, ye darkies—that loud bark is
The death-knell of slavery."
A French observer cried with fervour,
"This sight is shocking, *mon ami*,"
When a Yankee rowdy answer'd loudly,
"Pinch my dog's tail, and then—you'll see."

As Intervention prudent men shun,
King Cotton started nervously.
"Call my daughters, I'll change my quarters,
What a horrid row about Unity!
Up, Bobbins and Jenny! No longer any
Shall pine till North and South agree,
With Briton's Lion, new soil we'll try on
Which to plant our royal tree."

So old King Cotton is now quite hot on
His Indian throne and sings with glee:—
"Peace inviting—what is fighting
But Sense reduced to Bankruptcy.
Ropes of sand, boys, will firmer stand, boys,
Than Union without Liberty.
But to take advice gratis such a State is
The very worst Patient that can be."

of the Dead Sea. The gibberings of that animal, set up in type, would excite amusement. Far be it from us to class with those absurd utterances, the above and under quoted enunciations of truth and reason. See how cleverly the Yankees and Russians are connected in the fellowship of the MONROE doctrine:—

"Russia has such a claim to Greece as we have to Mexico. Neither can tolerate the assumption of those weak governments by great and powerful nations."

Great and powerful nations, though?—which be they? France, of course is one, but is this little island—to have been scuttled the other day—a nation which, in a high American journal can be described as great and powerful? We were afraid that poor old BULL was on his last legs, the British lion nearly done up, and the decrepit monarchy of old England about to be improved off the face of the earth. Whereas BULL, according to the *New York Herald*, is so great and powerful that he actually commands the Dead Sea! The French, who have really begun to wound American feelings by invading Mexico, are now, on the other hand, coming in for their share of the remonstrance and admonition till of late exclusively lavished on BULL. For instance:—

"France, conquering Mexico and thereby obtaining a foothold upon the American Continent, would become dangerous to us as a neighbour, intending to interfere with and embarrass our movements; and the result would most likely be a making up of our family quarrel and a joint attack upon the intruder, who, taking advantage of our intestine troubles, sneaks into dangerous proximity to our territory. We should, North and South, alike feel the insult, and together we would punish the filibuster."

This is civil, after the fashion of the civility with which we Britishers are familiar. France is more literal, and unhappily may not, equally well with ourselves, appreciate such courteous language. The EMPEROR, however, at least, may smile at amenities such as these in the playful disguise of insolence:—

"Our forces joined would reach the enormous figure of a million and a half, composing the best troops in the world, while our navy would sweep that of France from the seas. How can NAPOLEON THE THIRD be blind to these certain results of his attempt to obtain a foothold upon this Continent?"

He may contemplate these Thrasonical pleasantries with derisive good humour, not duly considering the conquests already achieved by the best troops in the world, and the clearance of the seas of the

Sumter and the *Alabama*, so expeditiously accomplished by the United States Navy.

England, however, still comes in for a tolerable share of temperate and truthful exposure. There is hardly a pin to choose between her and France. It is just the difference between force and fraud:—

"England awaits the result of the vote of the Greeks. She, of course, intrigues and buys; but at any rate she does not take by main force. Mexico will vote with a hundred thousand bayonets at her throat; Greece will vote with her pockets full of bright golden images of VICTORIA. In the one case it is a matter of brute force, in the other bribery and false promises."

But really the United Statesmanship which supposes England buying the votes of the Greeks for PRINCE ALFRED—of course out of the taxes—is prodigious. On consideration, this astute Yankee notion appears more remarkable than that of England commanding the Dead Sea. If the important ocean so named were indeed an English lake, we would send the writer who has New-York-Heralded that fact to the world the present of a basket of apples from its shores. Such a gift would aptly reward such a regular ring-tail-roarer, and genuine original specimen of an ultra-Know-Nothing.

AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

EOTHEN, M.P. said, in his speech to his Bridgewater constituents, that every American tried, if he could, to make out a pedigree that connected him with some distinguished English family. We needed no ghost from the East to tell us that. Everybody knows, or should know, that MR. LINCOLN claims to be the great uncle of LORD LINCOLN, and the godfather of the eminent latter, whose partner, MR. BENNETT, is, according to JAMES GORDON BENNETT, his grandfather by the cousin's side once removed. MR. SEWARD is the great-nephew of Miss SEWARD, the poetess of Lichfield, and MR. CHASE is descended from the poet SOMERVILLE. MR. PRESIDENT DAVIS is the cousin of LORD MAIDSTONE's last was, and MR. SEYMOUR is the uncle of MESSRS. DIGBY and DANBY SEYMOUR. GENERAL BUTLER is a member of the ORMONDE family, though they are not very proud of him, and hope that the attempt that was made in old times to hang a certain DUKE OF ORMONDE will be repeated in reference to his descendant, but with a different result. GENERAL BAXES is somehow related to the distinguished Protectionist of that name, which accounts for the former taking such good care of himself, and MR. SECRETARY BENJAMIN is a distant relative of MR. DISRAELI. The Honourable JAMES BROOKER, democrat, is cousin to the missionary Rajah, and GENERAL STUART is a discarded son of the Vice-Chancellor, who considers himself the lawful King of England, and who has such handsome legs that we should certainly vote for him were there a vacancy. MR. QUINCY is the American representative of the English Opium Eater, whereby the narcotic tendency of Q's orations is explained, MR. HOLMES is the fifty-seventh cousin of the late celebrated Whipper-In, and consequently fifty-eighth to MR. THOMAS KNOX HOLMES, the eminent Parliamentary agent, and MR. NORTON is quarter-brother to the Honourable the Beak of that name. GENERAL BRAGG is brother to the eminent gunsmith, who always quotes CANNING's verses about "*Brother Bragg*," and GENERAL ROSENCRANZ is a lineal descendant of the unfortunate gentleman whom the PRINCE OF DENMARK, by a most objectionable trick, caused to be executed in England. MR. MASON claims pedigree from the poet and friend of WALFOLE, and MRS. STOWE is a niece of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. Lastly, MR. WHITTIER is a son of Mr. *Punch*, and was therefore of course originally named WITTY, and it was only his foolish American ambition which induced him to attempt the ridiculous impossibility of being wittier than his parent. We are ashamed to reproduce information which is in everybody's possession, but wish MR. KINGLAKE to know that the British public is not so ill-informed as he supposes.

A DERBY PROPHECY.

MY DEAR LORD DERBY,

January 20th.

I KNOW that you dislike betting. So do I. But there are occasions when a little bet is a sort of seal which a man attaches to the expression of his opinions—a kind of deposit, as proof that he is in earnest.

I will bet a small sum of money—it shall be handed by the loser to the Lancashire Fund, if you like—that this is going to happen.

You will, very soon after the Session opens, move for some papers on foreign affairs. And unless I greatly mistake, you mean to open your mind to JOHNNY RUSSELL.

You mean to say that the Italian policy of Government has been a blunder, and that it has forced LOUIS and PIUS into positions of obstinacy. You mean to laugh at poor ODO RUSSELL for taking the POPE's joke *au sérieux*, and to console with JOHNNY on being equally stolid, and thus being led into the impertinence of trying to frighten a gentleman out of his own palace.

You mean to give it to JOHNNY well about the Ionian Islands, and to laugh at him for having been done by the Ionians, who clamoured for

annexation to Greece, but who find out, the moment such a thing is offered, that it will not pay commercially.

You mean to have a good chaff about Gibraltar, but I rather suspect that here you will also take a high English tone, and ask whether British trophies are to be bartered away in exchange for Gladstone treaties?

And I think you are going to touch on America, and ask what really is the Ministerial view, that of MR. GLADSTONE, who all but recognises the South; or that of JOHNNY himself, who thinks the hour has not yet come?

Now, my dear DERBY, if you take my bet, I may show you that I know two or three other little things. You Conservatives made a great secret of your intentions, but if you will do me the honour to look to my columns last week, you will see that I gave my friend JOHNNY plain warning against you.

Shall I make you another offer? You mean that a clever and accomplished man, whom everybody likes, shall open a fire of the same kind in the House of Commons. Our friend B. D'I. will have enough to do with finance and other trifles. So the foreign attack is to be led by MR. S. F.

Is it not so? Call in Fleet Street, and I'll give you some hints that may be useful, for I am myself by no means satisfied with everything that has been done, though I intend to keep PALMERSTON in.

Ever, my dear DERBY, yours faithfully,

The LORD DERBY, K.G.

PUNCH.



VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

NO, MR. KENNEDY,
Courts will tell you, any day,
Counsel give uncovenanted Jaw:
It's really quite nefarious
To think the honorarium
Is subject for a suit at Law.

Still, the Judges feel compassion,
And in any moderate fashion
Would help you, though your client frown:
We won't quite put your claim away;
You sought to take her name away,
So keep it—for you're now Done BROWN.

Common Pleas, Jan. 16th.

ERLE, C.J.

Signs of the Times.

OUT of compliment to the Bishops who have been trying to stop the running of Excursion Trains on Sundays, a step which certainly would drive poor folk to make excursions every Sunday to the nearest public house, we understand that a vast number of the London ginshop-keepers propose to use henceforward the sign of THE MITRE.

MOTTO FOR JOHNNY'S ITALIAN DESPATCH-BOX.—"*Odo profanum (PIUM) et arceo.*"



THE IDLE SERVANT.

Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER WAS A LOOKING AT PUNCH, HOO-HOO!"

A THEATRE FOR BROMPTON!

WHAT is to be done with the Great Exhibition building? Will the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON make a monster chapel of it? or will some enterprising manager convert it into a big theatre? We understand that everything inside has been removed, so he would not find it needful to "gut the auditorium." The two annex-sheds might be used as sheltered entrance-places, where the public might assemble before the doors were opened: and if this shelter proved too small for the multitudes who doubtless would come thronging to the theatre, Mr. Manager would probably expend a few spare thousands in buying up the gardens of the Royal Horticulturists, which, when roofed and warmed and lighted, would form a pleasant crush room. The fountains might be made to play iced hock or cherry brandy, according to the season: and other light refreshments might be provided gratis, as the management, of course, would be deterred by no expense.

Where the stage would best be placed we can scarce pretend to say, though we incline to an idea that the centre of the building would perhaps be the best spot for it, as then the auditorium would range equally all round. Still, there is no doubt that the domes possess unusual advantages, which might certainly be turned to most tremendous stage effect. A simultaneous header from the top of either dome would be such a sensation scene as has not yet been witnessed, and in the case of slave pursuits a chase from one dome to the other, through an artificial jungle growing all along the nave, would afford abundant scope for "thrilling situations" and "perilous escapes." Then, of course, a rifle duel might take place in the fashion which is used in the back woods; and, by exchanging shots from one end of the building to the other, the combatants would give a far more life-like picture than by banging at each other from behind sham rocks and tree-trunks scarce a dozen feet apart, as in the *Octoroon* we remember to have witnessed.

In short, there is no telling what vast scenic capabilities a trained

eye might discover in the Exhibition building. MR. BOUCICAULT, for instance, who is considered (by himself) to possess especial talent for theatrical construction, we think cannot well do better than act upon the notion we have ventured to throw out. In spite of his advertisements, we mean his letters, in the *Times*, it may be some while yet before his brother millionaires come and fork out their few thousands for building him a theatre, and thereby pocketing a clear and certain twenty pounds per cent. It is true it might be difficult to hear well in a theatre so capacious as this building, and in spite of MR. BOUCICAULT's improvements in construction, we fear, unless his actors were to bellow through a speaking trumpet, there would be little hope of catching a single word they said. But, after all, this is a matter of quite secondary moment: for when one goes to see a strong "sensation" drama, the scenic situations are the only things one cares for, and nobody ever dreams of listening to the words.

HORRID CALUMNY.

A SHOCKING example of religious bigotry and national prejudice is manifest in the subjoined paragraph, which has appeared in several English papers:—

"The Garanti rioters at Trelee were put on their trial at Quarter Sessions on Thursday, before MR. CHRISTOPHER COPPING, Q.C., Chairman, and a large bench of Magistrates. All the jurors who tried the case were Roman Catholics, of a lower class than are usually put upon the panels, and, as might have been expected, the result was a verdict of acquittal."

This statement, which of course is entirely fabulous, has evidently been devised for the purpose of discrediting the general belief that papists are peculiarly scrupulous as to keeping their oaths, and that the faithful Irish, in particular, are inflexibly conscientious in the verdicts which, when empanelled as jurymen, they are sworn to deliver according to the evidence. It is really too bad.



POOR FELLOW!

FRANK. "I KNOW THIS—I CAN'T STAND MANY MORE EVENING PARTIES, AND IF I DON'T GET INTO THE COUNTRY AND HAVE A FEW DAYS' HUNTING, I SHALL SNOOK UP!"

STORY OF AN EARL.

MR. PUNCH invites M. VICTOR HUGO to read the report of the case in which their brother nobleman, the EARL OF EGMONT, seeks to recover certain property from the representatives of a solicitor named TIERNEY. There are some points in the story which would enable M. VICTOR HUGO to frame another of those marvellous mixtures of poetry, prose, and prosing which he is pleased to consider as novels. Mr. Punch, having some little weakness in favour of conventional proprieties, will not forestall the judgment of SIR PAGE WOOD, Vice-Chancellor, or even direct that Judge what to do; but merely for the benefit of M. V. HUGO, and in gratitude for the pleasure Mr. P. has experienced in reading the readable portions of *Les Misérables* (a grand book yes, Quarterly, and you are quite wrong and very rude, Edinburgh) will indicate to him the phase most likely to be attractive to M. HUGO.

There was a drunken and vulgar EARL OF EGMONT, who liked low pleasures, Cider Cellars (happily extinct), and worse. He had Irish estates, but they were largely encumbered. He had a solicitor and friend, named TIERNEY. According to the allegations of the present LORD EGMONT, the solicitor, an Irishman, who managed the property, gave the objectionable Earl but little money, represented that there was no more, and spent the more, of which there was a great deal, in improving the estates and making the tenantry happy. This surreptitious philanthropy was rewarded, indeed the philanthropical TIERNEY took care it should be, by a will, in which the objectionable Earl gave the estates, of whose value he was unaware, to his friend and solicitor. Then the Tower of London obligingly caught fire, the objectionable Earl caught cold in looking at it, and did not cure himself by a course of low pleasures, in which he sought consolation for the misfortune to his country. In fact, he made way for another Earl. The estates were taken by MR. TIERNEY, who gave them to his own family, and went where the good solicitors go. The EGMONT family, after a long time, discover that the arrangement was not by any means for their benefit, get hold of evidence which is a good deal to the point, state what Mr. Punch, who has no knowledge and forms no judgment in the matter, has given as their case, and pray to have the objectionable Earl's will upset. The people who took after MR. TIERNEY (or SIR EDWARD TIERNEY, for he succeeded to a doctor's baronetcy) are of course on their mettle, defend all that was done, propose to do dreadful things to the witnesses, and point out—this you will note, M. VICTOR HUGO—that instead of allowing the income of the estates to be wasted upon Cider Cellar blackguards and the like, MR. TIERNEY applied much

of it to the estates, "turned a desert into a garden," and made a respectable tenantry.

Now, we should not think of suggesting any details to a great artist, but we should like to know how this story strikes M. VICTOR HUGO. Suppose we accept it as truly set out, and then go to work. This TIERNEY, regarded in a novelist's point of view, is a great and good man. Nobody will say that money ought to be spent in debauchery, no worthy man but will endeavour to prevent that. Then, how much better that a happy peasantry should live in clean cottages than that an Earl should wallow in dirty pleasures. "The Desert and the Garden" is at once a title for a chapter. As for the machinery, M. HUGO sees it all as he reads these lines—the man created Lord EGMONT in 1733 had turned a TIERNEY of that day into the road, where he died, leaving a legacy of vengeance. It was accepted, but worked out brutally, until the solicitor TIERNEY appeared, who resolved upon a nobler revenge. That road runs through a street of smiling cottages, but they have been wrenched from the EGMONTs. But how about keeping them for one's own family? Here is an opportunity for a scene of self-examination and resolve. Then, as usual, comes some love. A beautiful being, an Irish darling, but, alas, a plebeian, and the secret idol of TIERNEY's earliest youth, was taken to a bail at the Castle. A member of the EGMONT family, young, haughty, admired—but we are ashamed of troubling M. HUGO with such crude notions. TIERNEY swore to keep the estates, and did. It would add to the probabilities, if SIR PAGE WOOD should weep over the story, pronounce the solicitor to be a saintly hero, and beg to put up a monument to him at SIR P.'s own expense in the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Will not M. HUGO oblige us? He is quite at liberty to introduce, as necessary to the story, a History of Ireland, a history of the EGMONT peerage, a few hundred pages of satire on the Court of Chancery, and a general demolition of the character of England. For all that, he will make a glorious book, which, in spite of a great deal of the same kind, Mr. Punch affirms *Les Misérables* to be.

"An Official Cuss."

Le Pays says that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has written to Washington, proposing "officially" a mode of ending the American war. We are afraid that the Americans know so little of the refinements of language that they will interpret the word in its impolite sense, and reply accordingly. To hazard a bold and novel remark, "Non servamus."

BLANKETS AND BROAD SHEETS.

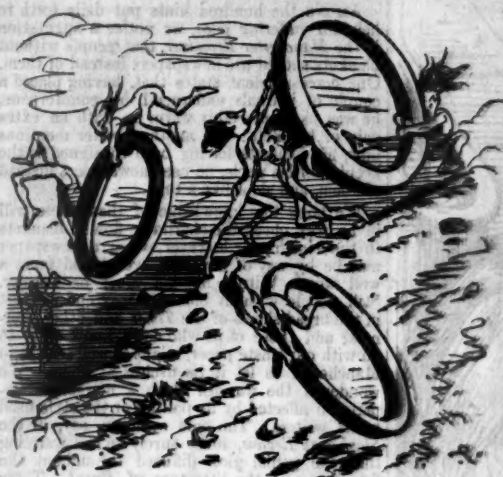
AMONG the hundred hints put daily forth to help our suffering poor, we notice a suggestion in the *Manchester Examiner*, that people without blankets should use newspapers instead of them. One correspondent states that, having placed a couple of journals underneath his counterpane, he was as comfortably warm as with an extra pair of blankets: and another writer mentions how, his blankets having been consigned to the keeping of his uncle, he used newspapers instead of them, and slept like a top.

We hope the knowledge of these facts will in no way check the charitable flow of blankets to the North; for however warm a newspaper may be by way of covering, we should fancy a well woven Witney blanket must be warmer. Still, people without blankets may find comfort in the broad sheets of the *Times* and other journals; and those of us who don't know what to do with our waste paper, might as well send it to Manchester as let it lie useless at home. We wonder if the warmth which a newspaper imparts be affected by its politics or the style used by its writers. The cold cynicism, say, of the *Slackway Review*, must surely be less warming than the genial glow diffused throughout the drawings and the literature of *Punch*. There may, however, be advantage in using rather heavy writings for a bed-cover. For instance, we conceive that the poetry of TUPPER would, no matter how applied, be found a first-rate soporific.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

How about MR. PEABODY'S donation to the London Poor?

A PARADISE IN PIMLICO.



O JUDY, forgive us! How we wish that we were single, and could answer this advertisement!

A LUXURIOUS HOME for a well-bred gentleman OFFERED in a small family. Dinner at six. Superb wine, but optional. An excellent cook. A good bedroom and dressing-room with sponge-bath, pleasant society, and the range of a well-furnished house. Terms, two guineas per week. In the same house a home offered to a Lady on very reasonable terms, the leading object being unexceptionable companionship for the younger members of the family. Apply, &c.

Superb wine, excellent cookery, pleasant society, and a sponge-bath! what more can a man want to make his miserable life happy? And fancy getting all these luxuries for two guineas a week! There must be some mistake here: surely twenty must be meant. Why, two guineas would barely

pay for the superb wine; but perhaps this, being "optional," is charged for as an extra. There is a little vagueness, too, about the offer of a "good bedroom with sponge-bath, pleasant society, and the range of a well-furnished house." Is the kitchen range, we wonder, referred to in this phrase? and is the pleasant society to be had in the bedroom or the sponge-bath? We own, were we the "well-bred gentleman" invited to this paradise, we should like these points cleared up before we made our entry. Possibly the "younger members of the family" may be the so-called "pleasant society" that we are asked to join: and perhaps the doubtful phrase about the sponge-bath and society would be explained by some few small boys darting every morning bang into our dressing-room, and behaving in wild fashion as companions of the bath.

AN AUCTIONEER IN THE PULPIT.

The subjoined item of intelligence, from the *Times*, may interest MR. SPURGEON:—

"PROFITABLE PARACHUTING.—On the first Sunday of the new year, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER announced to his congregation (Brooklyn, New York) that the pews for last year amounted to \$18,549. Notice was given that the sittings for the present year would be let at public auction that evening."

The conclusion of the foregoing statement might furnish SPURGEON with a valuable hint—which, however, he would doubtless be ashamed to take. Otherwise, what an income the Tabernacle would return, if, like MR. BEECHER's meeting-house, the sittings in it were annually put up to auction! But MR. SPURGEON has a certain sense of decency which distinguishes him from an American clergyman.

We should like to know in what pulpit the sittings in the Rev. MR. BEECHER's conventicle were sold by auction. Was it that of the sacred edifice itself? Who officiated in it? Did the Rev. Gentleman combine the functions of person and auctioneer? We can without difficulty imagine a Yankee minister acting in either capacity, not only alternately but even at once. He might at one and the same time, in puffing his chapel, sound the spiritual alarm, and blow his own trumpet—the latter especially giving no uncertain sound. "How many dollars shall I say for a sitting under this eloquent preacher? Shall I say ten? Only ten dollars for the privilege of listening to soul-stirring eloquence and saving doctrine! Ten dollars only! Fifteen; thank you, Sir. A seat under an awakening minister going for fifteen dollars! Real genuine manna from the lips of this gifted minister! Celestial, clear grit! Only fifteen! Nobody bid more? Twenty; thank you, Sirree. Dew of Hermon only twenty dollars! Balm of Gilead, warranted pure, going at twenty! At twenty going, like many a youth and maiden, perishing ere their prime. Flowers nipped afore they're scarce out of the bud. Going at twenty dollars. Such is life—even as this sitting under a powerful minister! Going at twenty, such is this here transitory existence! Going, going, going—gone!"

The foregoing conjectural example of pulpit oratory may convey some faint idea of the language which the Rev. MR. BEECHER may be conceived to suit to the action of knocking down sittings on the pulpit cushion, or a desk on his platform, if that is the elevation whence he holds forth, and whereon he wields the hammer.

LETTER FROM A BRAHMIN.

To MR. JOHN BULL.

"SAHIB, "East India Rooms, London.
"I AM a Brahmin, but without prejudices, and I do not mind defiling myself by writing to you. I congratulate you, Sahib, on the evident advance of your country to the Oriental usages which you tyrannically suppress in India, at least where you can. You put down Suttee, or think so. Well, Sahib, now I see that scarce a day passes but you offer up one of your women a sacrifice by fire to the Idol *Crimoline*, than whom, Sahib, our symbolical mythology has nothing more monstrous or more improper. And, Sahib, you impose upon us. We only burned widows whom, generally speaking, it is unobjectionable to burn. But you offer up to your ugly Idol your youngest and fairest, the Lights of your *Haram*. Sahib, again salutations. Siva the Destroyer smiles upon you."

"Your well-wisher,

"KIRAMA JURGENSENATH."

"Changing Names."

WHAT a noise such a few there has been made about changing names! Of course, all the bother has been raised by gentlemen. Now, we must say in favour of the beautiful sex, that we do not know a single young lady (we say advisedly, a single young lady) who would have been half so particular. On the contrary, we do not know any persons who change their names with a greater willingness and a more becoming grace than ladies. In fact, we believe, that the sooner they change them the better they are pleased.

THE NAGGLETONS AFTER DINNER.

A Dinner Party, given by the distinguished couple, is over, and the NAGGLETONS have descended to the dining-room. MR. NAGGLETON is lighting a cigar, and preparing to have, as he says, one quarter of an hour's comfort.

Mrs. Naggleton. I think you might take that cigar into the library, HENRY, if you are unable to go to bed without smoking. I would not be the slave to a habit, were I a man.

Mr. N. (shortly.) There is no fire in what you are pleased to call the library.

Mrs. N. (perceiving that this fortification is impregnable.) Then I will go to bed. I suppose that a wife ought to be driven from her own dining-room.

Mr. N. (who has had some of the wine he has been hospitably imparting.) There was a time when the cigar was pronounced rather an ornament to the masculine lip, and when its flavour was declared to be rather pleasant than otherwise, "but those days have passed, *Climax*."

Mrs. N. What an unmanly memory you have! Throwing into one's face any casual expression of years gone by. At any rate, I never said that a dining-room ought to smell like a public-house parlour.

Mr. N. I have accused you of no such vulgarity, my dear. The dinner went off tolerably well, all things considered.

Mrs. N. All guests considered, you had better say. But of course I never expect a civil word in return for my trouble in such matters.

Mr. N. (blandly.) I didn't know you had taken any, or my acknowledgments should have been ready. I had credited our respected neighbour, the pastrycook, with the merit of the achievement. Accept my apologies; and as you are near the—the—if I might name it, perhaps you would push the bottle this way.

Mrs. N. It seems to me that you have had enough of that kind of thing. I should like to see MR. SPURGEON coming back into the room after a party, and beginning to drink by himself.

Mr. N. So should I, because it would show that he wasn't quite the prig I consider him. But to do him justice, he did it to my claret to-night.

Mrs. N. I think that it was very kind of him to stay five minutes after the ladies had retired, considering the sort of conversation which MR. WYNDHAM WARREHAM chose to set going, and which of course you must help on.

Mr. N. I am sure, my dear, that not a syllable was said the whole evening that a bishop might not have heard with a—*a*—hierarchical smile.

Mrs. N. HENRY, you ought not to speak of bishops when you can hardly speak at all, it is perfectly wicked. And how can you say that the conversation was harmless, when Mr. WARHAM was making jokes about Earls, and if he did not know that Mr. SNOTCHLEY had been tutor in an Earl's family, good taste ought to have made you restrain such talk at your own table.

Mr. N. Goodness me, WARHAM only spoke of one idiot of an Earl. Was SNOTCHLEY tutor to the whole peerage, and answerable for all its absurdities?

Mrs. N. Of course, you meet what I say by violence, and I have done. And now that Christmas has quite gone by, and all the return dinners have been given, I hope that you mean to stop asking people whom I don't want to see here.

Mr. N. (*solemnly*.) Christmas being over, let us put away all Christmas feelings until next December—put 'em away in a drawer, my dear, carefully locked up with the *Whole Duty of Man*. Now, for the world again.

Mrs. N. It is waste of time listening to the nonsense of a man who has taken too much wine.

Mr. N. I haven't. I am as comfortable as I can be under the difficult circumstances of the situation.

Mrs. N. O, I am not going to stay and disturb you. I hope you noticed your friend, Mrs. WOODCOCK, looking at the table, and making private notes of the electroplate.

Mr. N. Admiring your good sense, my dear.

Mrs. N. I want no admiration from such people. I declare I turned quite hot when I saw her impertinence.

Mr. N. I wish those cotelettes had imitated you. They wouldn't have been bad if they hadn't been cold.

Mrs. N. And it was so necessary for you to tell everybody that they were cold. Imagine the master of a house taking pains to point out the faults of his own table! If you had held your tongue, nobody would have known it, except those who happened to take a cotelette.

Mr. N. When I tell you that one of the persons who were going to take one was SNOTCHLEY, I am sure you will be enchanted that I saved that scrupulous man from an unpleasantness.

Mrs. N. He would have been too much of a gentleman to have shown that it was cold.

Mr. N. Perhaps so—he's a jolly old hypocrite—let me, to be exact, withdraw the first adjective. Your health, my dear, and congratulations on the successful banquet.

Mrs. N. Much to be satisfied about, certainly. Giving a dinner to a heap of people one cares nothing about, and only two of whom will ever give me a sandwich in return.

Mr. N. Don't be cynical. Look at it through the purple light of claret, and confess that we have had a pleasant evening.

Mrs. N. I shall confess nothing of the kind. A pleasant evening to me is either one at which I am amused, or by which something is gained.

Mr. N. We'll place this in the first category. (*Coughs, and feels that he has really had one glass too much.*) Yes (*slowly*) in the first category. We have been amused—we have laughed, I have laughed—thou—thou hast laughed, everybody has laughed. Even the acidulated drop of Snotchness was moved to a smile at the American story of WARHAM's, about the owl and the preacher.

Mrs. N. He was too well bred not to smile, but I could see that he was not accustomed to that kind of thing, and I am sorry that you asked him to meet Mr. WARHAM.

Mr. N. If I am sorry, it is for WARHAM's sake, who must think him an unmitigated bore. But now, didn't your sister-in-law come out for the amusement of society?

Mrs. N. I wish that you would not call Mrs. CHARFING my sister-in-law. She is no such thing, and I am not ambitious of being related to a person who tells French anecdotes across a dinner-table.

Mr. N. Why not, if they are good ones?

Mrs. N. I believe that I am not an uneducated person, HENRY, and I may be allowed to say that no French anecdote is entirely unobjectionable.

Mr. N. She had it from a clergyman.

Mrs. N. She said so.

Mr. N. Charitable!

Mrs. N. Charity begins at home, where I want no stories of that kind.

Mr. N. Ah! I wouldn't impute motives, but I notice that you never care to air your excellent French accent when JULIA CHARFING is here.

Mrs. N. I flatter myself that I know as much about French as Mrs. CHARFING.

Mr. N. Flattery is condemned by the rules of society and the ethics of the moralist.

Mrs. N. Do, HENRY, put in that stopper, and go to bed. You do not know what nonsense you are talking.

Mr. N. I do, quite well. It is the playful corroboreations, at least coruscations of the midnight Aurora, pleasing after the brilliancy of the day.

Mrs. N. I only wish you could see yourself in such a condition. Thank goodness, the children and servants are all gone to bed.

Mr. N. "And leave the world to darkness and to me."

Mrs. N. O, it's no use talking to you.

Mr. N. Never mind that, if you are a true wife. Go on just as if it was. I assure you I am not angry with you, MARIA. Angry with the wife of my bosom for telling me unwholesome truths?—perish the thought, or be it banished to the gates of Jericho and the ends of the earth.

Mrs. N. That it should come to this!

Mr. N. (*radiantly*.) What should it come to, a dinner-party I mean. To a jolly kind of evening, and after all, the sweet hour of conjugal confidence and unrestrained domesticity. "When we meet with champagne and a chicken at last," as LADY MARY has it. I say—(*delicately yet persuasively*) you are not exactly a chicken, but let us have a pint of champagne—just one pint—and so crown the festive night. Eh? There's some up, I know.

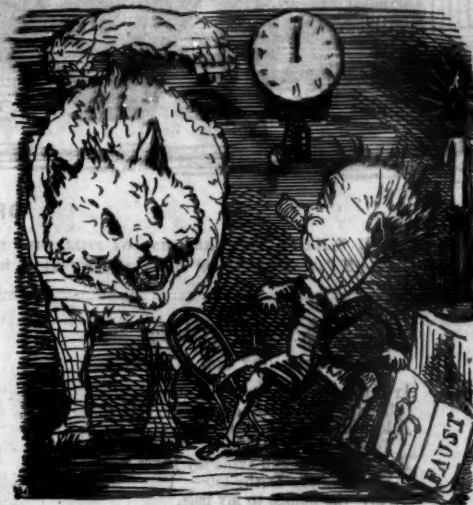
Mrs. N. (*angrily*.) HENRY, shall the Page sit up with you.

Mr. N. The Page! Buttons! The idea is amusing. I should look like *Bruno* and the *Boy in Julius Caesar*. Does Buttons play the harp? I doubt it, unless the harp of the nation once dominoes in Palestine, at least dominant—

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. The end of *Faust*, by Jove! A female voice is heard—"HENRY, HENRY!" I come, *Grimalkin*! Thou marshallst me the way that I was going.

[*Gets up to his room somehow, and we hope that nobody will ever again be angry with Mrs. NAGGLES after what she has undergone to-night.*]



GRACEFUL WORK OF MERCY.

By intelligence from Paris we learn that an act of charity, of a legendary character in a modern dress, has lately been performed by an illustrious Lady celebrated for her devotion to the Holy See. She being equally celebrated as a leader of fashion, it may be hoped that a certain wholesome change of costume involved in the good work which she is alleged to have performed, may be permanent. The pious deed ascribed to her will hereafter probably afford the pencil of many an artist a picturesque subject for illustration as an incident in the life of a fashionable Saint. It is an edifying example of the resignation of superfluity to want, and a promising omen of the approaching end of a nuisance. This exhibition of genuine sanctity came off on the feast of St. Elizabeth Martin, when, according to our telegram, the Illustrious Lady divided her Crinoline with a washerwoman!

"In the Name of the Prophet-Figs!"

We see (for we see everything) that there is a periodical called, *The Grocer*, and to speak vulgarly, but truthfully, a very spicy periodical it appears to be. In addition to its other merits, of course it will take the lead in currant literature.



DRAMATIC.

First Languid Swell. "HAW! THEY'RE GOING ON STILL WITH THAT DUNDREARY!"

Second ditto. "AW—YA'AS. IT MUST BE A-A-A-A-VEWY HARD WORK FOR A FELLAH TO PERFORM SUCH A-A-CAWACTER EVVERY EVENING."

BEN THE TOUT;

OR, LOOKING OUT FOR A WINNER.

It's wery 'ard, and so it is,
To arn one's bit o' dinner,
A lookin' hout, upon the tout,
To find a Derby winner.
But here I lies and skins my heyee,
Watchin' the Derby lot—
To giv' the hoffice to my pals,
And help put on the pot.

The time have been I'd thought it mean
To take a touter's place,
When, togged in silk and leathers clean,
As jock I made the pace;
But when a jock can't get a mount,
To Queer Street he may go,
If he's too grand to turn his 'and
To a dodge 'acoss it's low.

So here I am, to do old PAM,
And carcument the Ring,
And put our Guv'nor, if I can,
Up to a likely thing;
To find vich oss is safe to back,
And vich to lay agin,
And try if I can't nail the crack
As can the Derby vin.

Here comes the string—in heasy swing,
A takin' of their sweats—
Finance and Foreign-Policy,
And *Churchman*, pretty pets!
Finance, with GLADSTONE on his back,
I wouldn't trust, I know:

But if they puts young NORTHCOTE up,
The oss in front may show.

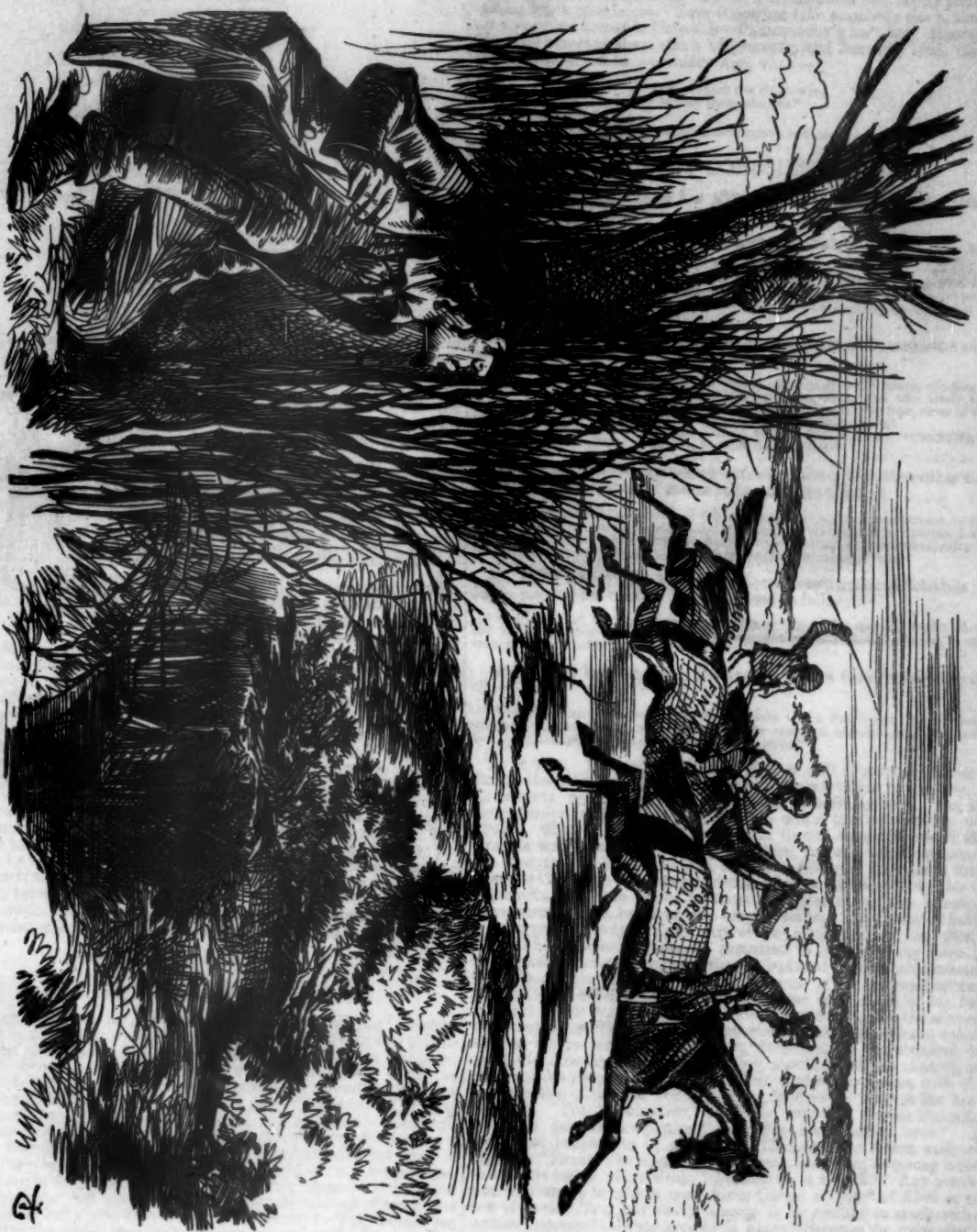
There's *Foreign-Policy*—our crack—
Goin' uncommon straight,
But there's old DERBY on his back,
And he's a welter-weight;
But with JEM 'ARRIS, for a jock,
That pulls good eight stuns two,
And ha' n't no more hand than a sack,
Blowed if *that* oss 'ud do!

Here's *Churchman*! Well we won a pot
Upon that oss last year;
And if the Guv'nor knowed wot 's wot,
More by him he might clear.
But all his breed has ticklish mouths,
They're bolters every one;
And them as *Churchman* backs, some'ow,
They mostly finds they're done.

Confound that PAM—his chaff and cram!
The odds he'll take or lay,
But still he shows a winnin' book,
Our Guv'nor's 'tether way.
There ain't an oss our stable's got:
A chap can back to win,
Nor one in that there PAM's whole lot
That's safe to lay agin.

I sometimes think that I'd a done
Better a precious deal,
If to PAM's stable I had stuck,
Nor split with old BOS PEEL—
Blest if it ain't enough to make
A feller cat his hat,
To see the nags that they turns out,
And we not one worth *that*!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—JANUARY 31, 1863.



LOOKING OUT FOR THE NEXT "DERBY."

DIZZY (the Tour). "FOREIGN POLICY—CHURCH—AND FINANCE—BLOW'D IF WE SHALL WIN WITH *THAT* LOT."

press for a copy of the "Lancet" - and should it be sent him with you

TOO LATE FOR THE NEXT "DERBY."



THE LANCET

It ain't no go! the more I looks
The more I sees it clear,
A Derby winner on our books,
Ain't to be found this year—
PAIR's lot's all oases ought to be—
Condition, blood, and build;
But as for ours, I never see
A stable wusser filled.

Sich screws as ours I would think shame,
The Paddock to go in with;
I blushes when I'm axed to name
The oss we means to win with;
Folks chaffs and asks why don't I show
In silk, as vonce I showed,
What good's a jock, when he can't find
A nag fit to be rode?

A LITERAL SOLOMON.



(HAS the reader the rare advantage of knowing any young lady who is cross and spiteful, and especially hates children? If so, let him buy an extra number of this periodical, not to damage his set, and send her the annexed copy of an advertisement, out out of the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

WANTED, a Young Lady, about 20, as Housekeeper to a Widower, and to take charge of three boys, the eldest ten years old. Must be of good appearance and address; accomplishments not essential. Salary £35.—Address, stating age, and if willing to give severe corporal punishment, A. Z., Post Office, Chester.

Housekeepers are generally supposed to know all about pickling, but that knowledge is not taken to include the pickle to keep a rod in, as it appears to be in the foregoing advertisement. The author of this notification belongs to a past age. He should have lived formerly. Above a century ago his advertisement might have been satisfactorily answered by a most eligible party, under the maiden name which she bore whilst she was "servant to a merchant in Goodman's Fields," and before she "became the wife of JAMES BROWNE, a plumber." The lady, now famous under the name of BROWNE, might then have conferred immortality on that disguised by the letters A. Z. The desired condition of willingness to inflict severe corporal punishment, coupled with the necessities of good appearance and address, amount to an inquiry for a stepmother. The lady who accepts A. Z.'s situation may reckon on becoming Mrs. A. Z.; and it is by no means unlikely that Mrs. A. Z. may become a second Mrs. BROWNE. When ELIZABETH BROWNE was hanged for whipping her apprentices to death, her husband got off with six months' imprisonment. Perhaps Mrs. A. Z. will be less fortunate than Mrs. BROWNE, and may accompany his lady to the halter.

NO MORE PROPERTY.

HOORAY! No more law, no more order, no more nothing! Society may now be considered as at an end, and everybody may take care of himself. The dissolution of all conventional arrangements is complete. Hooley! Government—there is none now—had long been preparing us for this, and SIR GEORGE GREY's determined refusal to interfere with highwaymen and garterers was but a part of a system. The right of the strong hand is now fairly proclaimed and recognised. The final proofs have just been given. Some people thought they should like a house in Stamford Street. It belonged to somebody else, but what of that? They broke the door open, and nobly took it. Some other people thought they should like a house in Eaton Square. It belonged to somebody else, but what of that? Besides, she was out of town, and what business had she to keep a house half empty? They turned her servant into the street, and took the house. Hooley! In each case the ridiculous rightful owner, as she called herself, appealed to the Magistrate, and a mere form of reprobation was gone through, but SIR GEORGE GREY will, of course, take care that no punishment is inflicted. Hooley! Now then, ARCHBISHOP LONGLEY, Mr. Punch is sorry to turn you out so soon after you have settled, but that Lambeth library and the splendid gardens are irresistible. Don't unpack, but go away, as he is coming into the Palace on Monday, aided, lest you should be

weak enough to resist, by the forty "roughs," whose assistance in the other cases was so valuable. Have lunch ready, and if you like you may stay and eat some, as Mr. Punch is a gentleman and highly polite, but he wants your house. Your Grace can take somebody else's, there are some good houses in Piccadilly—PALMERSTON's isn't bad. Hooley! No more nonsense about rights of property, and January, 1863, inaugurates the return to the Golden Age, when—

"He may get that has the power,
And he may keep who can."

CURATES' EASY CONSCIENCE MONEY.

A MR. A. B. SHEPPARD has addressed to a contemporary a letter which thus commences :—

"INCOME-TAX AND CURATES."

"TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR,—Showing how interested you are in every matter connected with the Church, I trouble you with the following statement, that those who give presents to their Clergy at Christmas, may so manage it that what is given be not liable to Income-Tax."

This true friend of the poor parsons then proceeds to make the subjoined statement :—

"I some time since applied to the Inland Revenue Board to know whether a Curate with a stipend of £35 a year, raised by subscription, and who lately has received a present from the incumbent of £10, and a donation from some of the congregation, was liable to duty upon an income above £100 a year? I also inquired whether income derived entirely from voluntary subscriptions, and uncertain, was liable to the tax, if above £100 a year?"

The reply which the benevolent querist received from the authorities of Somerset House was of course to the ensuing effect :—

"With reference to the liability of the Curate of your parish to assessment to the Income-Tax, in respect of monies raised for him by voluntary subscriptions, I am directed in reply to state, that the contributions alluded to are profits accruing to the Curate by virtue of his office, and therefore liable to Income-Tax."

Not being able to take this just and liberal construction of Schedule D. for an answer, the curates' friend rejoined as follows :—

"I replied, that the sum stated in the *Income* 'are profits accruing to the office,' and asked whether presents from the congregation, individually or in bulk, and uncertain, were liable to duty."

As he might have expected, the answer of the Government officials was :—

"That there can be no doubt that the presents which the Curate receives from members of his congregation accrue to him by reason of his office as Curate, and, therefore, form part of the emoluments of that office."

To be sure. Make the Curate of £70 or £80 a year pay Income-Tax on the uttermost farthing of every present which he receives, if his presents bring his income up to the taxable amount. Tax his meagre uncertain income as closely as you would the fat certainty of a Bishop. That is all fair; for when the Curate ceases to receive the presents which subjected him to taxation, he will starve untaxed. But how, as MR. SHEPPARD asks, may those who give presents to their clergy at Christmas "so manage it that what is given be not liable to Income-Tax?" The editor to whom he writes leaves this question unanswered. It is, however, one easy to settle. The Curate is liable only for presents which "form part of the emoluments of his office." Thus, if embroidered slippers are presented to him by young ladies in his clerical capacity, the value of them is included in his taxable income. But if he gets the slippers given him, because of his personal appearance, a Curate cannot be said to receive those decorations of his feet in return for his cure of souls. The unsupported plea, that the slippers were the tribute of admiration and affection, would not, perhaps, enable him to escape assessment. Let it, therefore, be corroborated by certificates from the fair donors. They should label the slippers, or other articles presented by them to their clerical favourites, with the real intention of the gift, briefly stated. As thus :—"For his fine head of hair." "For his whiskers," or in the case of a shaven Puseyite, "For his delicate complexion" or "For his beautiful eyes." If the Curate happens to be a Muscular Christian, the reason assigned might be "Because he is such a fine young man," or, as young ladies now-a-days rather affect slang, "Because he is a brick." Any gentleman who wishes to give a meritorious Curate a "tip" of £100 or so, free of Income-Tax, may easily manage it by sending so much with a written statement that the present is given "Because the presentee is a jolly good fellow." If it can truly be added, "Because he is a good hand at whist," or "a good shot," or "Because he hunts, and is very often in at the death," so much the better; inasmuch as those merits are specifically unprofessional. Only, in all these declarations, stick to veracity. There is nothing like telling the exact truth, even when you are invited to do so in order that your answer may furnish the information which will enable your questioner to cheat yourself, or subject somebody else to gross extortion.



OLD SALT. "Ah, Master George, it's no use devotin' your talents to building Wessels o' that there class, now-a-days. Why don't you invent a sort o' Iron Biler as ull sail without Cannoes, revolve without Steam, and go to wind'ard without ne'er a Rudder, like them in Ameriky!"

SOAP FOR THE SLEEPY.

"How are you off for Soap?" is a question which has pretty frequently been asked, and the chance is, that ere long there will be found still freer use of it—at least, if faith be put in the following invention, wherof the handbill sent us states the merits thus:—

"MENTAL TOILET SOAP."

"Clergymen, Ministers, Orators, Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, Authors, and Editors, together with all persons engaged in literary or sedentary work, will find the MENTAL SOAP a very pleasant, safe, and healthy stimulant; and those who have found it necessary or convenient to take wine on entering the platform, the pulpit, or the study, are invited to use the above in preference; and, in addition to the pecuniary saving, there will be a great advantage to the system, as the stimulant imparted by it will be mild and gradual, more permanent, and not succeeded by that exhaustion and lassitude of body and depression of spirit which so frequently accompany public speakers, and prematurely carry from the stage of usefulness, men of great value.

"DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—The Barrister before taking his brief; the Orator before entering the platform; the Minister, the pulpit; the Teacher, the class-room; the Author, his study; the Editor before spreading his papers; and all Merchants, Traders, or Professionals, whose employment requires a clear and vigorous mind, should wash well the heads, wrists, and face with the MENTAL SOAP, and when close application to duties has induced languor, the washing should be repeated; it will invigorate the system, and enable them to prosecute their labours with ease and pleasure."

What a blessing such a Soap as this will be to the teetotallers, who no doubt must often feel themselves in want of a "safe stimulant," and are pledged to total abstinence from spirits, wine, and beer! How popular the practice of lavation will become with them, and what nice clean hands and faces will they be found to show! "Come and have a wash" will be with them equivalent to "Come and have a glass;" and instead of betting anyone a bottle of wine, we shall doubtless hear them wagering a cake of Mental Soap.

What a blessing, it will be, too, if orators and preachers find the Mental Soap of service in stirring up their wits, and discover in it a stimulant for quickening their powers of thought as well as speech. How reporters would rejoice if something could be found to freshen up debaters from the dulness which is usual to them; and we can fancy how DISRAELI, when GLADSTONE looks depressed, would hop across the House

GONE GOOSE.

GONE GOOSE, gone goose, a hopeless case,
ABE LINCOLN, to pursue!
How costly is the wild-goose chase,
Your CHASE can prove to you.
Give up the game, it is no use;
The world cries out, Gone goose, gone goose!

You give your dollars paper wings;
You fly your kites in vain
For falcons, worthless, such poor things,
Your Eagle to regain;
Eagle, alas! The bird broke loose,
That you can't catch, is mere gone goose.

Money and men you waste, to win
The goose for ever flown;
So cave, then, ABRAHAM, cave in,
Or else you'll cook your own.
JEFF DAVIS send a flag of truce,
And own the Union is gone goose.

JESUIT'S BARK, AND BITE.

CLEVER fellows, these Jesuits! M. VICTOR HUGO's new romance, *Les Misérables*, contains matter highly prejudicial to the character of the Order. So the Jesuits buy the right of translating the book in England, and of course the translation appears without the objectionable part, but with the angelic Bishop in all his impossible sweetness. Now this is really a neat dodge, and as it is also a piece of abject homage, on the part of the Jesuits, to the tremendous power of literary art, Mr. PUNCH is happy to circulate the information all over the world. Simply because M. HUGO's French is very beautiful, and not at all with a view of defeating his artful friends, Mr. PUNCH recommends people to read both the translation and the original.

A THEATRICAL INQUIRY.—Might not MR. DION BOUCICAULT, in imitation of the matrimonial advertisements, write over the list of his company, considering what a weak playing set it is, "NO CARDS?"

to refresh him with a wash. Prosy parsons might, moreover, use this Soap with much advantage; that is, if it be found that there is any use in using it; and when from lassitude or laziness they get sleepy in their preaching, the Mental Soap might prove perhaps an anti-soaporific. SYDNEY SMITH described some preachers, whose manual gyrations appeared to him as though they were always washing their hands, and if dull parsons had a basin and some Mental Soap before them, they might refresh themselves as often as they felt need so to do. Perhaps it might be well in Churches, where the sermons are unusually sleepy, if soap and basins were provided for the congregation also; and certainly the sight of an assembly all engaged in washing their hands could hardly fail to have a most enlivening effect.

What effect the Soap might have upon some authors whom we know, is a point which seems to open a vast field for speculation. Such lather might enliven the philosophy of TUPPER, and impart a manly vigour to the poetry of CLOSE. In fact, there is no saying what incalculable good the Mental Toilet Soap might do; but as we have not heard as yet if any one has tried it, we naturally feel some slight suspicion of its powers, and rather feel inclined to ask the question, "Will it wash?"

EXTRAORDINARY NEWS.

MR. ROXBURCK is stated to have gone to Vienna "to open a bank." There was a good Yankee story about a couple of gentlemen who said they were going South with the same intention. Being asked what were their means, they replied "a crow-bar." We don't imply for a moment that our fiery friend would do anything wrong, but the idea of the volcanic ROXBURCK applying himself to a profession demanding composure, patience, tact, and a sweet temper, hurried us into the above indecorous recollection. This we could hardly dismiss when we were again agitated by the representation that he comes home "to take an office under LORD PALMERSTON." If by office is meant an apartment, we implore our Premier to have it searched every morning and night, or our inflammable and Guido-Faury friend will certainly blow him up. He has done it before.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



THERE was an Old Girl of St. Boes,
Who bought a tin pipe and some peas,
When the parson went by
She shot peas in his eye,
And said, "Pick 'em up, if you please."

There was a Young Lady of Brill,
Such a doddle she couldn't sit still,
Till her parents said, "There,
Now you'll stop in that chair,
Your restlessness makes people ill."

There was a Young Lady of Bury,
Who tipped off a bottle of sherry,
And still feeling slow,
Took a pint of noyau,
And cried, "That is nourishing—very."

There was a Young Lady of Gatton,
Who went for a walk with a hat on,
The hat blew away,
And she cried, "Lack-a-day,
I feel what fast people call Sat On."

COLENZO AND THE CLOTH.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

"SIR, "As your columns are not open to theological discussion, doubtless you are averse to it, like myself, who earnestly deprecate it on any occasion. In the belief that your sentiments on this subject are the same as mine, I would invite your notice to an admirable but rejected suggestion, proposed the other day at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in connection with that painful book which has been published by BISHOP COLENZO. In *John Bull's* report of the transactions of that assembly, you will read that:—

"After a few words from the BISHOP OF MONTREAL, the Canadian Metropolitan, strongly condemning the work of BISHOP COLENZO, the REV. R. BURGESS proposed that a private letter should be written to the BISHOP OF NAZARÉ, pointing out that his presence was injurious to the society, and requesting that he would relieve them from all difficulty by resigning his office of Vice-President."

"You will, I am sure, lament equally with myself, the reception which MR. BURGESS's prudent proposal met with:—

"The DEAN OF WESTMINSTER opposed the course suggested by the last speaker, as he considered that it was utterly unworthy of the society to ask any one to retire on the ground of inconvenience, and not on that of the truthfulness or the reverse of his publication. MR. BURGESS's proposition dropped, and the ordinary business of the Society was proceeded with."

"I am, and I know you will be, deeply pained to find the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER lending the weight of his authority to defeat a judicious expedient for averting a controversy which cannot lead to any profitable

conclusion. All controversies are undesirable, because they show differences of opinion, which, if they exist, had better be concealed. I am not ashamed to avow that I would, if I could, stifle all discussion of theological questions, and that on account of its inconvenience, which I grieve to see declared by the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, in reference to the scheme for getting quietly rid of DR. COLENZO, a ground of action unworthy of a religious society. Ah! Sir, I wish the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER had a due sense of human unworthiness, for then he would discard that pride which objects to stoop to what the world calls baseness, and dreads to be despised for what by men of overweening self-respect is considered to be a mean and dirty act. Why debate 'the truthfulness or the reverse' of any question of theology? If anybody has written an objectionable book, condemn it without argument. Hush up the noise which it may have created, and repudiate the author silently. Snuff him gently out. Waive the question whether his views are true or false. If it were not for the prevalent anxiety about that 'truthfulness,' to which the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER would sacrifice everything, there would be no such books as DR. COLENZO's, and the *Essays and Reviews*. Why should people be so very particular about the exact truth of what they believe?

"I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

"*Shingleton Parsonage, Jan. 1863.*"

"JEREMIAH SWALE."

A NEW VICAR OF BRAY.

MEMBERS of the Geographical Society are possibly aware that there exists in Yorkshire a town called Market Weighton; and here the other day, on the occasion of the marriage of a gentleman named Longdale, who is a Roman Catholic, the clergyman of the parish sent the leader of the bell-ringers the following curt note:—

"To the Leader of the Ringers in Market Weighton Church.

"If I am rightly informed, you have been ringing the bells of God's House this morning in honour of a Wedding which I presume has taken place in a Private House. Now every such Wedding in England is an open act of sin against Almighty God; and I hereby forbid you and all other persons to ring the Church bells to-day or any other day for any such purpose."

"You must stop instantly, or I shall have you severely punished. And in future you must obtain permission both from me and the Churchwardens before ringing for any purpose whatever."

"I am, your faithful Pastor,

"JOSEPH FOXLEY, Vicar."

The *Hull Advertiser* states that this temperate behest "put the parish in commotion, and such was the universal indignation that the Vicar was compelled to publish an apology." Poor man! What a shame! This is a free country, and any man who lives in it has surely a clear right to make a fool of himself whenever it so pleases him. If a clergyman thinks fit to vent his bigoted intolerance, pray is there any law in England to restrain him? Then, what right had the people who live at Market Weighton to resent their vicar's conduct, and compel him to apologise? Of course a parson must know best what is an "act of sin": and though the marriage of a Roman Catholic in England may not be specified in the Bible as among the deadly sins, any clergyman of course may assume that the omission occurred through a mere accident, and may take upon himself the correction of the press.

Punch has very little sympathy with certain Romish priests, and quite believes them capable of grilling him for heresy, if they but had the chance; but there are bigots in the English Church as well as that of Rome, and intolerance is not confined to followers of the Pope. Want of charity to those who differ from us in religion is, even in this free country, no uncommon thing to find. It is not every bishop who would dine with a Dissenter, not alone because he might not get good orthodox old port. Still, English clergymen in general are gentlemanly men, and have learned to keep their feelings in tolerable control. It is not often that we hear of such an outburst of intolerance and bigoted absurdity as that which has been witnessed not long since in Market Weighton: and considering the asinine behaviour of its vicar, we think he ought to be promoted to the Vicarage of Bray.

A Quiet Affair.

As it is now finally settled that the marriage of the PRINCE OF WALES is not to take place in London, but in an obscure village in Berkshire, remarkable only for an old castle and non-sanitary arrangements, MR. PUNCH ventures to suggest that the secrecy of the proceeding should be carried out to the utmost, and that all the intimation the nation should have that the Heir Apparent is wedded should be the following advertisement among the Marriages in the *Times* of March 13th:—

"On the 12th instant, at Windsor, by Dr. Longley, assisted by Dr. Thomson, Albert Edward England, K.G., to Alexandra Denmark. No cards."

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS NEVER LIKELY TO CHANGE HIS NAME.—
MR. PUNCH.



SIR JOSHUA DOGBERRY. "If you meet a ticket-of-leave man, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them the better for your honesty."—Much Ado about Nothing.

MR. PUNCH AT THE LYCEUM.

With hopes highly bent, to the playhouse I went
Of that clever French-Englishman—FECHTER;
For exceedingly glad was Punch that he had
At length ta'en the manager's sceptre.

"For," I said to myself, "not by bare greed of pelf
Will so thoughtful an actor be swayed:
To dramatic creation, not breakneck sensation,
Attention by him will be paid."

The house late so grim, gaunt, and grimy, was trim,
And so bright I felt tempted to say,
"Tis FECHTER the brilliant, not FAULKNER the dim,
Who has really brought out Peep-o'-day."

New gold and white plaster on panel, pilaster,
And cornice all dazlingly glowed;
Though a web of point-lace didn't seem quite in place
By way of a ceiling bestowed.

Box-hangings, stage-curtain, are covered with lace,
'Tis hard to say where the lace ceases:
I thought with such plenty of point in the place,
There will, surely, be some in the pieces.

This ceiling of lace, with an upward-turned face,
While surveying, there struck on my gaze
Mighty names of the men who have wielded the pen,
To furnish our best English plays.

Though astonished at first these names to see perched
So high, they could scarcely be read,
I felt there was grace thus to give them a place
High over the audience's head.

In these high-pressure days of sensational plays,
When folks bid you risk necks to move 'em,
To the play if they go to see SHAKSPEARE & Co.,
It must needs be as something above 'em.

Punch turned with a sigh from those great names set high,
As the overture drew to a close,
And he settled his mind for the treat he should find,
He felt sure, when the curtain arose.

Alas, for his fare! No JOHN BULL had a share
In the plat to which Punch was set down.
The *pièce de resistance*, by JOHN BROUGHAM's assistance,
From a FÉVAL ragout was stewed down.

Let me own to the art FECHTER showed in his part
As gay Captain, and Hunchback despicable;
And the sweet girlish grace and bright innocent face
Of KATE TERRY, in *Blanche*, were delightful.

But I felt it was hard that each poor English bard,
On the ceiling alone could find room;
While his place on the boards was usurped by the words
Of FÉVAL, diluted with BROUGHAM.

So I venture in print, to my FECHTER to hint,
Would he better the taste of the age,
He should ask English playwrights to step from his skylights,
And take up their place on his stage.

Napoleon Le Petit.

THE DUC D'AUMALE buys, at the Demidoff auction, a picture which was coveted by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. A few days afterwards the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH seizes the manuscript of a work about to be published by the DUC D'AUMALE. Punch would like to make peace between the illustrious parties, and suggests that the Duc should get somebody in Wardour Street to make a fac-simile of the picture, and should then offer to exchange copy for "copy."

THE GREATEST SECRET IN THE WORLD.—We defy any one to make the bold assertion that, to the best of his knowledge, the profits of Southwark Bridge have ever as yet been told.



SON AND HEIR. "Don't you think a little Sugar would improve this Claret, Pa?"

SIR ROBERT'S LECTURE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has been delivering, at Fazeley, a lecture upon Wood, but the Right Hon. Baronet contrived to introduce into his discourse a treatise on the American question. The reports which have appeared are very incomplete, and *Mr. Punch* has taken the trouble to procure the correct text of his jovial friend, who may occasionally be a little erratic, but who is never dull.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—How are you all? Well? That's well. Same here. Well, I am set down to deliver a lecture on Wood. I suppose that some of you were puzzled at this. Did you think I was going to pitch into the Secretary for India? Couldn't do that, you know, wouldn't be right—a colleague, oh? Else I might have given it to CHARLEY a little; but there is a party called LIAING, who is coming into Parliament expressly to do that same thing, and unless my dear friend WOOD bolts into the Lords, he'll get his Indian goose cooked. That's by the bye. As for wood, you all know what wood is, don't you? He that does not has only to put his hand to his head, and then he'll know. Wood is made out of trees, and that's all about it. Likewise it is good for firing, and making tables of, and washing-tubs. Talking of that, I say, they're in a mess at Washington. Yes, Sir. Upon my honour, I quite feel for that chap LINCOLN, I do indeed; for he tells a capital story, and isn't half a bad lot. But he must recognise the South, that's clear. I hate slavery, of course; I detest and loathe it, but the South must be independent, and then we'll see about the niggers. Rum idea, isn't it, though, the having a new nation in America? Perhaps they'll have a king—KING DAVIS, why not? There was a KING DAVID, as you all know, at least I hope so. My friend ROUSDELL PALMER has given a picture of him in his hymn-book, and made him uncommon ugly too. Perhaps they'll send to us, and ask us to oblige 'em with a king, and I'm sure I haven't the least idea in the world whom to recommend for the place. If any of you fellows would like it, come to me after the lecture, and I'll put his name down as a candidate. They're fighting capital, those Virginians. "Old Virginny never tire," as the song says, but they haven't quite managed to clear the kitchen yet. All in good time, says you. I wanted PAM to let me go out as pacificator, for if there's one thing more than another that I excel in, it's putting things pleasantly, but he looked at me for about ten minutes, and then told me I couldn't

A WORD ON A DEMONSTRATION.

EXETER HALL has been crowded to suffocation with an assemblage desirous to repudiate the idea that Englishmen had abated one jot or tittle of their old hatred of Black Slavery. *Mr. Punch* is not only desirous to speak with respect, but with honour, of the thousands who joined in this demonstration. He, at least, may appeal to his own pages, and ask whether any denunciation of the Accursed System has been heartier than his. He rejoices that the people are of one mind in this matter. But he happens to be fearless enough to regret, openly, that some of his fellow-countrymen see but half a truth at a time. "Down with Black Slavery!" is a noble cry, but why is it necessary to stultify it by the cry "Up with White Slavery!" This is what those cried who were induced by persons who should have known better to carry a resolution condemning the Confederate struggle for freedom. Surely the white man has as much right to liberty as the black man. The South only asks to be let alone, and this is not an outrageous demand on the part of those who complain that hordes of Irish, Germans, and the ruffianism of New York are hired to cut the throats of native Americans, merely for interpreting the Constitution differently from certain attorneys in the North. Black Slavery is doomed, and dying, but *Mr. Punch* will be no party to the establishment of White Slavery instead, and he stands too well with his countrymen to be afraid to tell them that a good many of them are, from a right motive, doing a wrong thing.

Taffy in the Jury-Box.

THE writer of a letter, signed "CYMRU," in the *Morning Post*, complains that "a good deal has been said by learned Judges against Welsh juries." On the other hand, perhaps, at least as much has been said by Welsh prisoners and Welsh defendants for them. If the nursery poem truly declares that—

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief:"

If that statement is true of Taffy in general, then, undoubtedly, every rogue that is tried by a Welsh jury enjoys anyhow the advantage of being tried by his peers.

be spared. Flattering, you know, to be told that by one's Premier; so I said no more about it. We shall have some jolly debating on the American question this time, for I suspect fellows have had enough of being told they mustn't open their mouth for fear of putting their foot in it. Somebody will move for recognition at once, but that cock won't fight. We must see what our friend L. N. is going to do. Spex he's up to some dodge or other—he didn't send that billet-doux to BILLY SEWARD for nothing. Artful party, MASTER LOUIS, but it is necessary to speak of him with the reticence that belongs to statesmanship, and I always do, as you must have observed. Well, I don't know that I have any more information to give you on the subject of America, and though that's no reason for my leaving off, I see some of you look very much as if you wanted your beer and bread and cheese, and so I think you'd better hook it. (*Long and protracted cheering.*)

AN AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

THERE has been so little pleasant news from America lately that *Mr. Punch* feels fourfold delight in the following elegant anecdote:—A handsome young Englishman, making a call at a house in Washington, where there resided several of the loveliest young ladies in all Federalia, suddenly discovered that he had come out without his purse. The prettiest of the ladies said, "Shall I loan you a dollar?" "Would you?" was the reply. The dollar was produced from the most charming *porte-monnaie*, and the beautiful American said, laughingly, "I must have interest, you know, when you return it." The handsome Englishman called next day, repaid the dollar, and placing a couple of exquisitely cut bottles of perfume on the table, added, "And there is the interest—two cents." Such graceful courtesies do honour to both countries.

A Fact.

AN American novel has just come to *Mr. Punch*, and it increases his admiration for the ingenious delicacy of transatlantic writers. The author has occasion to mention the lower limbs of a young lady, and he describes them as "that portion of the human frame which is generally supposed to require stockings." What do you think of that, my cat?

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE Council of the Geographical Society has, after much deliberation, at last agreed upon a new and simple official costume to be worn by all its members at the usual weekly meetings. The coat and trousers form a complete map of the World, and the atlas is so disposed as to bring England nearest the wearer's heart. On the sleeves are printed Geological sections of strata and a chart of the rivers of the Globe, while the cuffs contain the latest "population returns" which are thus always "at one's fingers' ends," for reference; the shirt collar is modelled from the "Col de Géant" in the Alps, and a beautiful waterfall shirt-front forms a correct representation of Niagara. This elegant costume is made perfect by the addition of a hat modelled from Mount Etna, with a plume representing the smoke. Each member of the Society will also carry an umbrella studded with the various constellations of the Northern hemisphere. It is impossible not to admire the quiet and genial air of this uniform, and we have no doubt that when the distinguished members appear in it in Pall Mall they will be greeted in a cheerful tone by the junior portion of a studious and enlightened public.



NEW OFFICIAL COSTUME FOR MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

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THE PANACEA PROCLAIMED!

A REVELATION of world-wide interest and importance has just been made in the Court of Common Pleas. It will regenerate mankind, but ruin the medical profession. This momentous disclosure is nothing less than a statement of the composition of

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT!

We owe it to the happy refusal of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY to pay a man named SILLEN the money which he had agreed to give him for getting the Professor's Ointment patented in France. A Law Report in the Times thus states the case:—

"The action was brought by Dr. SILLEN, a Swedish physician, against Mr. HOLLOWAY, who called himself PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, the proprietor of HOLLOWAY'S ointment and HOLLOWAY'S pills, to recover £500, on an agreement entered into by

the plaintiff with the defendant, that if the plaintiff could obtain permission, through some influence he had, for the sale of HOLLOWAY'S ointment in France and her colonies, he was to have £500."

Mark the amount. How valuable a remedy HOLLOWAY'S Ointment must be, if it was worth HOLLOWAY'S while to pay £500 for a licence to sell it in France and the French colonies! For, of course, the Professor contemplated honestly paying the £500 if he got the licence, and had not any legal plea for refusing to shell out; such as he turns out to have. Some idea of the therapeutic virtue of this wonderful compound is given below in the words of its scientific proprietor. The report continues:—

"Dr. SILLEN went to France, saw Dr. LAMBLAT, the physician of the EMPRESS, but found he could do nothing without some specimen of the ointment and pills, and in answer to his application the defendant sent the plaintiff over two pots of his ointment and one box of pills, recommending the plaintiff to concentrate all his efforts to procure permission to sell the ointment, which the defendant represented to be wonderfully efficacious for the cure of old wounds, on which it should be rubbed 'like salt on meat.' The defendant's letter went on to state, 'The pills is (sic) a great purifier of the blood.'"

No doubt, as the learned Professor says, "the pills is a great purifier of the blood;" as will subsequently be proved. At present we are more particularly concerned with the Ointment; and now for the discovery of the grand secret—its ingredients. We resume the thread of the Times' narrative:—

"On the receipt of the ointment, the law of France prohibiting the sale of secret remedies, it was submitted to the authorised French chemists to be analysed, and it was found to contain BUTTER, LARD, BORDEAUX TURPENTINE, WHITE WAX, YELLOW WAX, AND NOTHING ELSE."

And so this, after all, is the composition of HOLLOWAY'S Ointment. Butter, lard, Bordeaux turpentine, white wax, yellow wax, and nothing else! PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY says no. He declares that there is something else. Very likely there is. We do not question PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S word. But we had rather rely on the analysis of the French chemists, which assures us that, besides the substances above enumerated, HOLLOWAY'S Ointment contains nothing material. No wonder that, as our authority goes on to say:—

"On finding these to be the constituents of the ointment, the fear of the French against secret remedies fled at once, and Dr. SILLEN obtained a brevet or patent for the sale of the ointment."

No preparation could possibly be more bland. Indeed, if PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Ointment were not just the mild compound which it appears to be from the exposure of its components by French chemistry, how could it, without producing dangerous irritation, be, as the Professor says that it should be, rubbed on old wounds "like salt on meat?" The part affected would soon be in a pretty pickle.

And now for HOLLOWAY'S Pills. The simplicity of the composition of HOLLOWAY'S Ointment, as ascertained by the analysis of French chemists, prepares us to place implicit confidence in the subjoined extract from *The Family Doctor* under the head of NOSTRUM:—

"S. HOLLOWAY'S Pills, which are vaunted as a remedy for all diseases, consist of aloes, and a vegetable matter like scammony, or jalap, and soap."

There! No more patent or any other medicine—except HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment; which we now know how to make for ourselves. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S cat is out of the bag. Henceforth we shall be able to cure all our own diseases. The Ointment alone would enable us to do that, without the Pills. It is evidently the finer thing. Defendant recommended plaintiff "to concentrate all his efforts to procure permission to sell the Ointment." That is evidently HOLLOWAY'S sheet-anchor—as a celebrated regular practitioner once called calomel. Stick to the Ointment, and the Ointment will at least stick to you.

Will it really do anything more? Why, there's the rub, to speak appropriately of unction. The French authorities, believing their chemists, obstinately refused to license the butter, &c., as an ointment. They insisted on calling it "*Pommade dite HOLLOWAY*," and unquestionably, with the addition of a little otto of roses, it would be a nice thing for the hair.

POLITE REJOINDER.

Le France (the EMPRESS's paper) says, with reference to the EMPEROR'S very agreeable speech about England:—

"We hope that now the Volunteers will lay aside their rifles, and go back to their counters."

Very likely you do, M'm. But Mr. Punch has a fatal memory, and he recollects another speech of his respected Majesty the EMPEROR, made to an English nobleman:—

"I am a friend to England, but I believe I am the only friend she has in France."

Therefore, may it please your Majesty, and with all acknowledgments, we propose to keep our rifles near our counters. The weapons will not be in the way, and yet they will. *Comprenez?*

COMFORTABLE CONVICTS.



taken of their interesting inmates. Good food and plenty of it, and clothes which, if not fashionable, are made of good materials, these and other luxuries are furnished by the Government for those who break its laws, and are therefore thought deserving of charitable treatment. "Little to do and plenty to get" appears to be the maxim now adapted towards our prisoners, for the work they have to do is really next to nothing, and only just enough to make their leisure pleasant. To give them appetites for dinner and save them from dyspepsia, they are prescribed a certain daily amount of ambulation: entertaining tracts, and other light and pleasant literature, are provided to relieve them from *ennui* in the evening; and footstools are supplied to them, and doubtless easy chairs, although we have not seen especial mention of the fact. In short, such care is shown to keep them all in happiness and health, that one might fancy them the inmates of a medical establishment, such as we find at Malvern or among the German baths. A set of chambers in the Albany is scarcely more luxurious than a snug cell in a prison; and as a picture of enjoyment, we need but place before our mental eye a convict after dinner, comfortably reading, say, *The Dairyman's Daughter*, and having a stuffed footstool for the ease of his poor feet.

It is obvious that if this state of things goes on, there will be yearly greater numbers of persons who are anxious to gain entrance to a gaol, for the sake of the good living and kind treatment which is found there. Any one who is unable to afford himself good dinners, or happens not to live quite happily at home, will commit some crime or other to fit him for a prison, and will be anxious to reside there as long as ever he can. Unless the Government interfere to make the living less luxurious (which it is possible this next session they will be called upon to do) a residence in prison will be popularly looked upon as one of the most comfortable ways of spending life. Not the poorer classes merely, but the rich will be desirous to enjoy the mingled luxury and comfort of a gaol: and we shall hear of *blond Swells* becoming burglars and garotters as a prelude to a prison, and, instead of taking tours for restoration of their health, recruiting it more cheaply by a residence in quod.

JONATHAN IN A FIX.

MANY years ago a Company was started by an enterprising gentleman named WASHINGTON, on the other side of the water, and which has ever since claimed and enjoyed a monopoly as carriers to the Government. It seems, however, to be generally admitted that the vehicle employed for this purpose was a very heavy and cumbersome piece of machinery, which, though it might go smoothly enough along a wide and level road, was pretty sure to break down in the event of a collision. What was long dreaded has now actually occurred. An active young Cotton Merchant, named South, being disgusted with the mode in which affairs were managed by the Washington party, got up a new Company, whose men, notwithstanding the opposition offered by the old rickety conveyance, still stand firmly in the van. Greatly exasperated at the alleged audacity of the rival establishment, the Washington people determined at all hazards to drive it off the road. For this purpose they called out all their *employés*, consisting of the tag-rag and bobtail foreigners who are always lounging about America Square, ready to do any job attended with less danger than profit. By these fellows a wheezy old waggon, laden with rusty firelocks and useless commissariat stores, was planted in the highway so as completely to block up the thoroughfare, and prevent South's men from going to market or conveying goods to their regular customers. The obstruction thus offered, though absurd enough in all conscience, would not have been noticed by us, had it affected the convenience only of the parties who are responsible for it, and who now began to abuse one another in the approved style of London cabmen, when two members of that loquacious fraternity happen to find their homes' heads *cis-à-vis* in the bibliopical deile of Paternoster Row.

Unfortunately, however, the dead-lock to which the old Washington Company and young

South's people have come, has proved a public and intolerable nuisance. Quiet men of business, who don't care a button about the squabble, now find it impossible to pass and repass, while this disgraceful and vulgar contest is going on, or more properly while Washington's wheels are sticking half in and half out of the mud. We really think it high time that the Police Commissioners should interfere and act with resolution, should they find, as we strongly suspect they will, that there is some necessary connection between a blockhead and a blockade.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

"MR. PUNCH.—SIR,

"I KNOW you will feel a pleasure in gratifying any of your numerous young readers. It is become a very laudable and interesting pursuit with many of those young readers to collect crests and emblems. Allow me to present them, through your pages, with some of these devices of a rare and scarce character.

"I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours respectfully,

"VIRGILIO."



No. 1.—The plain but very handsome ornament on the envelopes of SIR JAMES JOLEHEAD, BART. He was a man of a grand and severe taste.



No. 2.—The rich and graceful device adopted on great occasions, by the elder members of the distinguished house of JOHN SMITH.



No. 3.—I have at last been able to procure through the interest of the table-maid, the splendid initial letter frequently used in correspondence on business by that illustrious public character, ENRIEZER ROWBOOTHAM, Esq., Alderman and Churchwarden of High Scrubbs.



No. 4.—On the death of the late lamented LADY SUMPH, her disconsolate husband SIR TOBY SUMPH, K.T., used this elegant and touching badge of mourning for some years.

Peabody's Pence.

CAN anybody tell anybody when somebody is going to do something with PEABODY'S pence for poor bodies. If everybody's business is nobody's business, then I will soon show everybody that I will see about it at once.—NORONT.



HUSH! HUSH!

Aunt (handling Young Lady's abundant Hair). "WHAT A TROUBLE, DEAR KITTY, YOUR HAIR IS TO ONE!"
Dear Kitty. "OH, AUNT, IF IT'S A TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU PUT KITTY'S HAIR IN YOUR DRAWER, JUST AS YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN."

TAKING IN, AND LETTING OUT;

OR, THE RIVAL CRINOLINAS.

Who ever knew two ladies of one mind as to toilette?

"*De gustibus*" (*mulierum*, 'bove all) "*non disputandum*."
Yet Crinoline craves still more steel, though ton on ton you coil it,
Till all ask "Crino-lina" (not *Cata*)—"quousque tandem?"

Both BRITANNIA and AMERICA have managed to importune
Their weak lords till they let 'em both so swell out their environings,
That the steel that's used to keep 'em thus inflated costs a fortune,
And both are nearly ruined by their manglings and their ironings.

But JOHN BULL, if an easy, is a prudent spouse at bottom;
And BRITANNIA's little bills at last have grown to such dimensions,
JOHN, summing up their totals, exclaims in wrath, "'Od rot 'em,
These red-taped, steel-ribbed petticoats are ruinous inventions.

"In red-tape and steel alone here's BRITANNIA spending millions;
Though it's quite true I'm well-to-do, no fortune e'er can stand it;
We're on the road to ruin, with four horses and postilions,
And the coach will be upset, unless, by the drag's help, I can land it.

"So look out, PAM and GLADSTONE, RUSSELL, SOMERSET & Co.,
For BRITANNIA's Crinoline, I'm determined on retrenching it.
It's no use your telling me ladies' *supons* are worn so;
I shall have the poor thing's skirts on fire, to burn myself in
quenching it.

"I don't mean to be answerable, I hereby do give notice,
For debts my wife BRITANNIA may run up at her draper's.
There—it's no use quoting HORACE, with his "*Hoc erat in votis*,"
I can't pay, and I won't pay, and I've put it in the papers.

"BRITANNIA must take in a reef, and cut down her expenses—
In housekeeping and dressing, in gadding and gastronomy:

I know Folly may lose pounds, while Wisdom saving pence is,
But I want my savings real ones, not waste mis-called economy.

"I won't have my private watchman starved, the big yard mastiff stinted,
Useful servants underpaid, or proper state lost sight of;
But I'll have no cats that don't catch mice, no idlers discontented,
No waste in drink or victuals, no kitchen-stuff made light of."

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic, UNCLE SAM, JOHN BULL's relation,
Exhibits quite a different view of *Woman and her Master*,
Where go-a-head AMERICA, by way of a sensation,
"Vice King Dollar, fled," proclaims the reign of Queen Shin-plaster.

And UNCLE SAM looks on and bids Europe join in praising,
While his strong-minded lady, all vanity and vapour,
Along Wall-Street and Broadway flaunts like a meteor blazing,
A kicking down his dollars—or what stands for 'em in paper.

Her Crinoline puffed out in front, behind, in all directions,
With her brag and bunkum 'broidery, her pride that heralds fall,
While UNCLE SAM beats JERRY SHEAK's most abject of subjections,
And bids her spend and spare not, for "Nunky pays for all."

"Shower the green-backs left and right, run up the ticks *ad libitum*:
Spend, spend, 'tis only paper, and there's more on't where that came
from;

When your bills whip all creation, as glories we'll exhibit 'em,
And out-do the mean old country in the debt it won its fame from.

"Riches make wings and fly away"—so natur's best material
For money must be paper, by the Scriptur's as I read 'em;
For Union all should shed their blood, both venal and arterial,
And ef folks won't pay taxes, by loans we're bound to bleed 'em.

"Let JOHN BULL bid BRITANNIA square her bills and stint her garments,
UNCLE SAM says to AMERICA, swell out both one and t'other:
Leave payment to the Britishers, those mean and mouldy varmin'ts—
AMERICA repudiates, and, arter, whips her mother."



THE NATIONAL CRINOLINE.

MR. PUNCH. "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MARM, ALL YOUR GUARDS WON'T KEEP YOU OUT OF THE FIRE, UNLESS YOU REDUCE SOME OF THAT."



THE FISHING BOAT

THE FISHING BOAT. A. 1850. THE FISHING BOAT. A. 1850. THE FISHING BOAT. A. 1850.

SNOBS' COMPLAINTS OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.



ALMOST everybody studies with interest and profit those forecasts of the weather which are daily published in the *Times* by ADMIRAL FITZROY. It is well known to all, except the stupidest of dolts, that these predictions are expressly put forth by their author as conjectural; as merely probable inferences from observations in meteorology; an infant science. The Admiral has carefully warned the Public to take notice that disturbing causes, such as electrical change, will often affect the result of his calculations, and even upset them altogether.

ADMIRAL FITZROY has cast his pearls, generally appreciated, before a few swine. Because he is, as he has told these creatures he must be, occasionally "out," they publish letters abusing him, as though, instead of being a gratuitous public informant, he were a professional weather-prophet, a mercenary impostor, a charlatan, a quack, a Zadkiel, or a Francis Moore, Physician. A person named BURDER, and some other persons of the same stamp, have attacked him in just that spirit of offensive animosity with which the idea of assumed deception is resisted by the vulgar mind.

The Admiral has replied to his coarse assailants with a mildness worthy of a Bishop. They are perhaps rather surprised at the profound courtesy with which he has responded to their insolence. It is a pity that they cannot see the effect of the contrast, in the ridicule with which it covers themselves, by displaying the difference between them and a gentleman. Equally deep is the inferiority to a philosopher exhibited by critics so densely uncharitable as to be unable to understand the necessity of allowance for those inevitable errors of a progressive science which they have been told to expect.

POETIC PERMITS.

The most remarkable Advertisement of this or any other season appeared in our respected contemporary the *Athenaeum* of last Saturday. It was this:—

REV. MR. TWELLS'S SELECTION OF SCHOOL POETRY.

POETRY FOR REPETITION: Comprising 150 short Pieces and Extracts selected by FARRINGTON from the best works of

Byron,	Hemans,	Pope,
Cowper,	Macaulay,	Shakespeare,
Goldsmith,	Milton,	Southey,
Gray,	Montgomery (J.),	Tennyson,
Heber,	Moore,	Wordsworth,

and other eminent English Poets, arranged in the order in which they are to be learnt. Edited by the Rev. the Head-Master of the Godolphin Foundation School, Hammersmith.

Upon reading this announcement that the REV. MR. TWELLS had been in communication with the mighty departed, *Mr. Punch* immediately wrote to MR. TWELLS, and begged for a sight of the permissions to which he refers. They were immediately sent in the most affable manner, and *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in laying a few of them before his readers.

To MR. HENRY TWELLS.

On his Asking the Author for leave to Republish his Pieces.

"Know thou this truth, enough for TWELLS to know:
You may select my pieces for the Row."

A. POPE.

To H. T.

"Truly, HAL, in the matter of printing I care not what thou dost, yet do thou have a care. Shame me not once more by such base readings as men, yea scholars, and commended ones too, have fixed on my reputation, but use thy brains, an thou hast any."

W. SHAKESPEARE.

To FRIEND TWELLS.

"To whom I answer, 'That's well asked,
And since new verse is dear,
You shall be furnished out with mine,
Which still runs bright and clear.'"

WILLIAM COWPER.

To TWELLS.

"Select and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Meet for the infant charges in thy care;
But many a book is born that does not pay,
And wastes its sweetness on yon counter there."

THOMAS GRAY.

To H. TWELLS.

"Thou shalt not bind me with *Asion*,
But if B. JONSON's socks are on,
Or sweetest SHAKESPEARE, NANCY's spouse,
Selection from his stores allow,
With such as these I like to live,
And the permission asked I give."

J. MILTON.

To THE REV. MR. TWELLS.

"Inches are asked and then we pilfer ells,
If such thy course, my conscientious TWELLS,
Beware, that's all, for yonder M——I stands,
With law-dogs leashed, but struggling from his hands."

BYRON.

To MR. TWELLS.

"We talk of verse as something it were sweet
Mid cheering friends, exalting, to repeat;
But, ah, the labour and the rack of mind,
With which the song to memory is consigned.
Yet, if in verse of mine thou takest joy,
Or would'st impart, read on, my English Boy."

F. HEMANS.

To THE REV. MR. TWELLS.

"O HENRY TWELLS, O HENRY TWELLS,
How sweet a thought your missive tells,
Of days when youngers found it prime
To learn by heart some pleasing rhyme."

"Such labour now no pleasure yields,
For I am in th' Elysian Fields;
But joy to each young heart that spells
The verse you ask, my HENRY TWELLS."

T. MOORE.

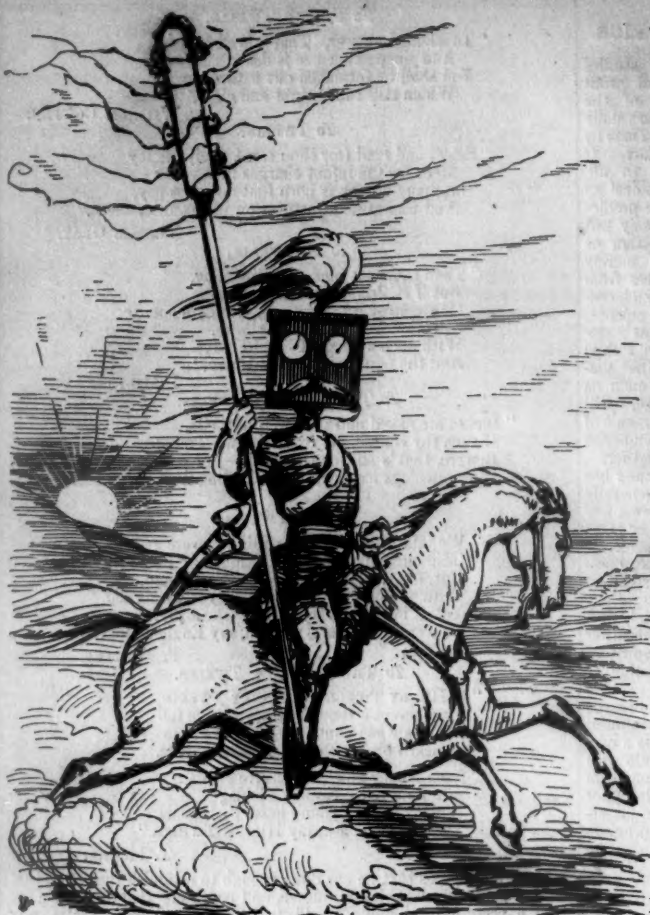
Mr. Punch hopes that he has done enough to establish the reputation of MR. TWELLS's remarkable volume, and considers that in return for such a preternatural puff, Mr. T. is bound to educate, gratis, any number of boys whom *Mr. Punch* may forward to the Godolphin School, with or without silver fork and spoon.

NOT EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

AN EX-SERVANT girl, called ROSANNA FRAY, who has given the Law Courts some trouble, appeared again the other day, and wished to punish MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN for pronouncing a decision opposed to her interests. Her argument was an exquisite specimen of feminine logic. She urged that inasmuch as ALFRED THE GREAT hung forty-four Judges for giving false judgments, QUEEN VICTORIA ought to punish JUDGE BLACKBURN for going against MISS FRAY. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN was, curiously, unconvinced. But *Mr. Punch* means to see the end of this business, before he binds his eleventh son 'prentice to a Judge, as he had intended to do. If, on "MISS" FRAY's appeal, it should be decided that a Judge is to be hanged at the instance of the party dissatisfied with the issue of a trial, the prizes of the profession will not be so enviable as to induce *Mr. Punch* to devote his infant to a vocation of so much peril. To be sure, it is said that a perfect judgment ought to dissatisfy both sides, but such a performance will require unusual tact, and perhaps, on the whole, the safest course for a Judge will be to act as it was prophesied that a certain irascible member of the bar would do on taking his very first case in the Colony to which he was appointed; namely, hang the plaintiff, flog the defendant, and kick all the witnesses. If "MISS" ROSANNA FRAY gets her way, a bed of justice will not be a bed of roses.

A Hint.

THE Opposition are said to be about to go in for instant recognition of the South. Well, we suppose they know best. But in social life, when a party's reputation is not very strong, that party can't be too careful whom he or she recognises in public. Eh?



THE STANDARD BEARER TO THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL
STUART.

NOTION FOR THE NEW BUDGET.

THERE is what *Mr. Punch* considers a very vulgar, absurd, and objectionable practice called Swearing. There is also an Act of Parliament under which a person who swears can be fined "according to his degree." If he is a gentleman, the fine is two shillings; if he is not, one shilling is the mulct. The penalty was enforced the other day by some Magistrates, and a profane person had to pay two pounds for his execrations. If *MR. GLADSTONE* would have this law fairly put into operation, he would be able to dispense with the Income-Tax, for *Mr. Punch* understands that a good many violations of the Anti-profanity Act take place in the course of a day, and we do not despair of hearing him introduce the penalty as one of the features in the April budget. As he is a good man, in fact, an uncommonly good man, we might say (and will) an extraordinarily good man, it would be highly pleasant to him thus to promote public morality, which he certainly does not do by the Income-Tax, under which everybody is made something of a trickster. Let him transform the Tax-gatherer into an Informer, and thereby improve his *status* in the eyes of the public.

The only difficulty we see is urged by our friends of the *Saturday Review*, who cite authority to show that the state of mind in which one swears is also that in which one makes poetry, and that, in fact, a Swearer is a Poet, if he only were aware of it. He emits fiery nonsense of a grand and sweeping character. This is certainly a consideration. A nation, cleverer than the man in *MOLIÈRE*, has been talking poetry without knowing it. Certainly *MR. GLADSTONE*, an adorer of *HOMER*, would not be the man to crush the aspirations of a whole Public of Homers. And yet there is the public revenue to be thought of, and the certainty that if this outrageously wicked Income-Tax is to last, something unpleasant will occur.

We feel for him, but must say, not that we love *GLADSTONE* less, but that we

love *Punch* more, that we don't mean to pay the Income-Tax much longer, and unless he manages to do without it, we shall manage to do without him. On the whole, therefore, and at the risk of putting down millions of not mute but certainly inglorious Miltons, he had better come down on the cathars.

THE YANKEE'S UNGRACIOUS IDOL.

On Columbian territory

Whilst the IMP'ROB's troops advance,

Read his note to GEN'RAL FORREY,

That is our return from France.

How, in hopes her grace uv winnin'

Hard we smiled an' crooked our knees!

Look wut's come uv our sweet grinnin';

See the fruit of our congees!

From a foot as you've been lickin'.

Smack! with all your might an' main,

When at last you gits a kickin',

Kinder chokin' is the pain.

Then the toe, not only wakin'

Sorrier in an outside part.

'Casions, too, an inward achin'.

Bruises, like, the sufferer's heart.

Them NAPOLEONS! altogether

Senseless, quite, uv any dirt.

How our tongues did cleanse their leather

Neow we tastes, an' finds it hurt!

Ah, them boots, how bright they glitter,

Jest like mirrors for to view!

Our reflexion is the bitter

Thought of how we made 'em tu.

Oh, how oft, our humble labour

Whilst upon our knees we plied,

On the Monarch's quiet neighbour

Round we turned, an' BULL defied!

But our Idol, an example

Uv his slaves ez ef to show,

Kicks us over, fust to trample

On the doctrine uv MONROE.

Wal; we can't by bluster frighten

Him ez wears that pair o' boots,

Which we stooped so low to brighten:

Ourn's a fix ez silence suits.

An affront from sitch a quarter

We can only pocket, though

Feelin' that he didn't orter

Hev' repaid our oringin' so.

Ef JOHN BULL had riz our dander,

Settin' foot on yonder shore,

Then we should hev holler'd, grander

Than the broad Atlantic's roar:

'Cause he would have let us beller.

Sarse he'll stand; won't fight you for;

Only don't quite kick the feller:

Or you'll kick him into war.

ACHILLES' WRATH.

A TRULY awful occurrence has just taken place in Cork. Criminal trials were going on before the Magistrates, when it was discovered that several of the witnesses had been sworn, not upon the usual volume, but upon a copy of the *Iliad* which the reporter of the *Cork Constitution* had brought to amuse him during dull cases, and which had, by mistake, been taken up by the police. Nobody knew what to do, prisoners had been tried, acquitted, or sentenced, and the book that had been kissed was only the Homeric poem. One of the Magistrates, who had resources and a classical education, offered to call in the witnesses, and ask them whether they believed in Tartarus, whether they thought the Furies would haunt them if they told stories, and otherwise to put them through their mythological facings, but this was overruled. Finally, the Magistrates thought that things must be as they were, and *Mr. Punch* thinks the Magistrates exercised a sound discretion.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



There was an Old Girl of Kilkenny,
(Not the oldest who lives there, by many)
She said, "There's no soul
In this low Irish hole
Whose opinion I value one penny."

There was a Young Lady of Staines,
Whom her friends used to credit with brains,
Till one day she ate corks,
And asparagus stalks,
When they thought her a fool for her pains.

There was a Young Lady of Birmingham,
When the Bishop came down there confirming 'em,
She sent him some frogs,
And some nice little dogs,
And a book about feeding and worming 'em.

There was an Old Girl of Carlisle,
Who said she was troubled with bile,
So she smoked a cigar,
Ate some fresh caviar,
And then ran a race of a mile.

There was a Young Lady of Bute,
And she was so dreadfully 'cute,
That she winked at an Owl,
And remarked to that fowl,
"I know what you're thinking, you brute."

THE WAY OF THE IMPERIAL WIND.

MY DEAR JON,

WHAT did you think of this bit in the discourse with which your friend NAPOLÉON, the other day, obliged the Senators and Deputies at the opening of the French Legislature?

"In the East the national wish of the Danubian Principalities to form only one people could not find us unconcerned, and our support has contributed to cement their union."

I say, JOSEPH, my boy, what a thing it is for nationalities to lie to the East of France! Their wishes for unity cannot find the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH unconcerned. His support of their claims contributes to cement their union. How unlike the case of a people whose relation to France is that of South East! A little deflection of the magnet to the South makes all the difference. The wind that blows from the Tuileries to Rome is a Simoom for United Italy. 'Tis an ill wind indeed, that blows nobody good—except ANTONELLI. Ah, my friend, I wish a female who shall be nameless were forced to keep her breath to cool her *potage*, or inflate her Crinoline. Then the hopes of your Romans might cease to be blighted by a nipping Nor-Wester. *Addio!* and believe me, ever your faithful ally,

To GENERAL GARIBALDI, Caprera, Italy.

PUNCH.

A CARD.

MR. A. W. KINGLAKE'S NEWLY OPENED PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT AT MESSRS. BLACKWOOD'S, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

MR. A. W. KINGLAKE, Photographic Artist to the Upper Circles of England and the Continent, begs to invite the attention of Crowned Heads, Statesmen, Diplomats, Generals and Admirals, Members of Parliament, and other persons holding conspicuous public positions, to his establishment for producing life-like resemblances in small or large, either on the scale of the popular *cartes-de-visite*, or as magnified by the solar and oxy-hydrogen apparatus.

MR. KINGLAKE has already been honoured by the patronage of the late EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, and that of His Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, who has been photographed singly and in a group with the prominent members of his suite, and some of his principal officers of state, as LA DUC DE MORENY, LA COMTE PERRIGNY, COL. FLEURY, M. DE MAUPAS, ST. ARNAUD, formerly LA ROT, &c. &c. &c.

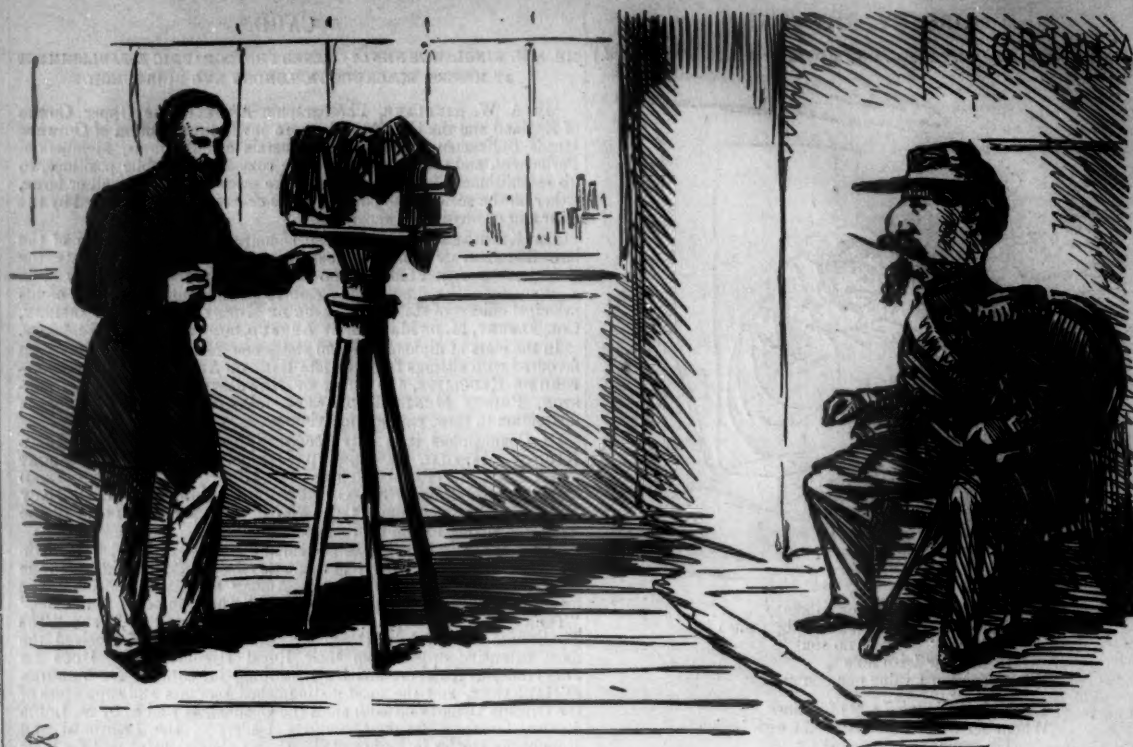
In the class of diplomatists and statesmen, MR. KINGLAKE has been favoured with sittings from the late EARL OF ABERDEEN, LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF, and many others only inferior in distinction to these eminent individuals.

Of Commanders it is only necessary to enumerate the late LORD RAGLAN, MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD, GENERALS CAMBRESIS, BOGNET and FORNY, His Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, LORD CLYDE and GENERALS SIR GEORGE BROWN, COCHRAN, DE LACY EVANS, &c. &c., as amongst those who have done MR. KINGLAKE the honour of sitting to him for their portraits.

MR. KINGLAKE begs to call particular attention to his characteristic groups, representing, with vivid dramatic effect, leading incidents in the careers of his illustrious sitters. Among them will be found the groups of "The Arrest at Strasbourg," "The Bungle of Boulogne," "The Night of the Coup d'Etat," "The Emperor's Ride," and "The Boulevards of the 5th of December," for which he has received the most extensive orders from their Royal Highnesses the DUCS DE JOINVILLE, D'AUMALE, and DE NEMOURS, M. GUIZOT, DU VERGIER D'HAURANNE, and the most distinguished servants and supporters of the Orleans Dynasty on both sides the Channel, as well as by M. LOUIS BLANC, ODILON BARROT, and the leaders of the Legitimist and Republican parties in Paris and elsewhere; thus showing that for their lifelike effect, these groups are equally valued by all parties. MR. KINGLAKE has been enabled to add to his Gallery several striking diplomatic groups, as "The great ELTCH and MENTSCHIKOFF," "SLUMBER,"—the Cabinet picture taken at Pembroke House from an actual sitting of Her Majesty's Ministers—and a series of most exciting battle-scenes from negatives taken on the field of the Alma, by the operator himself, during the progress of the action. He has also been favoured with a sitting, for the first time, of the mysterious "What-is-it," sometimes described as "The Thunderer," sometimes as the "Leading Organ," and can supply the same, plain or coloured, in any quantity. MR. KINGLAKE has also on hand a selection of dissolving views, belonging to the same series, and entitled "The Entente Cordiale," and "La Gloire Française," for which he anticipates a great demand in France, and is prepared to treat liberally with foreign agents; as well as a highly-interesting collection of studies in morbid anatomy, taken for the use of students of human pathology.

MR. KINGLAKE has invented a process of taking portraits which entirely dispenses with natural light, and enables him to represent his sitters either in total shadow, or under the effect of green, rose-coloured, or other artificial media, at the taste of the operator. A portrait of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH taken by the former process is now on view, and another of the same illustrious Sovereign, under the effect of the green medium, together with a series of LORD RAGLAN, CLYDE, and other English Generals, under an effect of *couleur de rose*. MR. KINGLAKE has also patented a new Anti-Gallic Acid of his own, which entirely supersedes all other forms of caustic or corrosive agents; as well as a most powerful developer, which brings out the lights and darks of his sitters more completely than any hitherto in use. He is also the introducer of a carbon process, peculiar to himself, unrivalled for clearness, depth of shadow, and general brilliancy of effect; and possesses peculiar advantages in his stock of double-distilled Gall-odum, tested by nine years keeping in bottle, his bright and black varnishes, and his method both of incising and burning in the colours used by him in portraiture till they can safely be warranted not to fade.

MR. KINGLAKE has received intimation of such a demand for his *cartes* from the members of the Imperial suite and officers of the French army, that he anticipates his hands will be quite full for some time to come. But when he has satisfied their demands, he will be ready to oblige his numerous English patrons—particularly those gentlemen in the War and Ordnance Office, and the Commissariat Department of the Treasury—who have kindly consented to sit for his great allegorical groups, now in preparation, of "General Routine taking the Field," and "Red-tape Triumphant."



THE LATEST IMPERIAL CARTE DE VISITE.

Mr. K-nyi-ke (a Photographer). "OH! THAT POSE WON'T DO AT ALL. YOU MUST BE MUCH MORE IN SHADE!"

LONDON TRAPS FOR COUNTRY FLATS.

THE Penny Newspapers profess that they are the great moral teachers of the age, and ever keep a watchful eye for the protection of the public from the many wiles and snares which everywhere encompass it. We know not how far this profession be borne out by the fact that quack advertisements abound in nearly all the penny journals; but we scarcely ever chance to take one up without finding sham-doctors announcing their specifics, or sham men of business attempting to catch flats by some such snare as this:—

THE BABYLON GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE continues to undertake BUSINESS of ALL KINDS, however delicate or important, with the utmost promptitude and economy. Legal advice by first-rate men; actions and suits conducted; wills proved; goods cleared at the Custom House; valuations for legacy duty; overpaid income (tax) got back; the cornepan taught by an eminent professor; short-hand reports of trials and other public proceedings; correspondence taken charge of (1d. per letter) and forwarded; debts collected; bankruptcies carried through; advice as to investments and advertised undertakings; eligible and desirable spots pointed out for members of building societies; translations from foreign documents; employment indicated and procured on registration; partnerships negotiated, and general information supplied upon all subjects.—Letters enclosing 1s. in stamps, for perusal and reply, to be addressed to "The Manager," 12 A, Shark Street.

Like the lady in *Hamlet*, the Babylon General Agency doth protest too much, we think. Just fancy what a staff must be kept at 12 A, Shark Street, if but half of what is promised in this notice be performed there!

No doubt a score of leading lawyers are daily to be found there, prompt to give advice; and if there be many wills to prove or actions to conduct, they must require the service of at least a hundred clerks. Then, besides these, there must be a lot of lissome-legged young men, at a moment's warning ready to rush off to the Custom House to clear a heap of goods, or to run about the City collecting lots of debts. There must likewise be a staff of law and general reporters, prepared to start off on the instant to some Court or public meeting where their service is required; and besides the eminent Cornepan Professor (who, lest he annoy his fellow agents, will probably receive his pupils in the coal

cellar), there must assemble every day beneath the roof of 12 A, Shark Street, at any rate not less than some three dozen foreign writers, private correspondence forwarders, and general informers, every one of whom will doubtless require a separate room.

So it is clear that 12 A, Shark Street, must be a good-sized house; for in addition to the other inmates we have mentioned, the Income-Tax department must require at least the presence of a couple of thousand clerks. At a moderate calculation ninety-nine men in a hundred are quite ready to believe they yearly overpay their Income-Tax, and if they have faith in 12 A, Shark Street, as a means to get it back, the business handed to the office must be indeed immense. But we doubt if any faith be placed in such an agency; for Jacks of all trades generally are said to master none. Fools there are of course, and on them such agents flourish; but no wise man will take his business to be done where there is reason to suppose he will be done himself.

Order in Divorce.

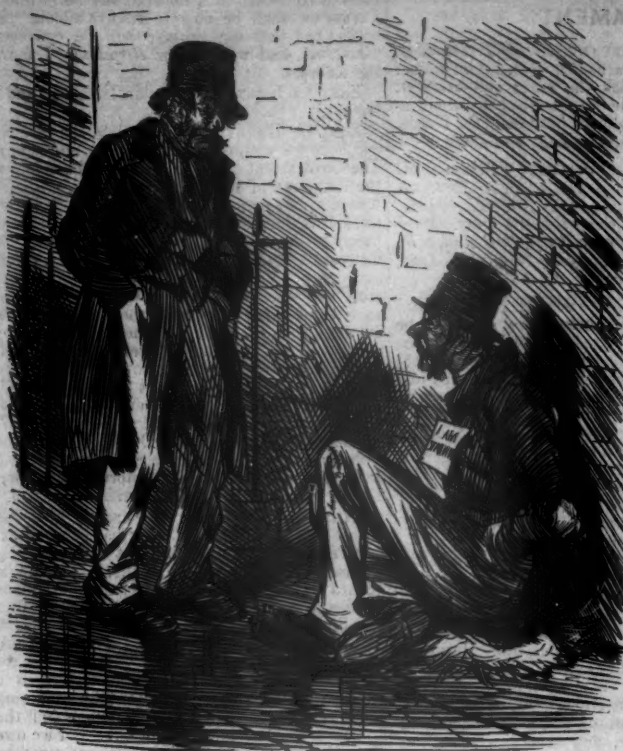
"MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL said that people wrote letters to him about cases. It was most improper, and if he received any more such letters he would," &c.

"Don't write to me for one side or the other,
The next of you I catch on stick shall sup;
With co-respondents I've sufficient bother,
I'll trouble correspondents to shut up."

"C. CRESSWELL."

Consolation.

La Presse laments the demise of SAID PACHA "at the moment when he was about to convert the forty-five millions of francs which he owed to the Suez Company into negotiable bonds." *Le Punch* thinks that his respected contemporary's grief is misplaced. The Pacha had converted his French obligations into bonds, namely, the bonds of the negroes whom he found so easily negotiable that he sold them to the EMPEROR as Mexican recruits. *La Presse* is requested to be consoled.



FIRST CADGER. "Ow's Business?"

SECOND CADGER. "Shockin'; what with this 'ere Lancashire d'stress and 'Over the Border'; and what not, I 'aven't been so slack these ten years."

REFORMATORY DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.

ONE of a series of papers appearing in the *Post* on "The London Poor," in an account of the Middlesex Industrial School at Feltham, contains the following statements, amongst others, respecting the discipline to which the boys at that establishment are subjected:—

"I saw them sit to their supper. They were marshalled by word of command, and marched to their bread and cocoa with the precision of Guards. They even raised their hands and clasped them, and sang grace to the sharp orders of the master."

This devotional drill, then, at the above-named Reformatory, forms part of what is meant by the "religious instruction," which it is so necessary, as we are told, to combine with secular teaching.

Again, we read that:—

"It was painful to see them march from the school form to the supper form: 1, 2, 3 lift their hands in prayer; again 1, 2, 3 lower their hands, and take their seats before their iron mugs of cocoa, and set to in solemn silence."

When the consecrated wafer is carried about the streets of some foreign town in which British troops are quartered, our soldiers, if it happens to be borne past them in procession, are sometimes commanded to present arms to it, for the purpose of conciliating the priests and humouring the natives. The result of this compulsory manual exercise of idolatry, on the part of those who are obliged to perform it, is perhaps considerably more beneficial than the devotional manoeuvres above described as executed by the scholars of the Feltham Reformatory at the word of command. Both the soldiers and the boys are likely to be impressed with a contempt for the mechanical observance imposed upon them; only in the case of the soldiers that contempt is contempt for the worship of a cake; in the boys' case it is something more.

The Middlesex Model School at Feltham is an institution for the reformation of young thieves, but its arrangements for developing the religious sentiment in the youthful mind appear to be such as may be conceived to have been devised for mutual edification by the inmates of an asylum for idiots.

For the encouragement of aspirations to endless bliss, the plan of accustoming children to obey the command, "1, 2, 3, lift your hands in

HUMANITIES OF THE HUSTINGS.

THERE has just been an election for Reigate, not perhaps a very exciting affair in itself, inasmuch as both candidates called themselves Liberals, and appealed to a constituency numbering a vast throng of 747. But the exquisite amenity of the proceedings entitles the election to an immortalising word. MR. WILKINSON, formerly of Lambeth, was one of the candidates, and at the nomination one of the speakers, MR. PHILLIPS, said:—

"He conjured MR. WILKINSON not to go to Parliament, inasmuch as his age was such that any shock would unsettle and perhaps prove fatal to him."

Not to be behindhand in politeness, MR. WILKINSON replied that he—

"Was much obliged to MR. PHILLIPS for being so very considerate with regard to his health, but he assured the electors that he felt completely able to conduct whatever business might be imposed upon him."

The electors, however, were not to be outdone in courtesy, and scorning to take advantage of MR. WILKINSON's good breeding, furnished the returning officer with instructions to make the following announcement. MR. LEVESON GOWER 345, MR. WILKINSON 333. MR. WILKINSON declared that he had been beaten "with honour," and MR. GOWER was awfully complimentary to everybody concerned. This is a gentlemanly way of doing things. Reigate is a Model Borough.

Something like a Jewel.

"A Diamond, far exceeding in dimensions and value the famous Koh-i-Noor, is said to have been just discovered by a negro in America."

THIS is true. It was found after a Federal skedaddle. The fortunate negro carried it to PRESIDENT JEFF DAVIS, who said, "You are free, SAMBO, but I had that number of *Punch* already."

LATEST FROM BEDLAM.

Q. WHAT is the difference between the effect of catching cold and one of the "Isles of Greece?"

A. In the one case it is you cough; in the other it is Corfu.

prayer," and making them sing grace "to the sharp orders of a master," does not promise to be successful to a certainty. Of another place than Heaven, however, from what the writer above quoted says further on, it seems likely that these lads are sufficiently well impressed with some idea:

"The corporal punishments are administered by a tall muscular drill-master, who has, I believe, been in the Army. The punishment book shows that his muscle is not seldom brought into requisition. Strokes on the hand, and a dozen with the birch, meet many offences as 'very gross insubordination,' and altering blouses with a view to absconding. I witnessed three canings, and two floggings with the birch. I may be chicken-hearted, but I confess that when I saw a boy stretched upon a table—when I saw him stripped, and held by two or three stout men, while a fourth—a stalwart, deliberate disciplinarian—with a long birch, struck the naked flesh with his full might, pausing between each blow, while the urchin shrieked with agony, and implored forgiveness, I confess I thought it was a brutal sight for any eyes to look upon, and I pitied the 40 boys who were bound to witness it. Again, when this same stalwart drill-master took a heavy cane and struck a boy's hand with such force that the cane whistled through the air, and the boy in question writhed like a cut worm, I looked on with a strong feeling that this was bad and brutal."

If such tortures as those above detailed are possible in this world for naughty children, what limits can be imagined to the penal possibilities of the next? If a drill-master exists, capable of using all his might to scourge a naked little boy who shrieks with agony and vainly implores forgiveness, or of slashing a lad on the hand with a heavy cane whilst he writhes like a cut worm, the sufferer who realises these horrible truths will find little difficulty in accepting all that literal orthodoxy teaches about an ulterior executioner with horns and tail.

It may be impossible for a reformatory to go on without some corporal punishment; and flogging, merciless as that which is inflicted at the Feltham establishment, may be necessary in the case of a boy who has no feeling sufficient to restrain his evil passions but fear. Only, it would be as well to keep such a boy in confinement for life, and never turn him loose on society with all humanity whipped out of him, and his hatred, malice, and lust of vengeance lashed into madness. Flogging is a fine thing; but how strange that its application is limited to boys and soldiers and sailors: to children of tender age, and members of an honourable profession! Wouldn't it be at least as suitable to garotters, and even to cruel swindlers, whose exemplary torture, in comparison with the misery caused by their crimes, would be the lesser evil of the two?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Welsh, and as LORD WESTBURY, who read the Address twice, and exceedingly well, is descended from an exceedingly old Welsh family, Mr. Punch, ever prompt with delicate compliment, has set the Speech to an air of the Principality.

ARIA D'INTRATA.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Air—"Ar hyd y nos."

Lords and Commons here invited
How do you do?
You will hear, I'm sure, delighted
This news for you:
Wales and Denmark are united,
ALEXANDRA's faith is plighted:
And a treaty is indited
That links the two.

With Her kindest greetings, says your
Much honoured QUEEN,
Doubtless you'll complete her pleasure,
You're never mean:
And you'll pass, at earliest leisure,
Some well-framed and generous measure
Which shall, settling fitting treasure,
Make all Serene.

Greece has had a revolution,
Orho has fled:
Much she likes our constitution,
And Her, its Head:
So has sent an allocution
Asking ALFRED; which solution
Reasons, English, French, and Rooshan,
Knock on the head.

But if Greece shall go on minding
Her P's and Q's,
And a Sovereign worth the finding
Shall pick and choose
Though the '15 Treaty's binding,
We'll endeavour at unwinding
Chaina Seven Islands call so grinding,
(Which they are Do's).

EARL DUDLEY. I really feel in a demisemiquaver. This is a kind of *accordando* process, tuning up, like. I fear my speech will be rather *lento*, not *allegro*, and some of you may

Still the Yankees go on biting,
Like dog and cat;
We don't move, by voice or writing,
Too wise for that;
Yet we're sorry for the fighting,
Sorrier for its action blighting,
Timid Capital affrighting;
Which makes trade flat.

Here, we hope that things are mending,
Undone the spell;
That the worst distress is ending,
Toll'd its death-knell:
Nobly Those have suffered, bending
Lowly: nobly These befriending,
Feeding, cheering, giving, lending:
All have done well.

You shall have no end of Papers,
Which you'll read hard;
Touching RUSSELL's foreign capers
Speak by the card.
All the Tadpoles and the Tapers,
Quidnuncs, bores, and club-room gapers
Soon shall see dispelled like vapours,
Every Canard.

We must now reduce expenses,
If that we may;
Not diminishing defences,
Lest we've a fray;
So the session's work commences;
When you air your moods and tenses,
Talk like people in their senses:
Now, cut away.

think it composed in A natural, but never mind. I trust we shall be able to resolve all our discord, and that any censure will be conveyed *pianissimo*, and will not be *strepitoso*. I move the Address.

EARL OF GRANARD. I am an Irishman, and I second it.

EARL OF DERRY. I congratulate the Prince, and hope his wedded life will be long and happy. The Government ought, I think, to have joined the EMPEROR in his attempt at making peace in America, but perhaps they know best. I do not think it is time to recognise the South. I was happy to do all I could in Lancashire, and the distress has had the good effect of bringing rich and poor together. We certainly must not stop the work of relief. But we shall have some trouble hereafter with the class who now get more from the fund than they ever earned by work. LORD RUSSELL has been making himself very ridiculous. LORD MALMESBURY's first question used to be "Can't you let the thing alone." JOHN never can, he pops in, even without Paul Fry's apology, and says "I'll settle it for you." He has made a mull with Denmark, with the POPE, and with Greece, where we are going to act in the most suicidal and imprudent manner. I hope we shall have a quiet humdrum Session.

EARL RUSSELL. I have done exactly what was wisest and best, LORD DERRY has behaved excessively well in Lancashire, but he is perfectly ignorant about our foreign affairs. It would be absurd to interfere in America, and it would be unwise to recognise the South at present. BUT THE SUBJUGATION OF THE SOUTH BY THE NORTH WOULD BE A CALAMITY TO THE UNITED STATES, TO THE WORLD, AND TO THE NEGRO. I gave excellent advice to Denmark, the POPE is a Venerable Man, and I was quite right in offering him an asylum. We certainly conquered the Ionian Isles, but they are not ours, and we owe them justice, but they and the Powers must be consulted. But you can't understand these things until you have read the papers.

EARL OF MALMESBURY. We ought, as Christians, to have tried interference in America, and there could be no detriment to us in any insult that might have been the consequence. There is one bit of diabolical cruelty practised by the North. It declares medicines and surgical instruments contraband of war, and every civilised country ought to condemn such barbarity. (Right, LORD MALMESBURY, P.) As to Greece, we have heard lately of bubble bets. Owing to our Government, the election of PRINCE ALFRED was a bubble election.

EARL GREY. We ought to give up the Ionian Isles.

EARL OF CARNARVON. I don't see that. At all events there is no need for all this hurry.

LORD WODEHOUSE, after the Seven Earls had been heard, said he saw nothing wrong in the Ionian business, but that LORD RUSSELL had blundered in that of Denmark; and then the Address was agreed to.

In the Commons,
LORD PALMERSTON, cheered, and in the best of health and spirits, "walked up the floor of the House" (looking quite active enough to have run round the railing of the gallery if he had chosen), and laid on the table the Marriage Treaty.

THE HON. FREDERICK CALTHORPE moved, and MR. BAZZLEY seconded, the Address.

MR. DISRAELI (after getting over the compliments very elegantly): The struggle in America is a revolution, and will not be finished in a hurry. Our successors will see a very different America. The Ministerial speeches on the subject, during the recess, have been most contradictory. But what are we doing in China? Getting into a dynastic war, which will plunge us into debt and difficulty. I am glad to hear we are to be economical, but I want to know how. Nobody can understand the

Schleswig question. I know enough about it to say that EARL RUSSELL can't, and his Mellow Harvest of Antummal Indiscretion has led him to act towards the POPE in a way I hope to hear explained. LORD PALMERSTON seems to have gone all round upon the subject of Turkish independence; and as for Greece, our conduct is utterly absurd. I know there are wild opinions about, "Professors and rhetoricians find a System for every contingency, and a Principle in every chance, but do not let us leave the British Empire to Frigs and Pedants." As the Address applauding the Speech does not mean that I applaud anything in it, I shall not oppose that Address.

COLONEL STOKES seemed to think the Taepings were pious people.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU accused SIR GEORGE GARY of nursing a breed of Thugs.

MR. MACGILL complained of distress in Ireland. So did SIR F. O'BRIEN.

MR. C. FORSTER attacked the wicked Income-Tax. (Bravo, MR. FORSTER, P.)

MR. B. COCHRANE said the *Morning Post* was an able paper, and had misled the Greeks.

SIR J. HANMER said that the Welsh were pleased with the PRINCE's choice of a wife.

MR. HENNESSY spoke well about Foford, and praised the Fuge at the expense of VICTOR HUGO.

MR. SMOLETT insisted on an early Indian debate (*swartling*).

LORD PALMERSTON said that the PRINCE OF WALES's marriage was a "Love-Match." He answered MR. DISRAELI, praised the Greeks, abused the Taepings, defended LORD RUSSELL on all points, declared his affection for Turkey, was sorry for Ireland, but stated that the distress was exaggerated—and never mentioned America at all.

SIR F. BOWLER praised the POPE and abused MARENGI and Piedmont.

MR. SEYMOUR DENCHFIELD made a smart answer to the PRINCE, and specially dwelt on the military value of Cash.

MR. WHARLEY said something or other, and the Address was agreed to.

In both Houses befitting tribute was paid to the character of the late MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, to whom our own tribute is paid elsewhere.

Friday. Nothing worth record, save that MR. LAYARD explained a certain transaction in Brazil, where EARL RUSSELL appears to have used a very High Hand.

TOUCHING THESE CLUBS.

ABUSE of the *Times* newspaper is at present the chief occupation of the cheap press, and the orators at mob meetings. This it is not impossible that the journal in question may survive, but we have nothing to do with that. In the interest of common sense, however, we should like to invite an uncommonly indignant writer in the *Morning Star* to answer a question suggested to us by a tremendous burst of celestial ire with which he has recently favoured the world:—

"The *Times* means, by the world, the Clubs, and nothing more."

Whether this be true or not, is apart from our purpose. What are these Clubs? There are about four-and-twenty of them in London. They comprise nearly every Member of each House of Parliament, the choice and pick of the Universities, all the leading City men, and a great mass of other City men, all the respectable members of the bar, a great number of the best men in the medical professions, such of the wealthy manufacturers as reside or sojourn in town, a great many of the clergy, all the authors, artists, and men of science who have made a position in society, the men of note in the Army and Navy, and in addition a very large number of the best class of English gentlemen. In a line, the Clubs mean the governing classes, and the still more important class that makes and leads public opinion, and, if education is to count in the game, ought to do so. The Clubs are not Everybody, but they are not Nobody.

Is this such a bad "following" for any newspaper? If the *Times* expresses the opinion of the Clubs, it is at least worth listening to, and we do not quite see the use of abusing it. We should prefer in reply a few arguments, if convenient, to any vituperation, however pious. May we propose the writer for the Pelargonium Club, and give him an opportunity of seeing what it is that he holds so cheaply? We'll get him seconded by an Archbishop.

THE REPROOF VALIANT.

AMONG the advertisements which are vulgarly forced upon the eye by repetition, American fashion, is this:—

DO AS THOUSANDS HAVE DONE!—CHAFF, CHAFF, Chaff, Chaff.

Mr. Punch has no idea what it means, but, interpreting it in a natural way, is always inclined to reply, "Yes, and get what thousands have got,—a punch in the head for chaffing people who won't stand it."

NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



THERE was a Young Lady of Alnwick,
Whose touch was so highly galvanic,
That the people she'd meet
Used to spring on both feet,
And fly down the street in a panic.

There was a Young Lady of Sark,
Who bought such a pretty Noah's Ark,
But flung it away
On the very next day,
Because the blue dogs wouldn't bark.

There was a Young Lady of Ottery,
Who once drew a prize in a lottery,
To show she was pleased,
She shouted and sneezed,
And smashed a whole shopfull of pottery.

ADVERTISING GAME BUTCHERS.

REGULARLY every year, when the shooting season ends, we find inserted in the newspapers such paragraphs as this:—

"THE LAST THREE DAYS OF COVER SHOOTING.—On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 29th, 30th, and 31st ult., LORD D—, SIR H. S—, G.C.B., the HON. COL. C. H. L—, and MR. T. C—, shot the MARQUESS OF H—'s extensive covers at S—, in Suffolk, when the following results were obtained, notwithstanding the gale of wind which was blowing during most of the time:—Four guns.—Thursday, 29th.—Pheasants, 400; hares, 314; rabbits, 19; partridges, 4; total 937. Friday, 30th.—Pheasants, 380; hares, 374; rabbits, 23; partridges, 3; woodcocks, 3; total 641. Saturday, 31st.—Pheasants, 334; hares, 95; rabbits, 18; partridges, 2; woodcocks, 8; total 457. Grand total, 2035."

We presume, of course, such notices are paid for as advertisements; else it puzzles us to fancy why they are inserted. Surely not one in a thousand of ordinary readers cares to hear what slaughter there has been at a *battue*, and sub-editors could surely find more interesting matter to fill up a vacant corner than extracts from the game books of great owners of preserves.

We wonder, is it the head-keeper who forwards these returns? or are they furnished by the flunkys of the gentlemen who shoot? It cannot glorify the shooters much to have it known that they assisted in a barn-yard sort of sport; and we presume, therefore, the keepers, by inserting these announcements, wish to advertise their skill in the stocking of preserves, and treasure up the notices by way of testimonials when they want a place. Or possibly the notices are meant to catch the eye of wholesale game-dealers and poulterers, that they may know where to apply when they want a lot of game. At all events, we must repeat the fact that four men in three days have killed two thousand head of game redounds but very little to their credit as good sportsmen, although some cockney-minded shooters might consider it good sport.



Enthusiastic Nimrod. "THERE'S ANOTHER THING TOO ABOUT FOX-HUNTING WHICH I ALWAYS THINK DELIGHTFUL—YOU COME UPON SUCH PICTURESQUE NOOKS AND CORNERS. NOW, WHO WOULD EVER THINK OF COMING OUT HERE FOR A MERE WALK!"

HENRY, MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

BORN JULY 2, 1780; DIED JANUARY 31, 1863.

Low lies the grey head that had borne so well
Its weight of years and honour, from far days
That seem as alien to our blame or praise,
As days whereof books only live to tell.

How one by one, Time's tooth eats through the chain
Whose links unite our lives to that grey past!
A golden link was this, that parted last,
Leaving a void, not to be filled again.

He stepped into the senate from the school
As great men's sons did in his early day,
Putting the College exercise away,
To take the helm of empire and the rule.

He knew the great ones, that loom yet more great
To us through mists of time; he spoke the grief
Of England, o'er the tomb of her sea-chief,
Who crowned at Trafalgar his fame and fate.

He fought with PITT, he served with FOX; he shared
The struggles of a fiercer time than ours,
When party severed chiefs and sundered powers
By gulfs, set thick with sharp hates, barbed and bared.

Thence passed he to the calmer times we know,
Calmer by dint of all that such as he
Have won, from victory to victory
Passing, with measured steps, secure and slow,

Leaving no fort half-taken, post half-secured:
Wherever they passed, turning old foes to friends;
So reaching to still larger loftier ends,
That vantage ne'er was gained, but it endured.

He knew to sweeten strife, by gentle port,
Fair speech, kind judgment even of his foes,—

By tolerance, from trust in truth that flows,
By breeding, that nor asks nor payeth court,

By the wide teaching that makes rude men tame,
By letters and amenities of art,
Whose grace infiltrates to a nation's heart,
And rounds the angles of a Country's frame.

Such were the gracious influences brought
To bear by him and those with whom he stood;
For love of all things noble, fair, and good,
Ran in his veins, and like an instinct wrought.

Not his the book-worm's passion for dead books,
The connoisseur's mole-eye that gathers light,
Groping in ways where common eyes find night,
But on God's work-day world turns blankest looks.

Where he loved books he loved their writers too,
From the great art of bye-gone days he learned
To prize the living art, which he discerned,
In days when critic-cant denied its due.

Even in the heat of party-strife he kept
That gentler mood, which calm o'er conflict brings,
As oil o'er stormy waves spreads smoothing rings,
Till side by side old feuds and passions slept.

And when life's evening came, 'twas girt about
With trust and reverence and troops of friends;
The young loved this old man, who on the ends
Of life and great affairs, yet sought them out,

And gave them kindly greeting, counsel, aid,
Yet not as some that stoops from high to low,
But as a friend 'mong friends he loved to know,
With whom we feel ashamed not, nor afraid.

And so passed slow and softly to its end,
Serene and summer-still, his long-drawn day.
While England mourns a Nestor past away,
How many, high and low, lament a friend!



THE SPRING MEETING.

LORD PAM. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO MATCH AGAINST MY REDUCTION?"

LORD DERBY. "H'M!—I'LL HEAR WHAT OLD BEN HAS TO SAY ABOUT DIVISION."

THE NAGGLETONS ON A PARTY.

The Distinguished Couple have moved, as was predicted, and Mrs. NAGGLETON is the mistress of a house near Hyde Park Gardens.—Breakfast.

Mr. Naggleton (who has been moving his chair about twenty times, and putting his newspaper before him, and to his right, and to his left, and groaning unpleasantly). Confound this room, there's no seeing in it! (Goes and pulls up the blind, frantically, to the very top, and resumes his seat with an angry look of defiance to the world in general, and the Park in particular.) I wish we had stayed where we were.

Mrs. Naggleton (sweetly). My dear HENRY, when elderly gentlemen find their eyes failing them, they should buy spectacles, instead of going into ridiculous rages.

Mr. N. Eyes failing—nonsense. Eyes don't fail in six weeks. I could see to read very well at Brompton.

Mrs. N. You will soon get used to this room, dear. You did not like South Kensington at first. Why be so impatient? Let me give you some hot coffee.

Mr. N. (Well, we can't print all that his abominably suspicious look, behind the Times, meant, but he had noticed that he was receiving pleasant speeches, and had not even heard a word about the blind, so he prepared for the worst, took the hot coffee, and went on reading.)

Mrs. N. Any news of interest, dear?

Mr. N. (beginning to be frightened). No, nothing, at least nothing you would call interesting—no murders, CURSWELL isn't sitting, and the reviews are not of novels, only history or some such rubbish.

Mrs. N. Nothing about that dreadful American War?

Mr. N. Lor! Did you know the Americans were fighting?

Mrs. N. Why, HENRY, didn't I hear you explaining the whole story of the War very clearly to the children the other night? Do you think I do not listen to what you say?

Mr. N. (wishes he were out of the house). No, there is nothing important—two or three battles, and about nine hundred thousand killed in each, at least so the American papers say—but there is nothing reliable.

Mrs. N. Is reliable a good English word, HENRY? Mind, I don't say it isn't, and I really ask for information, as I know you are rather strong in grammatical matters.

Mr. N. (calm, but pale). No, it is not a good word, but we are adopting it, and so I suppose it must be recognised.

Mrs. N. Thank you. I must remember to use it with a protest when I am writing to Mrs. BALTIMORE, though she will be sure to know that I got the hint from you, and acted accordingly.

Mr. N. I shouldn't trouble myself with such an amiable correspondent.

Mrs. N. Well, of course I don't write out of any particular regard for her, but I must get out of her what day she is going to fix for her Party.

Mr. N. If she asks you, I suppose she'll mention it. I believe that formality is usual, unless any new-fangled rule prevails in these aristocratic regions.

Mrs. N. Yes, dear, but I don't want to wait for that. I want to send out my own invitations to-morrow at latest.

Mr. N. (sees it all). This is the first I have heard of any such nonsense, and I should like it to be the last.

Mrs. N. And so it will be, HENRY. I am sure that you have had no trouble when I have asked a few friends, and I should not think it fair, when you have so much upon your mind, that you should be pestered with any trifles. Except that you may like to see the list, you shall hear nothing more about it until you come home to dress on the evening.

Mr. N. The whole thing is outrageous. We scarcely have been in the house a month.

Mrs. N. (unguardedly). You said six weeks just now.

Mr. N. I don't care what I said. I say we have hardly had time to turn ourselves round in the house before you want to turn it out of windows.

Mrs. N. What a way of talking, as if you were some two-penny lawyer's clerk in Tottenham Court Road, who has to pull down the beds, and take off the doors for supper-tables when he wants to see his friends. These houses are expressly built to give parties in, and you won't know three hours before or after that there has been anything of the kind.

Mr. N. But what the deuce is the use of anything of the kind, as you call it. What do we want to give parties for?

Mrs. N. I really can't answer such nonsense as that. If you don't mean to live as other people do, you had better not have come here, but have taken a hut in Wales or some such place.

*Mr. N. Ha! It may come to that, *volens volens*, if you follow up your wise notion of doing as other people do.*

Mrs. N. You have said that kind of thing so often, HENRY, that it has lost its effect with me. A man who can send twenty pounds to a Lancashire fund can perfectly well afford to do what is necessary to maintain his own position in society—or ought to be able.

Mr. N. Your favourite clergyman informed us, last Sunday, that a mere sacrifice of superfluity was no charity, and that we ought to give up our own pleasures for the sake of helping distress.

Mrs. N. You had better keep away from church if you can go there for no better purpose than to distort what is said, and to pretend you are told to make charity a plea for meanness. Besides, as you say you do not consider a party any pleasure, I don't see how you can affect to be making any sacrifice.

Mr. N. (would like to laugh at this ingenious way of putting it, but masters himself and continues the fight). Will you give me one rational reason for cramming these rooms with a heap of people we don't care about, and for wasting a lot of money on a supper? Do you want to dance?

[Looking chronology at her. Mrs. N. (who decidedly means to dance, if asked, but who seems reply to such a question). If friends are to be made for the children—

Mr. N. Come, come. Let them alone. The children are to the mistress of a house what the cat is to a lodging-house keeper—an excuse for everything. Your eldest child is not ten, and has nothing to say to a party that begins at eleven. If you don't pledge yourself that they shall all be in bed two hours before anybody comes, I declare at once that the party shall not be given. Now!

Mrs. N. (too genteel to think of a spirit and a salmon, but nevertheless). My dear HENRY, you are the master in your house, and I do not say that the children ought to be kept up, though I should, I own, just like them to be seen, but I feel you are right. They shall all go to bed.

[Considers which morning she will be able to spare to take them to SWANSEA, and arrange their costume for the party.

Mr. N. (very feebly). I do wish you'd give up the notion altogether. Have a dinner-party, if you like.

Mrs. N. Now, HENRY. You spoke to the children (might I mention the children?) so nicely the other night about selfishness, and then you want to set them such an example as that! What pleasure is a dinner-party to me? I sit for two hours between two men in white cravats, who are sure to be the greatest bores of the set, and they ask me, in made voices, what I think about GRUGLINT, and COLENSO, and FACHTEN, and then I go up-stairs with the ladies, and have a still stupider hour till you all come up, just in time to hear the carriages announced.

Mr. N. (actually delighted). MARIA, thou reasonest well. We will not give the dinner-party, either. I am eager to show you that I am not selfish.

Mrs. N. I was thinking of Thursday, the 30th. That will be three weeks notice you know, only I must find out Mrs. BALTIMORE's night, because she knows so many of my set, and would be delighted to secure them. I suppose you couldn't see Mr. BALTIMORE in the City, and manage to extract it, accidentally. You are a good diplomatist, when you choose.

Mr. N. If I were, this party would not take place. Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. However, name a long day, the longer the better, as that gives more chance of something happening to make it necessary to put it off.

Mrs. N. (victorious, and insulting the slain). If there is an ungracious way of doing a thing, I will say you have the knack of finding it out. Making every allowance for your early habits, it is very hard, sometimes, to be talked to as if one were a tradesperson trying to cheat you into something.

Mr. N. My early habits are opposed to my sitting up till three in the morning, so don't expect me at your ridiculous party.

Mrs. N. (haughtily). Then stay away.

Mr. N. (after meditation). Hm.

[Exit. (Goes to business.)

AN EQUIVOCAL OFFER.

THE attention of SIR BERNARD BURKE is invited to the subjoined advertisement from the *Telegraph* :—

A CLERGYMAN wishes to EXCHANGE his TWO LITTLE GIRLS (aged 9 and 7), either together or separately, for TWO BOYS.—Address, &c.

As SIR BERNARD is versed in the romance of the Peerage, perhaps he can tell whether in any case an adopted changeling has ever inherited a title in default of a lineal heir male. The proposal to exchange two little girls for two little boys wears an aspect which to the mind most exempt from suspicion must appear mysterious. We need say no more; except that a Clergyman who wants to exchange children may be supposed to be a reverend gipsy. Perhaps he is a Protestant; but most likely belongs to the Romany.

Fishy Prospect in Parliament.

THE question of the British Fisheries is likely, during the present Session, to engage the attention of the Legislature. The Government may be expected to propose some measure for the protection of salmon, whilst Mr. DISRAELI will principally devote his conservative endeavours to carp.



A BLACK FOG.

OUR ARTIST IMPROVES THE OCCASION, AND CLEANS HIS SKYLIGHT.

GOING THE HULL HOG.

UNDERNEATH this heading, a week or two ago, *Mr. Punch* made some remarks upon a statement in a newspaper which he received from Hull, to the effect that at the Fish Street Chapel in that town a collection made in aid of the Lancashire distress had been diverted from that object, and sent towards the building of a church in Madagascar. This statement, it appears, was so far incorrect that the collection was not made by the Fish Street congregation, but by the children of the Fish Street Sunday School: and their teachers, having simultaneously been asked to send some funds to Manchester, and some to Madagascar, elected to send all the funds thus gathered to the latter. Their reason for so doing their secretary thus states:—

"In addition to the fact that the Sunday School Union fund is to be applied to the relief of Sunday scholars only, who, considered as cotton operatives, are not more deserving of help than their fellows who are not in Sunday schools, the children of Fish Street school have already contributed to the Lancashire fund, and it was therefore agreed that the collection, which would not exceed a few shillings, and would not be worth dividing, might be appropriated to the Church in Madagascar."

This seems all right enough, if the donors were allowed to have a voice in the decision. But when asked for their collection were the children also asked for which of the two objects they desired to subscribe? A church in Madagascar is no doubt a needful thing, but bread and meat in Manchester, some think, are still more necessary: and although the Fish Street children, to their honour be it said, have sent some funds to help the Lancashire distressed, that surely is no reason why, if they wish to do so, they should not send some more. With all their knowledge of geography, we suspect that their ideas of Madagascar are but dim: and were they told the Madagascar people wanted a new meeting-house, and that there were folk in Manchester who wanted bread and meat, we think that we can guess to which their generosity would naturally incline. To ask a school-child to contribute to the building of a church for a set of semi-savages is, to *Mr. Punch's* thinking, neither very laudable nor inordinately wise, and has in it a smack of something close akin to cant: but to ask a child to help a child who is not far from starving, is an act of which no teacher has need to be ashamed.

Mr. Punch has been politely begged to modify the comments which he made upon this subject, and he does so in so far as his words were thought to bear upon the Fish Street congregation, since, it appears from recent evidence, they ought to touch the teachers only of the Fish Street Sunday School. With regard to these good people, *Mr. Punch's* sole fear is, that they are possibly too good: and he doubts the Fish Street teaching must be a little fishy, if the lessons there imparted convey no better doctrine than that we should give a stone for church-building when we are asked for bread.

SCOTCHING THE SNAKE.

We learn from the *Scotsman* that a newspaper proprietor has been denied a deacon's office in the Crief Free Church on the ground of having suffered unchaste and quack advertisements to be inserted in his paper. This decision being come to at a meeting of the elders, the proprietor "craved extracts" (whatever that may mean), and gave notice of appeal to the Presbytery of Auchterarder. In the interests of Christianity as well as those of common sense, *Mr. Punch* sincerely trusts that the appeal will be no go (he would use the proper law phrase, if he only knew it: Scottish friends in reading this will please supply the break-jaw words). It is mainly by advertisements that quacks exist and thrive, and every newspaper admitting these uncleanly puffs and lies, abets the filthy trickeries by which sham doctors live. *Mr. Punch* regrets to say that there are certain English journals defiled in the same way, and he would vastly like to see all their proprietors tabooced not merely from all deaconships, but from all decent dwellings, so long as they permit the publication of quack pufferies, such as in no decent dwelling ought ever to be found. *Punch* thanks his Scotch friends heartily for having Scotched the Snake, and he will rejoice to hear that, so far as concerns Crief, the Auchterarder Presbytery do their best to kill it.

Punch's Cookery Book.

THE *Lancet* very properly informs the world, in reference to that humble but delightful article a Meat-Pie, that it will always be deleterious, owing to emanations from the meat, "unless a hole is made in it." *Mr. Punch* is happy to say that no such precaution is neglected at his board, and when his young men have dined on Meat-Pie, the *Lancet* should see the awful hole made in it.

MUD THAT WON'T STICK.



of the Gushers. They are in such a dreadful state of mind about our "sacred institutions," of which Gushery has appointed itself the maudlin curator. One of the Gushers has been let loose upon Mr. Punch, and this is a ladlefull of the mud-flood:—

"The snickered jesters who write such venomous caricatures as 'The Naggletons'—who show us a brute of a man and a fiend of a woman, wrangling, snarling, and tearing each other to pieces with their forked tongues, from morning till night and from year's end to year's end—may have drawn their morbid diagnoses from solitary experience or exceptional observation; but their Ghastly Phantasmagoria are the exception; and attentive and healthy study of the real world and the ways will suffice to convince those who are not incurably splenetic and saturnine, that the rule is one of honesty, cheerfulness, faith, and love."

"Itsh our hic-holy marriages that I'm-hic-hic-afraid for." Poor dear Mr. and Mrs. NAGGLETON! Only to think that their harmless sparring should put a sentimentalist into such a condition. Hear him again:—

"For better, for worse,"—what a depth, an Awfulness of Significance lie in these four simple words! The Romanists hold marriage to be a sacrament; and what, indeed, can be more sacramental than the solemn compact of love and union which are to last for life—the earthly type of the love and union of the hereafter, and which shall endure for ever! For better, for worse."

Truly Awful! And what a new discovery is thus touchingly announced! The Gusher quite affects us, and it is delightful to observe the ecstasy of an awakening mind. When the Cockneys found the skeleton of a donkey on Hampstead Heath, they looked pensively upon the anatomy, and one of them, (he must have been a Gusher,) exclaimed "Ah, SAM, we are fearfully and wonderfully made! There is an Awfulness of Significance in a donkey."

Still, sewers have gates, and all kinds of muddy gush should have some limits. We almost think that "GHASTLY PHANTASMAGORIA" are tall words for a conjugal squabble. But there are some sentimentalist who can never resist a polysyllable. If it prove nothing else, it proves that the writer can spell. Otherwise, we might take exception to such a thunderous, blue-fire description of a scene of fire-side chat. Never mind. As SIR EDWARD LYTTON observes—

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis covers,
And fools on fools still ask what HANLEY means."

The esoteric Naggletonian mystery is hidden from the Gushers. They do not perceive that those wonderful dialogues are printed with a purpose of Awful Significance. The "Naggletons" is one long warning against the use of objectionable language; and now that we have revealed this, Mr. Punch will, he is sure, have the sincerest plaudits from his friends the Gushers, whose abusive words above-cited, would, were they not used with an Awful Significance, procure the user a prompt exclusion from what is venomously and morbidly called the society of gentlemen, but which are sanctified by the high moral purpose that underlies them. If they seem to the outside world a little behind the taste of the day, a little more suited to certain defunct publications of the street of the Holy Well, it must be remembered, first, that such language has an Awful Significance, and secondly, that the journals from which they may seem to be taken, no longer exist to afford scope for Gushers. It is a misfortune to be before one's Age—and Satirist. So, with permission, Mr. Punch purposes to continue to exhibit his Ghastly Phantasmagoria, despite objections from those whom the *Westminster Review* brands as Bohemians, but in respect of whom Mr. Punch employs a milder name—at present.

YANKEE VALENTINES.

MRS. STOWE to TOM BROWN.

THANKS, dear TOM BROWN, for your sweet little speech.
On EXETER's platform delightful,
Surrounded by Doves there, you scorn'd the owl's sneer,
Of the foes to our Union so spiteful.
Dear LINCOLN says, "Oh, that TOM BROWN," then he sighs,
For by patting his back you've brought tears in his eyes.

LINCOLN to the STAR OF THE NORTH.

FRIEND BRIGHT, I hope that thou'lt not take amiss
Some lines poetic from an ex-Wood-cutter.
Thy bunkum might well suit a place like this.
Would I could cut my stick I often murther.
In our Smart Nation, how thy Star would shine!
Why not come then, and be our Valentine?

SECRETARY SEWARD to EARL RUSSELL.

This terrible tunnel,
The waste of blood, muscle,
And treasure, LORD RUSSELL,
With sorrow you see,
While letters voluminous
Reprimands numerous,
And LINCOLN so humorous,
Are too much for me.

From HALLECK's aridity,
CASS CLAY's acidity,
STANTON's stupidity,
Fain would I flee.
I hate a Democracy,
Adore Aristocracy,
Is this base hypocrisy?
Fiddle-de-dee.

SECRETARY STANTON to the PEACE SOCIETY.

FOR peace I've always painted and by deed
Have shown that in my War Administration,
Can you assist me in my hour of need,
When I require another situation?
My plan is—though some fancy that I blunder,
Our foes to frighten, not with shot but thunder.

GENERAL BUTLER to BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRATMEN.

SO I hear, British Bulldogs, you're making a lash,
In case I should visit your Nation,
I know Austria's hero went off like a flash,
When you offer'd him a potato.
But I spurn ye, Tapsters! you can't make me smart,
For my hide tann'd by whipping's as tough as my heart.

REV. BEECHER to U. AND L.

Union and Liberty, fair sisters twin,
How I adore ye!
But willingly would wade through blood up to the chin,
Could I restore ye
To these fond arms, but if poor U.
Must perish soon or later,
Why then let L. take DAVIS and his crew,
For without U. I'd hate her!

SECRETARY CHASE to KITE FLYER, Air Street.

I've a lot of waste paper on hand,
And though some may deem me an oddity, HUGO
It's more fit for air than for land,
So I'll sell you some of the commodity.
Tied to a kite's tail off it goes,
And people will stare while they praise it, Sir,
For my greenbacks tell how the wind blows,
Though they are unable to raise it, Sir.
Singing, fol de riddy, tol lol, &c.

CASSIUS CLAY to the FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION.

I love dear England for her generous heart,
True! tender girls pout now and then at fond men;
So I at her—but grateful tears will start
When I think how she ransom'd all her Bondmen.
You ask why love that purse-proud England so?
Why! twenty million reasons I could show.

A BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—A RUNAWAY-RING.



Conductor. "FULL INSIDE, MUM—ROOM ON THE ROOF, MUM!—ONLY LIKE GOING UP-STAIRS, MUM!" (But the Old Lady isn't partial to going up-stairs.)

BOWYER AT IT ALREADY.

SURELY the solution of the Roman question is nigh at last. Of all men who kiss the POPE's toe, there is no one, except ANTONELLI, who has the length of his Holiness's foot so exactly as SIR GEORGE BOWYER. The member for Dundalk holds the brief of PIO NONO in the House of Commons; so hear the honourable member:—

"The noble Lord at the head of the Government seemed to imagine that the Roman people were entirely opposed to the authority of the POPE, but in that opinion the noble Lord was grievously mistaken, and if the French Government were withdrawn from Rome to-morrow, and the Piedmontese prevented from taking possession of it by military force, the rule of the POPE would, he felt assured, be as safe as that of QUEEN VICTORIA was in England. Indeed, the sole reason why it was expedient to keep a French garrison in Rome was because she had at her gates a piratical Government which knew no respect for law."

Hear, hear, hear! When SIR GEORGE BOWYER states that the temporal sovereignty of his Holiness, if it depended on the Romans, would be as safe as the Crown of HER MAJESTY with HER MAJESTY's subjects, of course he understands what he is talking about. He is not a childish zealot of the Roman Catholic persuasion who repeats the fudge which he has read in an Ultramontane newspaper. Neither is he the Irish Editor who invented the fudge. He says what he not only believes but knows. Of course he would not dare to talk notorious nonsense to the House of Commons. He asserts that the POPE would reign by the will of his people, as well as by divine right, if they were left to themselves. Here is an end, then, of the Roman difficulty. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has a simple course to pursue. That is, first to obtain an engagement from VICTOR-EMMANUEL to wait for Rome until the Romans ask him to be their King. Then LOUIS NAPOLEON can evacuate Rome immediately. The consequence will be that the subjects of his Holiness will immediately offer to confirm the temporal power of the Holy Father by universal suffrage, and demand permission to unite in a *plébiscite* which shall bind their posterity to acknowledge for their monarchs all future Popes who shall be elected to reign over them by the Cardinals.

A QUESTION ASKED BY A THOUSAND CORRESPONDENTS.—What have the London Poor got by MR. PRABODY'S donation?

EYE LIFE.

SPECTACLES.—The Patent Newly-invented Tinted Spectacles are patronised by the majority of the Nobility, including VISCOUNT PALMERSTON. They afford extraordinary relief to weak, dim, and defective vision.

"As a member of the Aristocracy here insulted, I beg to deny entirely the charge, that the majority are suffering from weak, dim, and defective vision, and are groping about in tinted Spectacles. As to the paltry sarcasm against the noble PREMIER, I am happy to state on best authority that his vision was never clearer than it is at the present moment, and what is more, that it shows no signs of growing defective. I have heard of old women in spectacles, but the British aristocracy have not yet come to this stage of decrepitude. No, *Mr. Punch*, not yet. If the instrument advertised is really first rate, let a triumph be achieved by the despatch of some two dozen pairs to the Bishops."

"WORMWOOD SCRUBS."

Bugs and Howards.

MEAN appellation's lightly weighed
By men of able pate,
The House of LANSDOWNE's founder made
The name of PETTY great,
Change not your own, how'er absurd;
A base one bravely wear:
Your deeds may that ignoble word
Make nobles proud to bear.

Appalling Self-Cannibalism.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday last, the usually tranquil village of Dormouth, Bedfordshire, was thrown into a state of fearful alarm, by the following appalling circumstance, the sad details of which we have extracted from the sheets of the *Beds Post*:—"MASTER JONES, aged eight years and a half, while on a vacation visit to his maternal relation was missing for several hours. In the course of the afternoon, he was found, very much disfigured, in a confectioner's shop, where he had spent a considerable portion of the day over eating himself. No reason has yet been assigned for the rash act."

MOKEANNA;

Or, The White Witness.

LONDON: FEBRUARY 21, 1883.



[NIGHT FLIGHT OF THE WHITE WITNESS O'ER THE DIMM'D WOLD.]

MOKEANNA, OR THE WHITE WITNESS.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Dramatically divided into Parts, by the Author of "Matrings," "O'low Arts," "Geronimo the Gipsy," "The Dark Girl," "Dustman of Destiny," &c. &c.

PART I.—THE OVERTURE IN THE ORCHESTRA.

CHAP. I.

"For oh! it was a grilling night."

RARE OLD SONG.

THE clock in the old Church Tower had scarcely sounded the last stroke of one A.M., when the little fishing village of Rederring, on the coast of Rutlandshire, was shaken to its very foundations by the fierce storm that dashed the towering and hissing billows against the red-beetling crags of the white-cliffed shore.

"A nasty night," growled the Coast-guardman,

* The Author begs to inform everybody, including his friends, that he has protected his dramatic right in this thrillingly sensational novel, by having caused several versions of the same to be made for Farces, Burlesques, Melodramas and Operas, respectively. A reduction on taking a quantity. Managers treated with liberality. No Irish need apply. He has also lately entered himself personally at Stationers' Hall. "Mokeanna," besides having been translated into all the modern European and most of the Semitic languages for future publication, forms the subject of a New Fantomime, in which the Author has lately invented and registered all the Comic Scenes. Parties attended.

who, according to ancient custom, was sitting on the highest point of land with his feet in hot water; "but I must keep my watch, silently, silently!" Then singing in a lusty voice the old Norse ditty:—

"With a hey, with a ho!
When the wind does blow!"

He cautiously lay down among the rank and damp herbage. A small boat battling with the waves came toward the shore. Not a soul was within it. Onward, onward, until at length, with a fearful lurch, it was hurled upon the shingle.

PART II.—THE FIT.

CHAP. I.

"Slay him."

FOL DE ROLLO TWE ROYA, R. I. C. 2.

Two dark forms crept from beneath the keel. "England at last," said the taller of the two in a gruff whisper.

"Is it?" inquired the other. The speaker was a short, stout, hunchbacked man, about six feet three in height, enveloped in a light P-jacket loosely thrown over his left shoulder. On his head he wore a lofty white covering, known in distant climes as a *chapeau blanc*.

"Hist! we are watched," cried the former, in a stentorian voice to his companion, whom he would have called Leonardo, had that been his name. The Hunchback gazed upwards and remarked the clear blue eye of the Coast-guardman peering through the murky night, over the dizzy cliff, some five hundred feet above their heads. To climb up the perpendicular surface, clinging with his teeth to the softer chalk projections that here

and there afforded him occasional help in his arduous ascent, and to seize the Watcher with both hands, was to the Hunchback the work of a moment.

"Take heed below!" whispered the ruffian to his friend on the beach, whom he had left trying to decry the struggle by aid of a magnificent telescope.

A human shape whirling through the air, a sharp report as of one body striking against another, a sound like to the breaking of glass, an uttered oath, a groan, a deeper groan—

And all was still.

CHAP. II.

"Speak gently of the Minister's fall,"

COLLEGE OF ARTS, 2, 3.

"How are you?" inquired the Hunchback, softly, leaning over the edge of the precipice. There was no response. A fearful suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Instant flight," he muttered, as drawing his ghostly pale head-covering further over his brows, he with slow and stately steps descended the hill.

PART III.—THE STALLS.

CHAP. I.

"Tis Muley Hassan!"

HEE-HAWLEY FARM, OLD C. 2.

A LIGHT in a neighbouring farmer's stable attracted his attention. A large grated window,

* The Author suggests to opticians and others, that during the course of this tale several splendid opportunities for advertisements will offer themselves. Particulars as to the charges for insertion of the maker's name in telling situations may be obtained at the office.

about half a foot square, suggested itself as his only chance of effecting an entrance. In a second he was within. Not a horse was to be seen; only one small animal, the Farmer's favourite, known to all the peasants as the Moke Anna, or Mokeanna, as she was commonly called, lay slumbering in the stall. A sudden idea occurred to the Hunchback. "I will set fire to the place," said he. After looking about for some time, he selected two dry sticks. He remembered having been told in his childish days, how that a couple of pieces of wood if rubbed together for a considerable time, would instantaneously ignite. The Hunchback, overcome with emotion, let fall a tear.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, wiping the moisture carefully off the twig.

An hour's patient friction produced the desired effect.

"This is hungry work," he said. While trying to find some food, his eye fell upon a tempting bone on which a few particles of meat still remained. The Hunchback pocketed the dainty morsel, and, kneeling down, was about to apply the burning brand to the rafters, when a pair of burning eyes glowered upon him out of the surrounding darkness, and a sudden, sharp, agonising pain shot through his frame.

A huge animal of the pure English bull-dog

type, whose long shaggy coat and bushy tail were actually bristling with rage, had fastened his venomous fangs in the Hunchback's brawny chest. In deadly conflict over and over they rolled. The ruffian waited his opportunity and dragged the dog within reach of Mokeanna's heels. One blow from the hoofs of the sagacious steed, and the savage hound lay insensible.

The Hunchback vaulted on Mokeanna's back.

"Now for my Lady," he cried. "Away!"

The Farm House was blazing, as, waving his *chapeau blanc*, he urged Mokeanna o'er the Dismal Wold.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 9, Monday. A blank night, except that LORD PALMERSTON intimated that what (circumstances having altered) it will no longer be Liberal and polite to call the Galway Job, is to go on, and that the Packet Company is to have the money. Also that the Crown of Greece had been on "the previous day," which was Sunday, offered to LORD RUSSELL for PRINCE ALFRED, and that the Earl, very properly rebuking the Greeks for their anti-Sabbatarianism, had handed them the Greek paragraphs in the Speech. Also, the PREMIER stated that the DUKE OF SAXA-COBURG would not take the vacant throne, though MR. ELLIOT has told the Greeks that he would. The Duke imitates LEOPOLD of old. *C'est renouveau des Grecs*. But they are not politely treated, and if Mr. Punch had not the rest of the world to mind, he would ascend their throne himself, and show them the true "beauty of royalty."

Tuesday. Nor was there much to-night, worthy of crystallisation. Who can desire to know that LORD NORMANBY is preparing a fresh attack in the interest of the Pope? No one. But some persons may like to hear that SIR GEORGE GREY is going to ask for an alteration of the law regulating the sale of spirits and beer, and that a recent edifying scene in an Inn of Court has induced SIR GEORGE BOWYER to bring in a Bill for amending the nature of the after-dinner tribunal of justice at which barristers are tried by their peers—to establish, we suppose, a court of appeal from PHILIP, wine, to PHILIP with a headache and soda-water. Moreover, LORD PALMERSTON stated that there was going to be no hurry about parting with the Ionian Isles. All sorts of people had to be consulted, including, oddly enough, the Ionians themselves.

Wednesday. Irish Fish. Really, we beg pardon for even alluding to such a topic.

Thursday. The friends of persons who have the misfortune to be found out in the commission of forgery and swindling, will be happy to hear, from the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, that MR. REDPATH, who some time ago came under the unfavourable notice of a jury, and in consequence had to leave the country he adorned, is now an ornament of Western Australia, where he has a house, and an income of his own, besides £200 a year sent him from England. The single drawback, if it can be called one, is that having a ticket-of-leave, he is obliged to be at home by ten o'clock at night, like all sensible and respectable people in England, whether they hold tickets-of-leave or do not.

The Act for the Relief of Lancashire distress is to be continued, and the point urged by all the speakers who adverted to the subject is, that the liberality of the country must be sustained as long as possible, for it is all needed, and will be needed for many a day.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS did not know why the Delhi prize money was not distributed—thought it possible SIR C. WOOD might know something about it. Mr. Punch supposes that Government was rather sulky to-day, its man, SIR FREDERICK GREY (a Grey, too,) having been beaten at Devonport by MR. FERRAND, whom the Dockyard had beaten three times, but who now floors the Dockyard. This came instantly after another Tory victory, MR. FAWCETT, the clever and blind candidate for Cambridge having been defeated by MR. POWELL, touching whom the trumpet of fame hath not hitherto been as blatant as the rejoicings of his partisans.

Friday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH set forth to the House of Lords a list of grievances supposed to be sustained by the officers of the Indian army. The DUKE OF ARGYLL of course contended that they had nothing to complain of, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, by a curious coincidence, was of the same opinion, so that the officers had better retire to their hookahs and pale ale, and be comforted by the thought that their betters are quite satisfied with themselves.

MR. PEACOCK carried against the Government an address for preventing the sale of Crown Lands within fifteen miles of London. This early division (the numbers 113 to 73), looks ominous. First knock-down blow.

MR. GLADSTONE then reduced the duty on manufactured tobacco. Mr. Punch does not believe that he shall get a good cigar any cheaper than at present, or that, generally speaking, he shall get a good cigar at

all, but as MR. GLADSTONE may mean well, he may accept acknowledgments.

The Houses have been exceedingly early since the opening, always getting away in time for dinner. If they would keep to this, it would be pleasant.

YAHOO AT SAN FRANCISCO.

VARIOUS British birds are in course of being successfully acclimated in Australia. The subjoined announcement may be said to show that in California, also, a certain class of emigrants have established Rookeries:—

"FRIENDS OF IRELAND."

AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the Friends of Irish Independence will be held at Assembly Hall, Cor. Post and Kearny sts., on Sunday, December 14, 1862, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

At this meeting the report of the Committee appointed at the meeting of Sunday last will be submitted, and a Board of Trustees elected for the ensuing year. Also, other business will be transacted of the greatest importance to our Irish land.

"**IRISHMEN**, come up now, as this is a movement intended to unite all our countrymen all over the world in one grand and practicable effort to aid our countrymen at home to establish their independence."

"**IRISHMEN!** Assemble one and all, and choose the men who are to represent you in this movement."

"JEREMIAH KAVANAH, President pro tem."

"J. O'MAHONY, Secretary pro tem."

The meeting advertised as above in the *San Francisco Herald* duly came off, and was subsequently thus reported in that journal:—

"**THE MOVEMENT FOR IRISH LIBERTY.**—A second meeting of friends of the general movement now being made to win back the freedom of Ireland, was held yesterday afternoon in Assembly Hall, corner of Kearny and Post Streets. The attendance, as on the previous occasion, was very large, and the proceedings enthusiastic. The parties who have inaugurated this auxiliary movement, are acting in accordance with the conviction that work, not words, is what is now wanted, and not the work of prayers and petitions either. Not one of them belong to the Peace Society. After the meeting had been organised yesterday, MR. THOMAS MOONY was chosen Assistant Secretary of the organisation, which it was voted to call the 'Irish National Association.' Then the meeting chose by ballot, seven persons to act as an executive committee or board of trustees for the State of California. The persons so chosen are: ex-Governor JOHN G. DOWNEY, CAPT. MICHAEL CODY, R. J. TORIN, Esq., FRANCIS READY, Esq., LIEUT.-COL. M. C. SMITH, and MICHAEL GURRIN, Esq. A contribution to the cause was then taken up which amounted to the sum of \$376 50."

The Rookeries, whose existence is evidenced by the demonstration above recorded, are those of Kearny Street and Post Street. The former of these names may render further comment superfluous; yet a punster might be expected to ask, whether the congregation in which the denizens of the Post Street and Kearny Street Rookeries united to kick up a row was not what in the United States is called a caucus? But the creatures in question are not rooks, and don't caw; make quite a different sort of hullabaloo, consisting of yells and howls, which they utter whenever they hear the name of England mentioned. In fact, they belong to the tribe of scarcely human beings, hardly to be called Irishmen, known as Irish Yahoos. These congeners of the Gorilla emigrate to the ends of the earth, carrying with them, wherever they go, filth, squalor, ferocity, disorder, crime, and hatred of England. No matter where they may be, they are ever ready, at any instigation, to unite in an expression of malevolence against this country. The reader will have noticed that the Yahoo chosen Assistant Secretary of the Irish National Association was a MR. MOONY. If MR. MOONY were translated to the moon, which would be a fit sphere for him, he would, though separated by the distance of that planet from this earth, no doubt attempt to get up a plot to excite rebellion in Ireland, if he could only find any brutes preposterous enough to join with him among the Mooncalves.

The Rapid Growth of Debt.

JUDGING from the Brobdingnagian proportions of the Yankees' National Debt—and we know very little of the Debt in the South—we should say that the Civil War in America was producing what one might call "almost incalculable mischief."

SPORTING DEFINITION OF CONVOCATION.—A "Law meet."



PUNCH'S ADVICE TO LADIES.

As the Ladies are so warmly attached to their Crinolines, Mr. Punch strongly recommends that, instead of discarding them, they should wear them outside their dresses to serve as a Fire-guard.

A SUGGESTION FROM SUFFOLK.

"I SAH, *Punch*, owd frind, jist yow look here, wool'ee. Here be a purposal for to benefit us labrers, which a genelman as live in Suffolk have bin a writin to the *Times* :—

"About 30 years ago, upon a small farm in Suffolk becoming vacant, I called together 20 labourers and offered to lend them capital without interest if they would undertake to farm it, subject to my rules and regulations. They gladly availed themselves of my offer. In the course of 30 years they paid me back my capital, so that I was induced to let another farm of 150 acres to 30 men upon the same terms. These have also nearly paid back the capital lent to them, and, instead of eating dry bread, as I regret to say many of the agricultural labourers are now doing, each man has his bacon, and numberless comforts that he never possessed before; thus the rates are reduced, as these fifty families are no longer burdensome. The farmers are sure to meet with honest men, as conviction of crime would debar them of their share, and the men themselves have become much more intelligent, and present happy, cheerful countenances. If every country gentleman would follow my example, distress among the agricultural poor would not be known. I merely add that I have no land so well farmed."

"Lendin a chap capitle and nit axin him for interest is wat I call a riglar capitle good scheme. Leastways for the borrowers it is, and I sah Brayvo! to whosoever da as this here Squire of ourn hev done, and I'm mortal glad to hair he heva't lost nit northun by it. Yow see, thow Suffolk faermers hev bin duing pritty tidy, they baint noways too libral to their labrers as a rule, and in ginnial a Suffolk man be only git nine shillin or it may be ten a weak, and I'm towed some on em talk of cuttin down to 8, thow I harnt hard as they've done it yit, and perhaps yow'd sah a word, owd frind, as might purwent 'em. Well, as I wur sayin, 9 shillin aint a deal, and arter feedun wife an' family, theer baint much on it left, for thow hard Suffolk dumplun is a fillun sort o' food, it's stammun what a sight a Suffolk child ull eat on it! Why my bor Jim ull swaller a hull plateful afore you sah Jack Roberson, and it don't hev nit the leaset effect upon his appetite."

"As for gittun any 'comforts' sich as half a pint o' beer or bit o' baccy or the like, why 'strues yow reborn excep at hairvest time, We mostly niver taste em, and if it worst for a stray Hair or patteridge now and thin we shouldn't niver nit taste meat leastways excep fat

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

A Plea to the Merchant Princes.

THE PRINCE OF WALES will shortly wed
The lovely daughter of the Dane:
The day will turn the nation's head,
And set on end the Lion's mane.
One man alone in all the land
Will be forbid to have his Lark:
And why, we cannot understand:
That luckless man 's the Banker's Clerk.

For he it seems must plod about,
Presenting, humbly, notes and bills,
Writing "No Orders," "People Out,"
And seeking cash from absent tills.
Drawers, acceptors, they'll be off
With endorsements, from dawn till dark,
While he must poke about, the scuff
Of city boys, that Banker's Clerk.

A chain is round his manly waist,
A black portfolio by his side,
What boots it that the Prince comes graced
With ALEXANDRA as his bride?
The Clerk must dawdle through the town,
Far from procession, Prince, and park,
Shoving small papers, "Jones on Brown,"
Through spotted oak, our Banker's Clerk.

Come, Merchant Princes, show your sway,
Why should his patient soul be vex?
Let every bill that's due that day
Be paid (or asked for) on the next.
Don't, OVERSTONE, be over-stern,
Baffle each grim discounting shark,
Three lines of kindly Law would earn
Three cheers from every Banker's Clerk.

A Pillar of the Law.

SINCE the Nelson Column seems destined never to be finished, BARON BRAMWELL says it wouldn't be a bad thing to call it, "THE STATUE OF LIMITATIONS." The length of time its incompleteness has been standing over is quite sufficient to debar any further prosecution of its labours.

poork or byscon. So I make so bold to hope as other squires in Suffolk ull du soffen kinder like what this here genelman hev done, and if they'd like to see a 'happy cheerful countenance,' jist let em fat me up and thin I'd show em mine, an' woodent charge em northun for the exhibition.

"And so no more at present from your bedient umble sarvant,

"CHRISTIFER CORDEROY."

"*Agricultural labour at Farmer Skingfist's, Suffolk.*"

Easy French Translations.

(For Young Dramatic Authors.)

"UNE PIÈCE DE RÉSTANCE."—The Relief of Lucknow.

"UNE BÊTE NOIRE."—An Ethiopian Serenader.

"UN COUP D'ŒIL."—A Black Eye.

"UN TEMPS DE CHIEN."—The Dog Days.

"MON PETIT CHOU."—A Term of Endearment first addressed by Cinderella to her glass slipper.

MUSICAL NOTE.

It is not true that the Balfe-Bridgman new opera of the *Armourer of Nantes* is founded upon the well-known ballad, entitled "I would I were with Nantes-ey, oh dear, oh!" &c.

A SENSIBLE REPLY.

Lord Dundreary being asked what he thought of Bradshaw, replied: "W-w-well, that's j-just one of those things that no fellow c-c-can make out!"

NEW FASHION FOR HIGH CHURCHMEN.—During the following month it is proposed that clergymen should dispense with the present unbecoming hats, and adopt MINTON'S Encaustic Tiles.



SCENE—A MAN'S ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

(STEADY MAN SMOKES A SHORT PIPE, AND JAWS AT THE YOUNG SWELL LOUNGING IN EASY CHAIR.)

Steady Man. "A MAN MUST WORK NOW-A-DAYS, OR HE GETS LEFT BEHIND. THE ONLY POSITION WORTH HAVING, IS WHAT YOU MAKE FOR YOURSELF," &c. &c.

Youthful Swell. "OH, YES, I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT WORK. I DON'T MIND WORK, YOU KNOW, IN A GENERAL WAY—BUT I OBJECT TO WHAT I CALL 'WORK OF SUPERWEWOGATION!'"

Steady Man. "AND PRAY WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?"

Youthful Swell. "WHY—I MEAN I DON'T CARE TO DO ANYTHING I CAN GET DONE FOR ME!"

ROME AND RUSSELL.

Rome—(not to offend her)—
Sits fem'ine in gender,
On her sev'n hills, in rich scarlet satin—
So no wonder if Odo
Misconstrued—*sub-modo*—
Th' Infalible Vatican Latin.

When he saw the Old Lady,
(Who was ne'er the most steady)
She scarce knew on which end she was standing;
And 'twixt prayers and proposals,
Acceptings, refusals,
Might well fall to mis-understanding.

As all ladies confess
That their "no" oft means yes,
Mr. RUSSELL but followed men's wont,
When the Pope's reply, too,
He construed, "O, do,"
Though the Cardinal swears 'twas, "O, don't."

The Ranks of Respectability.

It sounds almost incredible, but if we give our word for it, the astounding statement is sure to be believed, that no less than 9,837 cabmen have signed a petition in favour of the Bill now before Parliament for dispensing with supplementary oaths.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"WILL you allow me through your columns to ask Mr. BOUGICAULT, if he will kindly suffer me to play the *School for Scandal* for my benefit? I understand he has some thought of altering the play by introducing a few scenes of a sensational description, of which I hear that one will be a thrilling picture of a trial in a law court of the period, where, in the amended play designed by Mr. BOUGICAULT, *Sir Peter* sues his wife and *Joseph Surface* co-respondent, with a view to a divorce. The new play it is true has not yet been produced, indeed I rather think it probable it has not even been written. But in matters of stage copyright one cannot be too careful: and when one finds dramatic authors claiming copyright in plots invented by dead novelists, there is no telling what pretensions they may possibly make next.

"Humbly craving Mr. BOUGICAULT's polite compliance with the wish that I have timidly expressed, I remain his most respectful slave,
"Theatre Royal, Starborough." "BOANERGES BUSKIN."

Episcopal Faculties.

IN Convocation, the other day, the BISHOP OF LONDON expressed the opinion that "faculties ought more frequently to be applied for." That may be all very well in a diocese with such a head to it as DR. TAIT; but how many Bishops are there who have any faculties to spare?

AN INDENTURE OF CONVEYANCE.—One of PICKFORD's furious VANS, driving everything before it, knocking a big hole in the panel of your carriage.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 21, 1863.



A GROWL FOR POLAND.

MR. BULL. "AH, OLD DOG—YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE ANOTHER RUN AT THAT BEAR, WOULDN'T YOU; BUT IT WON'T DO THIS TIME."

A GROUP OF BOYS



NURSERY RHYMES.

(To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.)



THERE was a Young Lady of Ayr,
And she had such very long hair,
When she crossed the Auld Brig,
People said "It's a wig,
Which no sponable lassie would wear."

There was a Young Lady of Crawley,
Who said "as the weather is squally,
I'll stop at home, snug,
And lie here on the rug,
And quietly read LORD MACAULAY."

There was a Young Lady of Denbigh,
Who wrote to her *confidante*, "N.B.
I don't mean to try
To be married, not I,
But where can the eyes of the men be?"

There was a Young Lady of Surrey,
Who always would talk in a hurry,
Being called by her Pa,
She replied "Here I are,"
And he said, "Go and read LINDLEY MURRAY."

A DARK LANTERN.

We do not pretend to be *CEIRUS*, and it would be no good if we did. That we never yet guessed the answer to a conundrum, is attributable to the fact of our always having surrendered at discretion, and invariably "given it up" on the very first time of asking. It is, then, with no feeling of intellectual shame that we place before the public, the following advertisement, extracted from the *Wexford Independent*, and own that we have but just recovered from the fearful effects consequent upon a laborious attempt to fathom its hidden mystery. We may as well here state, that we have allowed our concluding notes, written down after a protracted mental struggle, to remain in the same form in which they were found by the celebrated physician who was summoned to our assistance.

The advertiser addresses himself

"TO RETAIL GROCERS IN IRELAND.

FOR SALE, A SELF-ACTING CHINESE LANTERN, two T Chess-Boards, Masks, Fans, Veils, Euclids, 47th Problem, worked out in Ivory together with a large collection of Novel Chinese Puzzles, and other new inventions, just imported ex the merchant ship *St. Bernard's*, from Amoy into London."

Passing over for awhile the "self-acting Chinese Lantern," the first question that occurs to us is, of what possible use, in a business-like point of view, can two T chess-boards, masks, fans, veils, and Euclids be to a retail grocer either in Ireland, Scotland, or any other part of the United Kingdom? The "T" prefixed to the "chess-boards"

seems to have been playfully thrown in as a bait for the grocer. Is there any deeper meaning? We are acquainted with the mysterious symbolism of the Greek T, and can only hope, that in these chess-boards every move is on the square. Our inability to comprehend the special importance to grocers of three of these items, probably arises from our utter ignorance of the manners and customs peculiar to this class of tradesmen in Erin's very green isle. Do all the retail grocers in Ireland wear masks? Haven't they got the face to appear before their customers? Stay! do not lanterns, masks, and veils savour somewhat of BARRINGTON the Irish highwayman, the rebellion, and midnight burglary? We are on the scent; but the "fans!" The Fans! A cannibal tribe! Horrible thought! Can it be that—ah—then how about the "Euclids!" Cannibals, Euclids, highwaymen, it won't do! At this point we rumple our hair wildly, and knock our heads—no, our head—on the table. We return to the task. The "veil!" now we see it all! Doubtless a Jesuitical method of inveigling the grocers' daughters into a nunnery, so that being tired of the hills of life they may take to the veils. And the Euclids! Education for the middle classes. We picture to ourselves several Hibernian tea-dealers, distinguished mathematicians, with masks on their faces, veils over their heads, and fans in their hands, sitting on two T chess-boards, studying a 47th problem worked out in ivory with novel Chinese puzzles, and other new inventions (besides Euclid), by the brilliant light of a self-acting Chinese lantern!

We breathe again and proceed:—

"The Lantern is the most wonderful production of artistic skill that has ever appeared in this country. It is 5 feet 9 inches high, and is made to represent JOHN CHINAMAN standing inside a black tea tree, in full blossom. He is very showy, and the self-acting principle reflects from a most transparent sparkling white in the darkest relief!"

JOHN CHINAMAN in full blossom must be a pretty sight. Can it mean that he is a Buddhist? If he is inside the black tea tree, how comes it that he is visible? This tea tree perplexes, or rather teas-es us. Stockton-on-teas might give us some information. Stop! is that a book? no, it's a place. We may, however, suppose that the figure, a pretty high figure too, 5 ft. 9 in., tells its own story, with the Horatian legend possibly subscribed, "*Fabula narratur de Teo*."

After reading the remainder of the paragraph, we are utterly prostrated. We try it again and again. Who is "he?" JOHN CHINAMAN. Very good. But JOHN CHINAMAN is only "represented." By what? The lantern. Gently. We grasp it. We have it now: a lantern in full blossom with a Chinaman 5 feet 9 inches, sparkling white in his inside, and—and, our brain is going, send for DR. CUMMINGS! Surely, "the lantern is the most wonderful production," &c. &c., in fact, a sort of thing that no fellah can understand.

With a wet towel round our brow we resume:—

"The entire is invisibly supported by a most ingeniously contrived and exquisitely polished cornucopia of the greenest moss!"

The style is that of SIR BULWER LYTTON writing of "The Beautiful." What "entire?" The malt liquor of BARCLAY & PERKINS? or REID's? we give it up hopelessly. Come let us drain the goblet. The exquisitely polishing of invisible cornucopia is truly ingenious. The "greenest moss" is a palpable hit at MR. KINGLAKE and his imperial green Moss-oo.

"The value of such an ingenious self-acting invention, in these days of competition, could not be estimated to any Irish Retail Grocer! Though the design is quite original, yet it approaches nearest to the brilliant Arabian light so lately brought out and so much admired, and which also commanded the honourable mention of the most interested judges. Lowest price—Fifty Guinea."

What is meant by "estimated to" a grocer? The cost of any article can be estimated to a fraction, but not to a grocer. The advertiser seems to imply that no Irish retail grocer can properly appreciate his Lamp? Then why exclusively address that dense body? As regards the tea-dealers we cannot imagine a grocer piece of impertinence? Why doesn't he call them tea-caddies at once? To us this *chef d'œuvre* of art has still a lamp-shade over it. Will any lantern-faced individual favour us with a few remarks upon the subject? Will some light-headed, light-haired gentleman assist us? We can bear the strain upon our intellectual powers no longer! Ah! we are in Ireland once more! Scenes of our childhood, whilelele! March in like a Lion and out like a Lamp! Come, SIR PAUL CULLEN EARDLEY—"if you're waking, call me, EARDLEY." We will read some LIFFEY together—just one page, OF ID—ha! ha! Let us reflect upon the self-acting principles of the Magic Lantern, and, *allons!* dine with me at Lampeter upon a dish of fresh-caught lamp-rays. Away! (At this point DR. DUPLEX set in.)

Enormous Take of Great Fish at One Haul.

The Fishmongers' Company's last Catch.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and SIR ROWLAND HILL. (See the Records of the Fishmongers' Company for February 13, 1863.)



STREET ARAB. "You see this 'ere 'eavy Swell a-comin' along 'ere? Wery well, he's my Medikle Man!"
Alas, we recognised in the subject of this boast a young friend and Prison Surgeon!

THE PRISON AND THE POORHOUSE.

A MAN being charged at the Guildhall Police Court with an assault upon a guardian of the City of London Union, the following conversation is reported to have taken place:—

"ALDERMAN CARTER said, it was his duty to tell him that he could not be allowed to enter the house of any person and to assault him merely because he was a guardian. His conduct was exceedingly bad, and he therefore committed him to prison for 21 days, with hard labour, during which period he would have the ordinary low diet of bread and water."
"The Prisoner. Very well. I've been there several times before, and know what it is like. The prison is better than the union, at all events."

Conversations such as this are continually recurring. How long will our Legislature go on turning a deaf ear to them? They who have tried both are continually telling us that the living in a prison is now ever so much better than the living in a poorhouse, and yet how little heed at present has been taken of the fact! By our pet-prison system we tempt a man to crime, by treating paupers harshly, while we pamper rogues and thieves. It has been said that here in England we treat poverty as a crime; but if this were really so, there would be less crime committed. Make your poorhouses as pleasant and luxurious as your prisons, and your paupers would no longer be tempted to turn thieves. Perhaps a better plan would be to make your gaols more wretched and unpleasant than your poorhouses: for idleness is not a thing to be encouraged; and if you gave all those who asked for it good board and lodging gratis, the chance is that our working classes soon would be extinct.

Town is Filling.

THE London tradesmen are anticipating a glorious season, and certainly town is beginning to fill very rapidly. Amongst the various arrivals, however, we do not notice the return of the various drinking-fountains, who are always to be seen at the corners of our most popular thoroughfares during the height of the season. When it is our happiness to observe them as before running about the streets with all their usual sparkling freshness and gushing gaiety, we shall be inclined to say that, taken together with the numerous other visitors of the first-water, the metropolis will probably be as full as it can hold. Nothing short of a bumper at the theatres and elsewhere, we know, is expected, and we only hope that no one, not even the little Royalty Theatre in Dean Street, will have reason to be disappointed with the anticipated overflow.

COLENSO AND CONVOCATION.

TUNE—"Robinson Crusoe."

CONVOCATION must look
To the Bishop's bold book,
Which unsettles the minds of young men so;
Whilst the parsons wax wroth,
And the ire of the cloth
Is extreme against BISHOP COLENSO.
Eh, LORD BISHOP COLENSO?
What, LORD BISHOP COLENSO?
Are those writings untrue?
Then what shall we do,
Oh, LORD BISHOP COLENSO?

That your treatise was bred
In a clever "chalk head"
Will be seen when 'tis read *in extenso*.
Figures more in your way
Are than *Numbers*, some say,
Arithmetical BISHOP COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

The Clergy all cry
"Your book's all my eye;
How came you to flourish your pen so?
You're as bad as TOM PAINE,
And ought not to remain
Any longer a bishop, COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

"You deserve to be whacked,
Till compelled to retract,
And vow to write never again so;
With a light, in a sheet:
Cries of 'How's your poor feet?'"
Saluting you, BISHOP COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

"Worse than GIBBON or HUME,
How durst you presume
To write all that horrid nonsense, oh!
And astound us with that
Declaration of flat
Neology, BISHOP COLENSO?"
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

Could they but prosecute,
By an Arches Court suit,
They'd right soon plunge him into expense, oh!
But Natal is his See;
So that Canterbury
Has no pull upon BISHOP COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

They seem to forget
That his writings upset
DR. CULLER, and floor PETER DENS so
That there isn't a name
On Rome's Index of blame
In worse odour than that of COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

But how can they hope
That, mistrusting the POPE,
Folks will grant their infallible ken so
As to put faith in them
If they simply condemn,
Without argument, BISHOP COLENSO?
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

Truth is great; must prevail.
Reason, Parsons, don't rail;
You will hinder, not help, her defence so.
But confute the man's sums;
You may then snap your thumbs,
And make faces at BISHOP COLENSO.
Oh, Lord Bishop, &c.

How about the Rappers?

WE have hardly heard a word about the Spirit Rappers lately. Have the mediums turned honest, or are there no more simpletons in England to be tricked? Perhaps the thumps of *Punch's* cudgel have proved of some avail in smashing the impostors. At all events it seems that the business of the rappers is pretty nearly knocked up.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(As understood by most of our Politicians.)



O buy in the dearest market, and to sell in the cheapest.

Always to do yourself what you get more cheaply done by others.

If there is a valuable book to buy, to send two agents into the market, so that they may bid against one another, and thus run up the price.

Whatever you have to do, it is never worth while to do it well, for if you acted on that foolish system, you would soon cease having anything to do.

To be generous always before you are just.

To increase your expenditure in proportion as your neighbour increases his. No matter whether he is

ruining himself or not, you are bound to ruin yourself also. If you are ruined, you may as well be so on the grandest possible scale. Act defiantly on the venerable maxim: "In for a penny, in for a pound."

COURT AND CASINO.

It is pleasing to turn from the horrid carnage raging in the United States, the mournful struggle against tyranny proceeding in Poland, and the sorry sight of Romans Pope-ridden by means of French physical force, to the high-jinks which the other Monday enlivened the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties gave a fancy ball, wherein *Galignani* tells us—

"The EMPRESS was attired as a Venetian lady of the Middle Ages; her dress, crimson and black, being covered with aquins interspersed with diamonds."

We pause to express the hope and trust that the Venetian attire was a suitable dress for a middle-aged lady. But there can be no doubt of that. Girlish affectation is a vanity of which the Eldest Daughter of the Church, so devoted to her Papa, would be obviously incapable.

The eldest son of the Church was appraised as became the husband of his wife—

"The EMPEROR wore a Venetian mantle of white and crimson; and it was remarked that several high dignitaries had on a somewhat similar costume. The PRINCE IMPERIAL, in black vest and continuations, with crimson stockings and Venetian mantle, remained in the room until 11."

The Venetian attire of the Imperial family seems not to have been meant for a political demonstration. It may, however, have had some significance to a thoughtful Italian. M. BILLAULT has at last confessed the real reason of the French occupation of Rome. "To make Rome the capital of Italy would be in contradiction to French interests." In any Italian dress whatsoever, the EMPEROR is only a Frenchman in disguise.

So dance away. Bloodshed elsewhere is neither here nor there, as the saying is; and as to tyranny, the Tuileries is Liberty Hall, if for this night only. Dance away; and oh, how pretty you look!

"The PRINCESS MATILDA, representing ANNE OF CLEVELAND, as seen in HOLBEIN'S picture in the Louvre, had her dress covered with an immense quantity of magnificent emeralds. The PRINCESS CLOTHILDE, in gold brocade, wore her hair arranged in powder; and the PRINCESS AUGUSTA BONAPARTE had on the dress of a Syrian woman. The COUNTESS DE FERMONT represented FIRE; the COUNTESS DE CASTILLONE Salammbo with her hair given to the wind, a golden diadem above, bare arms, and naked feet in golden sandals."

How exquisitely attractive! What flunkey does not envy the bleat creature who had the ineffable honour and happiness of doing duty as follows:—

"The train of her robe was borne by the COUNTESS DE CHOISEUL, as a negro, who held an antique parasol over her head."

Fortunate negro! It ought to have been a real Nubian. However, doubtless, the COUNTESS DE CHOISEUL is sufficiently well qualified for the situation of amateur black page to a Christian Countess.

A Mussulman, had one been present at the Imperial Fancy Ball,

would have fancied himself in Mahomet's Heaven. Indeed, we are told that actually

"MADAME A. DE ROTHSCHILD was a Bird of Paradise."

One would fancy a lady in feathers would have looked more like a goose. Be that as it may—

"MADAME EMILE GIRARDIN, in the costume of the Isle of Ceylon, had her dress covered with white and black pearls; and the COUNTESS O. AGUADO appeared as a Pack of Cards."

She shuffled herself, of course, but was not cut.

The place opposite to Heaven was represented by some of the sterner sex.

"COUNTESS DE DEMIDOFF appeared as the SON of NIGHT, and wore the Fancy diamond; COUNTESS DE OSMAR as LOUISE THE THIRTIETH, and the DUCHESS DE MONTMOREAU as MAPHROSOPHIA."

In that character the Duke, if equal to its support, must have had plenty to say for himself. But, now for the achievement of the evening—

"The Quadrille des Abeilles produced the greatest possible effect. A number of gardeners of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, arrived bearing on litters large bee-hives, from which, when put down, there issued a number of young and beautiful women, winged, to represent a swarm of bees; they immediately took up position and went through a charming series of dances, composed by HERBERT, of the French Opera. The success of the fair performers was immense."

No doubt. Naturally these little busy bees would improve the shining hour. Perhaps they stung some of the spectators.

It is worthy of remark that—

"Their Majesties remained with face uncovered till 12, when it is believed they went through the rooms masked and in other dresses."

It was well of their Majesties to remain so long barefaced. It showed that they were not ashamed of themselves, nor of their company.

The account given by *Galignani* of these Imperial festivities concludes with a remark which is not quite happy—

"The Cotillon, led by the MARQUE DE CAUX, as a Caucasian, did not terminate till 5 in the morning, and altogether this fête was in every respect worthy of the august personages who gave it."

Well, those personages were august; but their fête was less characterised by augustness than by prettiness and innocence. It was the expression of a playful child-like disregard of the wrestling manhood, the devoted martyrdom, the rampant ferocity, and the dire distress of which the world is just now exhibiting so many spectacles. The unthoughtfulness of grave and grim realities, betokened by bee-quadrilles and the rest of the graceful and elegant revelry above described, is just what makes all that sort of thing so nice. Never mind the wrong and misery around you; dress, dance, and look pretty—as pretty as you can. Only, to be sure, this is just what the monkeys would do, if they had got the upper-hand, and only sense enough to play the fool.

WHAT ARE YOU, HAT?

OUR friend the *Standard* (whose misfortune in differing from us occasionally is a matter to be spoken of kindly and not in anger) has a very sensible article inviting the PRINCE OF WALES, whose position will entitle him to command Fashion, to put down the Hat, which our contemporary rightly describes as dear, perishable, uncomfortable, and hideous. Should the PRINCE hesitate, LORD PALMERSTON is called upon to take the lead in the anti-hat movement, and boldly come into the House in a Wide-Awake. There is a fitness in the latter proposition, PAM's wideawakishness having been acknowledged, not always with compliment, by the *Standard* itself. The business, however, is rather one for the PRINCE, who, marrying a Danish Princess, becomes a kind of Prince of Denmark, and therefore "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." But we decidedly decline to assume what might occur to the PRINCE. We are handsome, and look well in anything, and we are as brave as handsome, but we cannot and dare not walk down Fleet Street with three tall ostrich feathers sticking up into the firmament. We prefer our six-and-threepenny to *that*. Still, it would be a good thing, if on the tenth of March, we should all throw up our hats, and they should never come down again.

Middlesex to Wit.

SAYS DEPUTY PAYNE, "MR. METCALFE, you'll see

That you shan't with impunity laugh, Sir, at me."

Hearing this, MR. METCALFE rose up to explain,

That he always "made light of a trifling PAYNE."

OH, DANTE!

THE following Notice to Ladies will be placed over the Entrance to the Stalls at the Royal Italian Opera:—"All hoops abandon, ye who enter here."



COUNTER IRRITATION.

"Mind what I'm a writing! Sir! I'll lay you a shilling 'More Antike's' spell with a L."

SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE are enabled to state, on the most veracious authority, that the KING OF PRUSSIA has been much disturbed lately by raps on his bed-chamber-door, which being opened, although immediately, the sharpest eye could discover nobody there. As these sounds thus appeared to be occasioned by an invisible hand, the alphabet was resorted to, and the unseen agent was asked if it had anything to communicate. This question was answered by a succession of raps constituting, when spelled out, the following message:—"Don't you try to govern without a Parliament. CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND. —Good night."

Masonry at the Mansion House.

THE Hon. Mr. MASON, the celebrated Southern Commissioner, dined, the other evening, at the Mansion House. MR. MASON's name was associated with the health of the visitors, proposed by the LORD MAYOR, in a complimentary speech, which was responded to by the honourable gentleman in a congenial spirit. From the applause which greeted the remarks of MR. MASON, it was evident that they were accepted as the expression of a sort of Freemasonry, although the speaker may be considered a MASON on the side of slavery.

A GREETING TO THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD."

(The Ship which bore to the Mercy the Contributions of the United States to the relief of Lancashire.)

BEFORE thy stem smooth seas were curled,
Soft winds thy sails did move,
Good ship, that from the Western world
Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twixt starving here and striving there
When wrath flies to and fro,
Till all seems hatred everywhere,
How fair thy white wings show!

O'er the great seas thy keel ploughed through
Good ships have borne the chain
That should have knit old world and new
Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne—one kindly wave
Of speech pulsed through its coil;
Then dumb and dead in ocean's grave
Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou, good ship, a gain hast brought
O'er these wide waves of blue,
The chain of kindly word and thought
To link those worlds anew.

Out and Come Again.

THERE is a swaggering talk about Reduction. We confess to a few qualmish fears on this subject, for of late our experience has taught us that the national expenditure, no matter whether in the hands of this, or any other Ministry, is very much like a man's beard—the oftener it is cut, the quicker it grows.

HEBREW WITH POINTS, AND GOOD ONES.

MR. ISRAEL ABRAHAMS, a gentleman whose names induce us to think it possible that if elected to Parliament he will take the oath with his hat on, offers himself to the electors of Devizes. He goes in for Everything, according to the formula in use, with the advanced Liberals, and which is understood simply to mean that a Member will not habitually vote with the Disraelites. We should scorn to pin a gentleman to a literal rendering of words, of course—we should as soon think of ordering him to fetch us a cab, because he had signed a letter to us "your obedient servant." But there is one novel phrase in MR. ABRAHAM's address, and Mr. Punch begs to say that to the promise thus distinctly given he does mean to pin MR. ABRAHAMS, and moreover designs to run a very large pin into him should he prove unmindful of his engagement:—

"The Income-Tax, being unjust upon Trades and Professions, I will support Any Measure for a Re-adjustment."

Very well said, MR. ABRAHAMS, and no matter who may oppose you, Mr. Punch recommends you to the men of Devizes. As you have only to secure 187 of them to obtain your seat; go it, and prosper! Mind, we shall not hold you absolved because MR. GLADSTONE may take off a penny or twopence. We must have Re-adjustment of the Wicked Tax. This understood, as between gentlemen, you are our man.

The Duke's Motto.

To MR. FECHTER, on a palpable omission in his stage business.

THE "Mountain Gorge" scene wants a great effect,
This one point strikes us while your playbill reading;
For here, a gourmet's banquet we'd expect,
The name of Mountain Gorge suggests high feeding.

A QUESTION THAT SHALL NOT REST.—What steps, if any whatsoever, have been taken towards administering MR. PEABODY's donation to the London Poor?

CON FROM CONNAUGHT.—For what light wine would an Irishman most probably ask? "Och, my darlin'."

MOKEANNA;

Or, The White Witness.

LONDON: FEBRUARY 28, 1863.



[THE WHITE WITNESS BACK-MAINS THE LADY BETTINA.]

MOKEANNA; OR, THE WHITE WITNESS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Dramatically divided into Parts, by the Author of "Matrings," "Ollow 'Arts," "Geronimo the Gipsy," "The Dark Girl," "Dustman of Destiny," &c. &c.

PART IV.—THE DRESS CIRCLE.

(The First Tear.)

CHAP. I.

"The Secret! Ha!"
"The Secret! Ho!"

N. O. MORE.

AN old old house was Galton Grange, built in the palmy days of Gothic Architecture by Sir Christopher Wren, by whom it was presented to Henry the Eighth, and its present owner, Sir Lionel Fitz Martin, boasted that it had been for sixteen centuries in the possession of the Barons of Galton.

Luxuriant poplars swept the avenue, leading up to the house, with their trailing branches.

Sir Lionel's carriage was at the door.

"Farewell, *maie Bettina*," he said, pressing his wife to his heart. "I shall come back when I return."

"I doubt thee not, Lionel," was his weeping lady's reply, and the coachman, having fervently embraced the calm but emotional butler, ascended to his seat in the rumble, and the vehicle was soon lost to view.

The clock struck eleven.

"One hour to midnight," she said to herself.

Two girlish figures, each dressed in a *coul de sac*, approached.

"Mamma," they cried, "Will you not trust us now?"

"I will," replied Lady Bettina. "Come, Agnesia; come, Evelina." They entered the Brown Study.

"Listen," said the Lady Bettina, "to my *Secret*. Before I married Sir Lionel, I was young and lovely."

The lid of Agnesia's lovely eye trembled as she looked towards her sister. Evelina, a proficient in the French tongue, murmured "*gammong*" in her ear.

Without noticing their emotion, their mother proceeded.

"I wedded one William Barlow, a man beneath my station in life. Seized with an original idea that my rich brother did not need his money, I induced Barlow to—to—" she faltered.

Agnesia quickly passed her delicate hand from one lobe of her exquisitely moulded ear to the other.

"Yes," continued Lady Bettina, reassured by her offspring's sympathy. "The property became mine. William Barlow, however, was obliged to fly the country. A warrant was out against him, and in his absence, he was arraigned, prosecuted, found guilty—"

"Sentenced?" inquired Evelina, leaning forward.

"Aye, and such is the vaunted Justice of English Law—*Executed!*"

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A groan of horror burst from their pale lips, and Lady Bettina hid her face in a variegated *bandanna*.

"Sometime after this," Lady Bettina went on, "I married Sir Lionel, who yesterday informed me that his wife was still living. He has gone away to seek her. I hope soon to have tidings of her decease."

"Mamma," said Agnesia, "we too have somewhat to confide to you. Are you strong enough to bear it?"

Lady Bettina filled up a silver goblet with sparkling *eau de vie*, and drank it off at one draught.

"I am ready."

"We," began Agnesia, "are—"

"Break it gently," remonstrated Lady Evelina.

"I will," returned her sister. "Mamma, we are not your daughters."

"I suspected as much," murmured the Countess.

The two children slowly left the room, and restraining their feelings, sought their respective and very downy couches.

CHAP. II.

"A Light! a Light!"

BURKE.

SLOWLY from beneath the oaken table, covered with elegant *chevaux de frise*, rose a tall form surmounted by a white crest.

The Lady Bettina started.

"Dear me!"

He removed the *chapeau blanc* from his head.

"It is—"

at the puzzling technicalities of Law, and who is supposed to repeat only what she has heard, as will be seen by the sequel.

"Yes."
 "No—yes. William Barlow!"
 "You thought me—"
 "Dead? I did."
 "I'm not."
 "I see."
 "A mistake. 'Tis a long story. I have been detained."
 "Ha! Where?"
 "No matter—abroad."
 "How did you return?"
 "Thus!" The Hunchback produced a small piece of paper to which was attached a signature, "Sir J. J."

"I come to tell you—that these girls—"
 "Ha!"
 "Are your daughters!"
 "I know it."
 "I claim you. Come!"
 "Spare me! Patiently I have borne with you. Even when cruelly you dashed out my brains, I did not murmur."
 "No further parley. You must fly at once."
 "Who says so?"
 "I do."
 She wrung her hands in an agony. Her servants were deaf to the summons.
 "See!" he said, opening the window, and

pointing to Mokeanna, who was impatiently carolling and rearing in the pale moonlight, "My steed waits."
 "Give me," she implored, "one moment to pack up a warmer robe, my *chemin de fer*."
 "Not a second. Hark! I hear footsteps! Come!" and seizing the trembling lady by her long raven tresses, he sprang through the window.
 A minute afterwards the slumbering household was disturbed by the sharp report of a pistol.
 The Lady Agnesia started from her slumber.
 "Evelina, something must have happened."
 She was right.

(To be continued.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 16, Monday. LORD DERRY grumbled at having to attend the House when there was nothing to do. LORD GRANVILLE promised him a Bill about nasty smells in rivers, but this did not seem to awaken any lively pleasure in the leader of the Noes, and he grumbled again, and wanted the papers about Brazil, intimating his opinion, before seeing them, that EARL RUSSELL would look uncommonly small in that business. This riled the Foreign Secretary, who, next night, flew out, and wished EARL DERRY would keep his opinions to himself until he had the means of forming a just opinion. To which the Earl responded that he had read the newspapers, and had pretty well made up his mind; so LORD RUSSELL is in for it.

The Queen's Bench Prison is to be converted into a military gaol. We hope the erring portion of the Army will be better off than it would have been in the Fleet.

Government will do something towards putting out Fires in London, will do nothing towards putting out Church Rates, will make a street from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House, would like to turn the malt tax into a tax on beer, but sees insuperable difficulties in the way, and will bring in a general Bill about liquor licences.

Tuesday. HER MAJESTY sent a message touching a provision for the PRINCE OF WALES, and the Lords, in the politest manner, promised that it should be attended to. The same thing occurred in the Commons. LORD NORMANBY talked Normanbyism about Rome, and against VICTOR-EMMANUEL, and LORD RUSSELL said what was necessary, and, pointing out that the last-named Sovereign had been recognised by England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Portugal, thought he could wait for LORD NORMANBY's recognition. LORD ELLENBOROUGH hoped to see a free Parliament of Italy in the Capitol—*Mr. Punch*, as *echo*, says, "capital."

A Bill for making the Liverpool publicans respectable was, despite MR. GLADSTONE and the Government, rejected by 124 to 108. Second time this Session that Ministers have been in a minority. A Bill for making a new railway to Folkstone was also thrown out. This we do not care about—the present line is a very good one, and if the South-Eastern has any money to throw away, let it make a nice new railway in some other direction. One SOMES, who ought to be a descendant of the celebrated BILL of that name, or thereabouts, gives notice that he means to try to close all public-houses all Sunday. Has he no friends with interest at the Asylum for Idiots?

MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS very properly demanded whether Government would not take measures to prevent people being bothered about taking up bills and the like on the Prince's wedding-day. LORD PALMERSTON said No. Very well, go to. The country has got the matter in its own hands. Let us all make a vow that, under no circumstances whatever, will we either pay or receive money on the 10th of March. As for the foreigners, who, it is said, will be inconvenienced by such arrangement, who cares? Let 'em be inconvenienced. As for the bankers, who could have got the whole affair arranged with a word, if their accounts get muddled, let 'em get muddled. And let LORD WESTBURY announce that he will instantly strike any solicitor off the rolls who dares to bring an action or even write a letter in respect of any omission to pay anything on the 10th. There!—the difficulty is solved at once by a few practical words from *Mr. Punch*. By Jove, what a great creature that is!

The Great Eastern Railway, as it affectedly calls itself—to be sure the affectation makes it necessary, in explaining, to give the right name—the *Late Eastern Counties*, wants to cut up Finsbury Circus, and make it a station. The Circus is a handsome one, and the only place where people, compelled to live in the City, can easily get a little fresh air. For this very reason the *Late Eastern Counties* wants it, urging that as there are no houses on the green part, it can be bought cheaper than if it were built on. The calm impudence of this proposal startled even MR. COWPER, who suggested that the Circus should petition. Dawdles are always cool, but this coolness on the part of the Great Dawdle Line approaches an intolerable frigidity.

MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD and MR. LAYARD then had a battle over the commercial treaty which we are arranging with Italy, and which the former described as a mere copy from a French original, and not

nearly favourable enough for England. MR. LAYARD promised that the Chambers of Commerce should be consulted. This gave MR. DISRAELI an opening, and he walked severely into commercial treaties, which he said were delusions now that the principle of unrestricted competition is recognised. MR. MILNER GIBSON made things pleasant, as usual. A serious debate, on alleged ill-treatment of an old Irish pauper, forced even from Irish Members a compliment in respect of the way English Members discuss such things. Why, beloved O'BLAZER and endeared O'BLAZZY, when you've a case we behave even better than the stars, for as certain of your own poets have said, those silent luminaries "wink and listen," whereas we listen without being so rude as to wink. But we don't stand humbug about English tyranny, which means that we insist on civilising *yes*. This very night, did not SIR G. GREY, with a sense of one of the wants of Oireland, bring in a Bill necessitated by the immense number of wicked Catholics, a Bill for providing extra spiritual instruction to Papists in gaols, and then didn't the House sit till half-past twelve considering over a Bill for taking care of your unlawful infants?

Wednesday. Disenters' day in Parliament, says an organ of dissent. So MR. HADFIELD just squeezed in an Abolition of Church-maintaining Oaths Bill, by a majority of 11, against MR. NEWDEGATE. It will not pass.

Devises has elected MR. ADDINGTON, Conservative, and grandson of "the Doctor," touching whom CANNING, answering some toady who compared the said doctor to PITT, said,

"PITT is to ADDINGTON
 What London is to Paddington."

LORD RAYNHAM once more tried to get flogging enacted for the benefit of brutes who illtreat women and children, but a large majority rejected the Bill, chiefly on the ground that it is imprudent to disturb existing legislation, which limits flogging to persons under sixteen.

Thursday. The convict system was discussed in the Lords, and strong opinions were expressed against the way in which ruffians are pampered in gaol. LORD MALMESBURY mentioned that the allowances to soldiers and sailors, to say nothing of honest paupers, is less than those given to scoundrels in some of his prisons.

A Bill for keeping the Thames clean was rejected, out of regard to vested rights, Liberal Members being its chief opponents. MR. TITE complained of the hideousness of the railway additions to London, and insisted on having some architectural supervision of the new designs, which suggestion MR. COWPER thought reasonable.

LORD PALMERSTON brought forward [the proposal for a settlement on the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. He spoke exceedingly well, dwelt on the evils of despotism and of republicanism, and on the advantages of the mild sway of the QUEEN, and was sure that we should show our estimation thereof at the present time. *Bref*, the late Consort managed the Duchy of Cornwall so well, that instead of producing only £12,000, as it did at the Accession, it produces £60,000, so we need grant only £40,000 more, to make up a gentlemanly income for the Heir Apparent. PAM added, that as he was addressing many who were "fortunately for them not in single and bachelor condition" (observe that, ladies; but he is not one of the vulgarians who scoff at matrimony), they need not be told that a wife requires money for herself. He proposed to assign £10,000 a year to the PRINCESS OF WALES. In the event of a contingency which we hope may be deferred for half a century at the least, £30,000 will be provided for the Prince's relief.

MR. DISRAELI, after a reproof to one or two members who could not let the vote be given without making speeches, signified his entire acquiescence in the proposal, and after some explanation as to Marlborough House, by MR. GLADSTONE, and some Cornish growing about tin, which we dare say was all right, but misplaced, LORD PALMERSTON's resolutions were agreed to, so that little matter is settled.

The Government's last device for preventing Bribery at Elections was pushed forward, and MR. BENTINCK spoke out manfully, declaring that it was nonsense to talk about bribing electors, when Members of Parliament were allowed to receive Testimonials, which are only rewards for certain past votes, or the purchase-money for future ones. Hear, hear, ANDREW MARVEL BENTINCK. ☺

Friday. Words, worthy the men who uttered them, were spoken in the House of Lords, concerning Russian wickedness in Poland. The language used by the Foreign Minister of England in regard to the conduct of the Russian Emperor and Government was so strong that if the latter submit to it in silence, Russia should no longer be included among civilised nations.

From LORD PALMERSTON'S statement in the Commons, it would seem that the King and Government (not the people) of Prussia, have enacted a Fugitive Pole Law for the benefit of Russia, and that Prussian troops are used to re-capture Poles who may escape over the frontier. There may be Prussian fugitives, one of these days, who will be more nobly treated when they escape to England.

MR. COWPER will restore to us the new road opened through the Park for the Exhibition Season. It is to be for cabs and carriages only, a proper enough restriction.

Distress in Lancashire, and Ireland, and a prolonged fight over a Registration of Births and Deaths Bill for Ireland (into which, of course, Irish Members introduced the question of Repeal of the Union) occupied most of the evening. MR. HARVEY LEWIS deserves praise for sounding a renewed alarm against the menaced Railway invasion of London. One of the proposed lines is to cut into the new Sewers. Had not REX THWAITES better abstain from finishing what is to be immediately destroyed? There seems, however, to be an idea of giving him some kind of *otio* in the matter, and this idea is so reasonable that it is almost sure not to be carried out.

THE WELCOME AND THE WEDDING.



WHAT wonderful suggestions have been made by Correspondents through the columns of the press, about the things we ought to do to welcome the Princess, and the ways in which we ought to celebrate the Wedding! If but half the hints be carried out which these enthusiasts propose, the reporters will be puzzled, omnipresent as they are, to give a full description of the national flare-up. Collected quite at random from contemporary columns, the following are a few of the least wondrous of the wonders which are proposed to celebrate the Seventh and the Tenth:—

"On arriving at Gravesend the Danish man-of-war conveying the Princess will be hoisted out of water and placed upon a truck, and

then dragged through the streets, which will be widened for the purpose, by five-and-twenty thousand of the handsomest young bachelors that England can produce.—(N.B. The selection will be made by a jury of young ladies. All applicants must stand not less than six feet in their socks. No one without whiskers need apply.)"

"Throughout the royal progress, Volunteers will line the Railway from Gravesend to London Bridge, and from Paddington to Windsor, and will keep on firing a continuous salute; while a big gun will be stationed at each post of the telegraph, and will fire ten rounds a minute all the afternoon."

"An arch of orange-flowers will be thrown across the Thames on either side of London Bridge, and garlands of the same with wreaths depending from their centre will, at every other house or so, be stretched across the streets through which the royal *cortège* passes; while a string of flags will float from the summit of the Monument to that of the Nelson Column, which, in honour of the occasion, will by super-human energy, be actually finished!"

"A row of beautiful young ladies, clad in nuptial white, will line the roadway on each side from London Bridge to Paddington, each holding in her hand a ten guinea bouquet, which she will in her turn present to the Princess. It may be mentioned here, that the streets throughout the route will be carpeted with violets to the depth of quite six inches, and that a bank of white moss-roses will fringe the carriage-way, while festoons of white camellias will be twined round every lamp-post, and an orange-tree in blossom be placed upon its top."

"On the morning of the Tenth at Six o'clock A.M., every cannon in the kingdom will open a salute, the bells will clang a joyous wedding peal

in every steeple, and the dinner-bell and door-bell will be rung in every house; just before the hour of marriage, every band throughout the country will play the *Wedding March*; and at the happy moment when the wedding ring is placed upon the finger of the bride, a flourish will be sounded by fifty thousand trumpets, and a chorus of a million voices, stationed within hearing, will chant a nuptial hymn."

"The holy ceremony ended, the festivities throughout the country will begin. All the Charity Schools in England will assemble in a tent that will quite cover Salisbury Plain, and will be regaled with turtle soup and ortolans, venison and champagne. The like costly entertainment will be spread at the pet prisons, and even the inmates of the workhouses will be sumptuously treated, being liberally furnished with an extra quart of gruel and half a cupful of weak tea, wherein to drink the Prince's health. All the theatres will be opened at Three o'clock P.M., and gratis half-hour performances will take place until twelve. To every London street-boy will be given a new shilling, and a pound alic of plum pudding; while to add to their enjoyment (and doubtless that, too, of the public), they will each get a big pea-shooter and half a peck of peas. For the refreshment of the populace, the Crystal Palace fountains will play beer and brandy-and-water, and the squirt-lets in Trafalgar Square will spurt up sherry and champagne. From London Bridge to Chelsea the river will be covered with artificial ice, and a thousand oxen roasted whole and served out to the skaters, who will further be regaled with hot-house strawberries and cream. At dusk a chain of bonfires will blaze from Kent to Cumberland, and the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's House: while at a given signal (say the simultaneous firing of a hundred thousand rockets from the centre of Hyde Park), the general illumination of All England will begin; when, besides the gas devices and oil lamps on the house-fronts, every window in the kingdom will be lit with a wax candle placed in every pane. As a climax of rejoicing, all street-organs will be burnt: and as a final ceremony, the big dome of St. Paul's will be taken off, turned up-side down, and, brimming with champagne, will be passed round as a loving cup to drink a Wedding Toast, proposed with all due eloquence by loyal Mr. Punch."

ANTICIPATED PROGRESS IN PRUSSIA.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, in order to regain his lost popularity, has been advised by the false friends on whom he is weak enough to lean for support, to make an extensive progress through his dominions. We are afraid that, unless he very quickly alters his ways, that he will be compelled to make a most rapid progress through his entire kingdom—so rapid indeed, that he will not feel himself safe until he finds himself clean out of it. We are told that the people will rise *en masse* wherever the King goes. We have not the slightest doubt that they will. We hope that KING WILLIAM has put himself into training under some Hohenzollern Deerfoot, because when once he begins his progress, unless he does not run extremely fast, he will be certain to catch it. When subjects find their monarch tripping, they are apt to make them journey as expeditiously as possible. Such was the case with CHARLES THE TENTH, LOUIS PHILIPPE, BOMBALINO, and others whom we could mention, when they had to take to their heels, and "skedaddle" as unpopular Kings and sensation dramas only can run. It is exclusively in the direction we have traced out above that we suspect KING WILLIAM, so distinguished for his immovability and pigheadedness, will ever prove himself capable of the slightest progress in Prussia; in no other way, we are afraid, will he ever become an out-and-out, or advanced, member of the Fortschritt party.

Change of Name.

(Court of Bankruptcy, February 10.)

MISTHER YALC'NER O'ROURKE,

Don't your creditors shirk,

Sure, ye'd best change your name in this way, Sir;

When ye settle yer ticks,

Ye can drop the prefix,

And turn the "O" into a Pay, Sir.

Extraordinary Annihilation of Space.

"SENSATION" Advertisements seem to be as popular with Theatrical Managers as "Sensation" Dramas, and the public is addressed as though common sense had emigrated. The following extract from the advertisement of one of the transpentine theatres, is certainly "a header!"—

"Families will observe that children coming from the west-end, Bayswater, Kensington, Belgravia, can walk to the theatre without leaving the Parks, which extend to Westminster Bridge, at the corner of which the theatre is situated."

As though the intervening Great George Street, Bridge Street, and the River Thames had disappeared from the Map of London. "Oh, whilst you live, tell truth and shame"—the father of lies.



Officious Little Gent. "HOLLO, CADDY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ORSE!"

Caddy. "WELL—THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND I BRED HIM. YOU'RE ALWAYS WANTING TO BE BEHIND THE SCENES, YOU ARE! SUPPOSE YOU GET INSIDE AND SEE!"

A NON-NATURAL PROSECUTION.

THE following extract in a letter which has appeared in the *Times* is rather good:—

"Yet there has been of late a most large and systematic claim put forth that we clergy not only should inquire, but that, although our inquiries should, unhappily, in the case of any of us, end in the loss of our faith, we should still continue to act as clergy. A claim has been made to affix new meanings to words, and so to subscribe our formularies in senses which they will not bear."

The name subscribed to the epistle which contains the foregoing complaint is that of E. B. PUSEY; date, Christ Church. What! Can this be the reverend and celebrated DR. PUSEY, after whom mankind have nicknamed a sect? Is this the PUSEY supposed to have originated the Puseyites? And is it the Puseyite PUSEY who complains that "a claim has been made to affix new meanings to words, and to subscribe our formularies in senses which they will not bear?" There may possibly be a coolness exceeding that of the GRACCHI complaining of sedition. Surely we seem to remember that there were certain persons who used to stickle for the right of signing certain articles in a non-natural sense. Is PUSEY of the Puseyites the PUSEY who so speaks of this subterfuge as if he now considered it humbug?

E. B. PUSEY writes to the *Times* in justification of the part which he has taken as one of the prosecutors of PROFESSOR JOWETT on account of that Professor's theological opinions, raked up out of a book published several years ago. But, surely, there was a PUSEY, who, not much longer ago, was suspended at Oxford for teaching false doctrine. Was not that an E. B. PUSEY, too? Is JOWETT's prosecutor only a namesake of that PUSEY, or has DR. PUSEY suffered persecution and not learned mercy? In that case, has DR. PUSEY recanted his errors? Has he cried *peccevi*? If not, how can he walk into PROFESSOR JOWETT, and why does he not walk out of the Church?

Unhappily there is no way out of the Church that leads anywhere except to the workhouse—if, even, a Clergyman is eligible as an inmate of that asylum. Once a parson always a parson, though stripped of his preferment, and forbidden to get any other living. If JOWETT could legally get called to the Bar of judicature, or instal himself behind that

of a public-house, or indeed take to any honest line of secular business, then PUSEY, before prosecuting him, should invite him to adopt that course, and set him the example of so doing.

LENTEN DINNERS v. LENTEN DANCES.

(*Apropos of Clerical denunciations of Balls on the PRINCE OF WALES'S Marriage.*)

UNLESS the meat were *very* high,
Or *very* low the Eater,
Churchmen had best be guided by
The experience of St. Peter.

Nor common or unclean declare,
Aught that's of God's good making,
Including joy, when England's Heir
A charming wife is taking.

The fasting Saint may countenance,
But not the waltzing Sinner,
Doctrine that bars the Lenten dance,
But grants the Lenten dinner.

On none the Gates of Mercy shut,
From pulpit or from paper:
Nor, blessing hands that capons cut,
Ban feet that cut a caper.

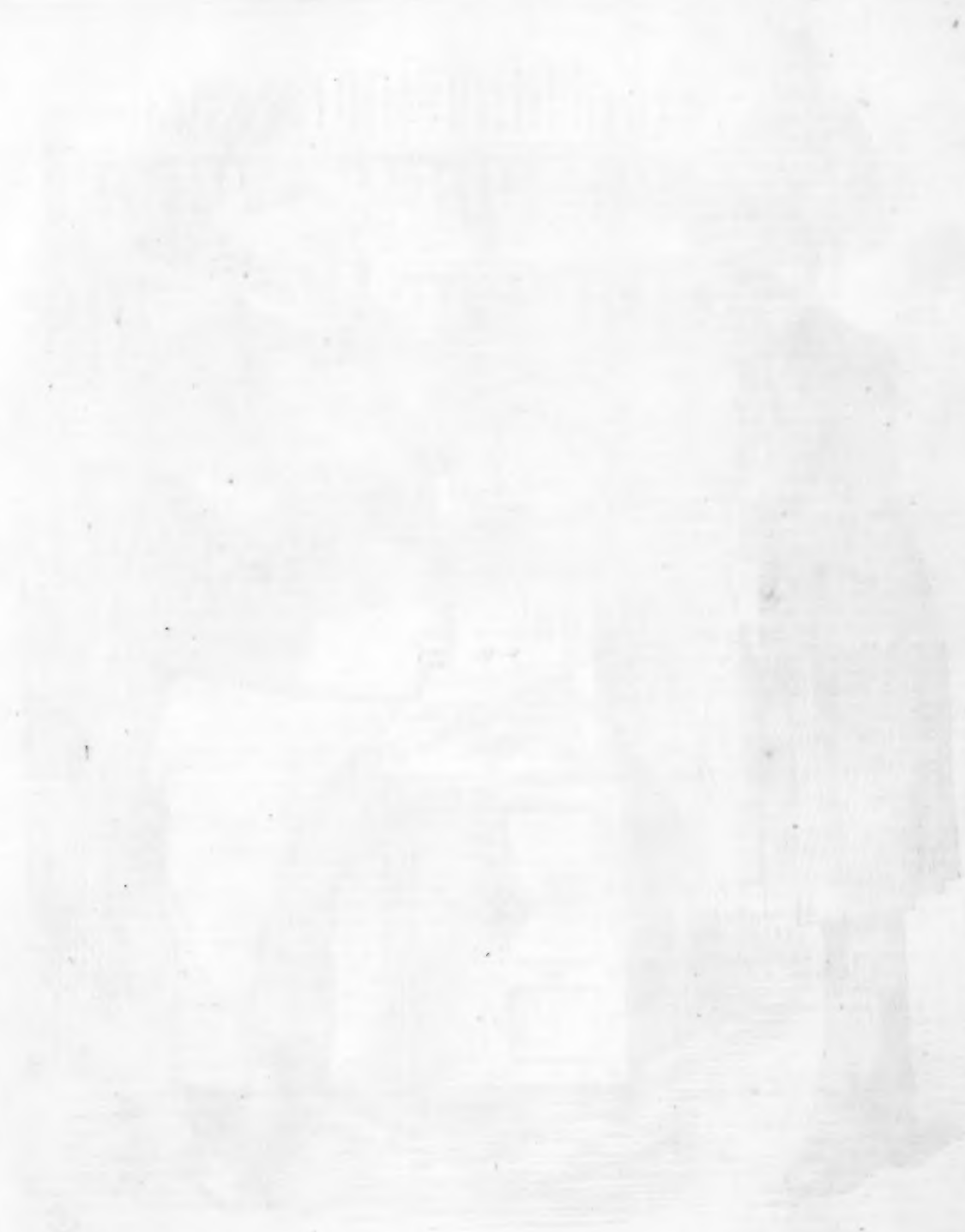
Raising the Wind.

WE hope that the Pneumatic Despatch Company, whose existence promises to be so highly beneficial to the Metropolis, will not, on account of internal disagreements, be unable to continue their operations. It is reported that at Euston Square they have already come to blows.



THE DOWRY.

MR. BULL. "THERE, PAM! THERE'S THE TRIFLE OF MONEY FOR THE MARRIAGE. AH! HOW MUCH BETTER THAN *SOME UNITED STATES*, EH?"



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SMALL DEBTS AND HERESIES COURT.

Oxford, Tuesday.

THE Assessor took his seat as usual, and the list of cases was called over.

PATTYPAN v. FLIRTINGTON.

The plaintiff, an Oxford confectioner, claimed £11 3s. 6d., from the defendant, a handsome young Undergraduate, for goods supplied.

Assessor. Now, FLIRTINGTON, how will you pay?

Mr. Flirtington. Well, you know, look here—

Assessor. I don't know, and you mustn't tell the Court to look here. The Court looks here, there, and everywhere, just as it pleases.

Mr. Flirtington. Well, I didn't think the bill had run up so high.

Plaintiff. I don't want to press the gentleman, Sir, but he won't pay any attention to me.

Assessor. You don't come here to get attention paid, but debts. What is this debt?

Plaintiff. Well, Sir, MR. FLIRTINGTON is a gentleman of very pleasing manners, and partial to the fair sex, which is all right and becoming at his time of life, and whenever he meets any ladies of his acquaintance he says, O come into old PATTYPAN'S and have some tarts.

Assessor. This is all wrong, FLIRTINGTON. Don't you know what the Statute *De Turbibus* says—*virginibusque quævisque lartæ prohibiti sunt*, eh?

Plaintiff. They were jam tarts, chiefly, Sir.

Assessor. That's worse—what does HORACE say about *jam satis*. You'll be plucked, MR. FLIRTINGTON, one of these fine days. Well, pay £5 this week and the rest in a month. Call the next case.

SHOBBUS v. RATTLECASH.

The plaintiff, a Hebrew jeweller, sued the defendant, SIR LIONEL RATTLECASH, BARONET, for £33 10s., the price of some rings.

Assessor. Now, RATTLECASH, how will you pay?

Sir Lionel. Nohow, your Assessorship.

Assessor. Come, come, that sort of answer won't do. If you're a baronet, behave as such. What do you object to?

Sir Lionel. Him, you, them, everything.

Assessor. This Court has the power of transportation, SIR LIONEL.

Sir Lionel. Very glad to hear it. Transport SHOBBUS for the rest of his unnatural life.

Plaintiff. Vot for? He ad the rings, be—u—tiful rings, lovely, fresh from Paris, vorthy to be presented to the PRINCESS HALEXANDER.

Assessor (smiling). PARIS and ALEXANDER—tautology, eh, SIR LIONEL? I hope you read your HOMER?

Sir Lionel. Know him by heart. The fact is this, your Assessorship. I was in my rooms, busily engaged in translating the *Seven against Thebes*—

Plaintiff. He was lying on his sophy, smoking like a steam Engine out of a hooky.

Sir Lionel. Translating mentally, Israelite. I always take baccy with my Greek. In he comes with a trayful of his trash, and as they looked very smart, and he said he didn't care when he was paid, I let him leave half a dozen of his rings. I meant 'em for my cousins, but they ain't worth giving to a lady.

Plaintiff. They're splendid, contiguous rings, and might be given promiscuous to any of the aristox.

Sir Lionel. I should like him to take 'em back.

Assessor. Come, SHOBBUS, that's fair. Take 'em back, and give a receipt.

Plaintiff. I shan't, I von't, it ain't justice. I'm not going to take a pack of rings like that for £33 10s.

Assessor. Just now you said they were valuable—you can't blow hot and cold. Give them back, SIR LIONEL, and let the clerk take a note of the arrangement. Call the next case.

PUSEY v. JOWETT.

The prosecutor, the notorious author of Puseyism, brought the defendant, the celebrated theologian and Greek Professor, before the Court for heresy.

Assessor. Now, JOWETT, how will you pay?

Professor Jowett (smiling). Pay, Sir? I apprehend—

Assessor. No, Sir, you don't apprehend, you are apprehended. Well, we will make it as easy as we can for you, though I must say it is your own fault that you are in difficulties. If you had taken the money which EARL RUSSELL, and all the other eminent men subscribed as a testimony to your merit, you would not have been obliged to borrow of DR. PUSEY. What's the amount, and how can we arrange it?

Professor Jowett. I rather think, Sir, that it is as a heretic, and not as a debtor, that I have the honour to be present here.

Assessor. Eh? Heresy. Oh! Then you haven't to pay. It's somebody else to pay and no pitch hot. Well, this is the shop for justice of all kinds. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? I hope you are. STIGGINS, (to a Messenger) go and fetch me the Fathers, take seven cubs, and look alive. Now, DR. PUSEY, I suppose you don't want to be hard on him?

Dr. Pusey. Yes, Sir, I do, but only for his good. I did wrong things in my time. I taught hypocrisy and non-naturalism. I was an enemy to the Church. I was punished severely. I was suspended. It did me such a deal of good that I am now a model and a pattern, and I wish the same salutary process performed on him.

Assessor. Well, JOWETT, you say you are a heretic?

Professor Jowett. I say nothing of the kind, Sir.

Assessor. Blow it, JOWETT, you did say you appeared as a heretic. Come, don't evade, but say you are sorry, and that you'll be orthodox, and we'll not hurt you, for you are a first-rate Greek professor, and all that. Declare that you agree to the Articles, and all the rest of it, and that you have been misunderstood. Don't let's have a scandal *coram populo*.

Professor Jowett. My dear Mr. Assessor, while—

Assessor. No, don't go into detail. *Accusare nemo se debet*. You had better do as I say. You'll be satisfied, DR. PUSEY?

Dr. Pusey. If he will recant everything that he has written or said for the last seven years, declare his full concurrence, in a natural sense, mind, to everything in the Rubric and Canons, and apologise for his troubling me and the Church, I shall be content.

Assessor. There, JOWETT, come! Nothing can be more liberal or gentlemanly. I adjourn the case for a week, to give you time to think of it. If you don't comply at the next hearing, I shall transport you—send you to Natal, perhaps. Go along, heretic. Call the next case.

The Court was occupied with similar trifling business until the time of its rising.

TATTLE FROM TATTERSALL'S.

"MY RESPECTED EMPLOYER, MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"In accordance with your wish that I should, from time to time, give you the most correct information in my power concerning coming events on the turf, I lately paid (my payments are generally rather late) a visit to the great Racing Exchange, 'yolept Tattersall's. On a fine morning, towards the close of last week, I might have been observed, (but, owing to my usual caution I was not), emerging from the door of my lodgings in—no matter where. Sweetly singing—

"I dreamt that I dwelt in Tattersall's,
With vessels and surfs by my si-i-i-de."

(Whatever that may mean,) I drew on my bright dogskin gloves, after carefully looking to see that they were all right up to the fingers' ends, a point, or rather points, on which I'm especially particular when going to look after the Taps.

"On my approaching the entrance to the yard, I saw several nice-looking horses being led up and down outside, and remarked them as being very spicy Tits for Tatt's. But as to some of the carriage animals in shafts, why there were scarcely any traces of the horse left. Take my word for it, a man who is a stingy old file in the matter of horses is safe to be a screw-driver. You wanted to know something about *Lord Clifden*, didn't you? I can report with certainty that if everything goes well, you know the result will be what you have already imagined. One cannot say more than that at present. *Orphan* is mentioned for the Oaks, but people are orphan wrong. There was not more 'doing' than usual. I heard one person say to another that he was 'on,' but before I could ascertain the nature of the bet, he was off. Owing to the time taken up in jotting down these remarks as I stood upon the flags of Grosvenor Place (which have braved not a thousand ears, but more than that number of feet) I found on entering the yard that the work of the day was over, at least such was my inference from being told, that, 'I had no business there.' On some future occasion I shall make your fortune and that of all your readers. Till then, my Respected Employer, I shall darkly and sensationally sign myself,

"EILY O'CONNOR."

Geographical.

Position of the Equator (communicated by our Travelling Fellow, who has lately been for a voyage in his Travelling Fellow-ship.)

It is not generally known, that the Equator is situated at the Vauxhall Station, on the S.W. Railway. The intelligent *voyageur* may gather this information from the fact of the Company having found it necessary to post up a notice to the effect that "Passengers are requested not to cross the Line."

GEOGRAPHICAL TABLES TURNED.

It has long been known that Russia makes one daily revolution about the Pole, but only recently established that the Pole purposed making one continual revolution about Russia.

A QUESTION TO BE KEPT IN VIEW.—What progress has been made towards building the houses in which, we are told, it is intended to invest MR. PEABODY'S donation to the London Poor?



THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I SAY, JESSIE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH?"

Jessie. "A LITTLE—DO YOU?"

Archy. "Oh, YEH—I UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL; BECAUSE, WHEN PA AND MA TALK FRENCH, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A POWDER!"

ANOTHER "NEW PANTOMIME."

"THEY do these things better in France," is an old established cry, and to judge from accounts we get from the Tuileries, our imperial neighbours seem likely to beat us in the conception of Novelties for Fancy Balls. Personifications are all the rage just now over the water; however, the following, of course extracted from a reliable fashionable journal, promises well.

A brilliant *fete* was given on Tuesday last, at her town residence, by LADY TOPSAWYER; a *cotillon* led by the HON. PERCY BOODLE, attired as "A Hair Dresser's Shop," in company with her Ladyship, gracefully imagined as "A Game at Nine-pins" opened the evening. This *petite surprise* was followed by a *Mazurka à la Zozage*, danced, apparently with much effort, by CAPTAIN TODDLES as "The Underground Railway" and the HON. MISS TOPSAWYER, wonderfully representing "To Brighton and back for half-a-crown." A *quadrille des bains* came next, and amid the many happy personifications which we noticed, that of the DUCHESS OF HERNE BAY was certainly the most striking. Her Grace was elegantly robed as "The St. Martin's Baths and Washhouses," and honoured as her partner LORD WAFFINE, conceived to perfection as "A Flat Iron."

Perhaps the master-piece of the evening was a spirited *Cracoviae*, vigorously given by ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT GOBBLE as "The General Omnibus Company (Limited)," and MRS. MACDRAGON, forcibly rendered as "A Gallon of Half-and-half." Several other toilettes were exceedingly effective, not to omit the HON. AND REV. MR. GUSHEN, quietly arranged as "A Sensation Meeting at Exeter Hall," and MR. SOWHALL, prettily got up as "The Entire College of Cardinals." The *fete* went off with every symptom of *éclat*, and its effect was enhanced by the style of the *salon*, which was decorated as Bedlam.

QUESTION FOR SPIRITS.—Is a Grate-eater anything like a Hobgoblin?

LORD MAYOR ROSE.

TUNE—"Cool Black Rose."

(Sung by a Man and a Brother.)

LORD MAYOR ROSE bid MASON come
To gobble up de turtle—lum, lum, lum!
Oh, ROSE! de LORD MAYOR ROSE!
I wish I may be free if I don't lub ROSE!

Dat you, MASON? Guess him am.
Recognise the South, darn Uncle SAM!
Oh, ROSE! &c.

'Tay a little, MASON, do dat soon,
Nebber mind de Nigger nor de Octorcon.
Oh, ROSE! &c.

Come out, ROSE, like a true Lord Mayor,
Acknowledge us to-night from de Cibic Chair.
Oh, ROSE! &c.

De health ob MASON I propose;
MASON from the South; a toast: here goes!
Oh, ROSE! &c.

'Tank you, LORD MAYOR, now you've spoke out,
De matter's all settled beyond a doubt!
Oh, ROSE! &c.

De LORD MAYOR ROSE hab made a mess,
And put him foot into de unpleasantness.
Oh, ROSE! &c.

De Anti-Slavery party mad
Ob de turtle-soup dat MASON had.
Oh, ROSE! &c.

Dey say a slaveowner like dat
Should nebber hab sucked in dat ar green fat.
Oh, ROSE! &c.

And Exeter Hall in a concert cry,
Fie upon de LORD MAYOR ROSE, yah, fie!
Oh, ROSE! &c.

Better than Nun.

MR. PUNCH gratuitously offers the following suggestion for a magnificent Historical Picture to any Royal Academician, viz., a Monk reading a Newspaper, being an illustration of *Savonarola and his Times*.

A CHANCE FOR THREE HOSPITALS.

In a circular letter addressed to the authorities of Bethlem and St. Thomas's Hospitals, by MR. W. J. NIXON, Secretary to the London Hospital, we find the following statement:—

"MR. HENRY W. PEEK, of Wimbledon House, S.W., a leading London Merchant and Magistrate for Surrey, an old supporter of this charity, makes the following magnificent offer:—Convinced that the best site for the future St. Thomas's Hospital is the present site of Bethlem Hospital, and agreeing with the general verdict, that lunatics should be located in the country, he is prepared to give a freehold site of 72 acres for the new Hospital of Bethlem on condition, first, that St. Thomas's Hospital be built on the site of Bethlem; and secondly, that the sum of Twenty Thousand Guineas be added to the capital stock of the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road."

The estate is freehold, land-tax redeemed; is subject to no right of way, fronts the Croydon Road to the extent of nearly a quarter of a mile, is eight miles from the City, seven from the West-end, close to the Brighton Railway, and worth £300 an acre!

Now, as lunatics want fresh air, green fields, and quiet, and St. Thomas's Hospital wants the best site it can possibly have, and the London Hospital wants a donation of twenty-thousand guineas—almost as much as somebody for whom the money may be left at our Office—there are only three remarks to be made on the foregoing announcement.

One is, that the generous MR. PEEK and the generous MR. PEABODY are as like one another as two Peas.

Another is, that if the authorities of St. Thomas's and Bethlem Hospitals do not jump at MR. PEEK's offer, those of St. Thomas ought to be sent to Bedlam, and those of Bedlam to be confined in their own madhouse.

The third remark, which will occur to everybody, is that a munificent British Public will no doubt very soon subscribe the £21,000 required to enable the Governors of Bethlem and St. Thomas's Hospitals to evince their sanity.

UNGRATEFUL.



SEVERAL journals prefix a contemptuous heading to the following paragraph:—

"The Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT, vicar of Frome, declines to take part in any festivities on the occasion of the PRINCE OF WALES's marriage, as that event is to be celebrated in Lent."

Mr. BENNETT, even while denouncing the Head of the Church as a violator of the respect due to it, is certainly considerate to his flock. He will lock up himself and his priests during the Frome festivities, wisely noting that the programme does not provide for a distribution of wet blankets.

SAUCY QUESTIONS.

THE Clerk of the Weather, whose occupation appears to be almost gone, presents his compliments to ADMIRAL FITZROY, and begs to ask that Gallant Commander, with a view to the usual meteorological arrangements

for Spring, what he intends to do with the March, that he, the Admiral, has stolen upon him, the Clerk. He would further inquire, on drawing towards the end of February, what fashionable tailor makes the clothes of the month? The C. O. T. W. hopes to call upon the Admiral in September, in order to spend a musical evening, and hear him play Au-tum-tum on his Drum.

THE KNAVES IN LINCOLN-GREEN.

WHEN Federal bulletins we read
And Federal Greenbacks see,
Why do we think of Robin Hood
Under the green-wood tree?

It is that LINCOLN's Cabinet
Like him defy the law;
Like him are clad in Lincoln-green,
Like him the long-bow draw.

Like him more loud their trumpet blow,
Than heavier odds they face,
Like him trust largely to their staffs,
And live on spots of CHASE.

Every Man his own Quack.

WHY give 134d. for a box of Quack Pills, when you have the ingredients of Pills and Ointment, as determined by Chemical Analysis, given in *Punch*, No. 1196, Volume the Forty-Fourth, February 7, 1863? Buy the materials at your own druggist's, and mix them up for yourself, in proportions which you may easily ascertain by consulting any handbook of domestic medicine. By so doing you will get the remedies that cure all diseases for a few halfpence, and save the Government Stamp, by which the State, for the sake of revenue, encourages the sale of Patent Medicines.

"This is the Cox," &c.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has desired M. FRECHTER to christen the Lyceum, by abolishing that Pagan name, and substituting H. R. H.'s. MR. COX, M.P., who has found out what the Welsh Principality is called in France, says this is a very proper compliment by a Frenchman to the *Prince de Gwel*.

SPIRITUALISTS RAISING THE WIND.

OUR attention has been called to an announcement thus headed:—

CIRCULAR OF APPEAL.

"To the Lords, Bishops, Prelates, and Clergy of the Established Church, and to the Noblemen and Gentry residing within the realms of this great Empire."

One of the noblemen addressed as above, has forwarded the Circular of Appeal received by him to Mr. *Punch*. It thus commences:—

"We, the Nottingham Spiritual Circle, being commanded in Divine Revelation to make this humble appeal unto you and the country generally, that a sum by contributions, amounting to ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, for the purpose of assisting in the publication of an entire new Bible. For as much has been said by some of the most learned Prelates and Bishops against the Bible and the Church, and which neither Bishops, Clergymen, or Laymen, can confute, deny, or repudiate; therefore we, feeling desirous for the welfare and enlightenment of all our fellow-creatures, and for the glory of God, are in receipt of Divine Revelations commanding us to issue a new, correct, and complete Bible, which shall be entitled, 'A Message from God,' by the highest and holiest angel, to the people of the earth, that their eyes may be opened to the oppression, hypocrisy, and delusion, by which they have been for ages surrounded.

The first division, not to say sentence, of the above-quoted specimen of fraudulent letter-writing, will be seen to be wanting in a word or two needed to complete its construction. A proposal, couched in such terms as the foregoing, for the publication of a new Bible, could have been expected to swindle anybody by nobody who was not as great a fool as rogue. The Nottingham Spiritual Circle evidently consists of fellows who are very great in either character. The stupidity of their impudence is something so marvellous as even to lend a certain plausibility to the pretence of Spiritualism. The alleged Messages of Spirits transmitted even through an educated medium, are generally remarkable for their bad grammar. Might it not be argued that this simply proves that evil spiritual communications corrupt good English?

The Nottingham Spiritualists, however, contrive to render their main object sufficiently intelligible. They inform the higher orders that:—

"This Bible, or Message from God, will contain no errors, or corruptions, and be free from all man-made and worldly assertions, and will be explained from the old fictitious Scriptures chapter by chapter and paragraph by paragraph, throughout both the Old and New Testaments; and the contributions or subscriptions will be received by the gentlemen whose names and addresses hereunder appear: Mr. J. CAMM, Quorndon, near Loughborough; Mr. J. LOLL, Bedworth, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire; Mr. J. HIRSCOCK, Stretton Street, Nottingham."

The succeeding paragraph suggests a certain pre-arrangement for the division of swag.

"Any person desirous of possessing the parts of the 'Message from God,' can do so by sending their orders and small contributions, addressed, prepaid, to the Medium, Mr. J. G. H. BROWN, East Lamartine Street, Nottingham, who will not receive any contribution over Ten Shillings; all other moneys of larger amounts must be sent to either of the three gentlemen, as named above, and a receipt will be returned to the subscriber for the same, signed by each of those as named above."

This extraordinary attempt at a "plant," the device of mingled effrontery and idiocy, concludes as follows:—

"Let each contributor forward his contributions in the form following:—

NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR.	RESIDENCE.	AMOUNT CONTRIBUTED OR SUBSCRIBED.
		£ s. d.

"The above appeal is requested to be answered as quick as possible, and addressed to either of the above named gentlemen, or to Mr. J. G. H. BROWN, as above.

"By order of the Nottingham Spiritual Circle, through their Medium.

"N.B.—Upwards of thirty different works have been published by the twelve Members of the Nottingham Spiritual Circle through the same source, showing up the corruptions of scripture, Bible and Testament.

The envelope containing the Circular of the Nottingham Spiritual Circle, is garnished on the front with the figure of an angel flying in clouds, with a scroll in the right hand, and on the other with that of a gent, in front of a multitude of human faces, standing out of opposite clouds, and meant, we suppose for the Medium, Mr. J. G. H. BROWN. Over the head of that gent is inscribed, with a flourish, "The Great Organisation, Great Alfred Street, Nottingham." The fraternity thus styled "Organisation" would be much more correctly called Gang, and it manifests the very strongest claims on the notice of the Mendicity Society and the Police.

Quite Fair.

MADAME RACHEL, the Enameller, advertises a *Book of Beauty*. This might be appropriately headed with the following line, adapted and slightly altered from the text of a once popular song,

"Your face is my fortune, Ma'am, she said."

At all events it is difficult to believe that the "face," with which the scientific beautifier continues to appear before the public, can still be a source of fortune to her.



Young Paterfamilias being left at home in charge of Baby, amuses it with a Moving Panorama of the Room by the aid of the Bottle Jack.

THE NEW REGULATIONS

For Musketry, prepared by the Volunteer Commission, having been submitted to First Class Musketry Instructor *Punch*, are approved as follows for presentation to Parliament:—

1. Every volunteer certified for the Government grant must attend to his health according to the Constitution.
He must rise early, and after a wash-rod may practice position drill in front of the kitchen range, with a percussion cap on his head, and kneeling in Hythe position on a danger flag. The regulation umbrella to be carried all day is the exact weight of a Government Rifle (10 lb. 2 oz.), and is to be in his left hand. With this he may toast five rounds of squad roll to be eaten with a little beeswax as a lubrication.
To accustom him to stand fire, he must eat his meals in this position, using as a screen a number of *Punch* or some lively publication with squibs—provided they be on cartridge paper.
2. Diet at lunch. One glass of gunslung with a ricochet sandwich or a good bull's eye by way of muzzle-stopper. If sweepstakes are preferred for dinner, a tumbler from the mainspring must be added, or *o-d-o* drunk from a Prize Pewter.
3. The Powder-Tax is remitted for all who use for their hair trigger at their toilette only Government ammunition, or lock oil in preparing for balls or private matches.
4. Before a match no one is to use a glass to see if a miss is fair or whence she comes, except on the 14th of February in each year.
5. While sitting on the heel, or when a gun kicks, soft tow is to be provided, and no points allowed.
6. No one is to make a butt of his comrade, unless he is a small bore or an odd file. Double barrels are permitted if one be of oysters, which may always be provided with proper foresight.
7. A score means twenty.
8. One plug of tobacco (Government returns) may be smoked per diem; but in bed no snap-cap or bareskin may be worn (except by Highland companies), and no artificial rest is permitted.
9. The War Office is not answerable for any mistakes in notes from the bugler unless properly signed (except by marksmen).

10. If at ball practice a partner is at the shoulder, and the sights lowered and no tie ensues, the match is at an end.

11. In case of accident by which a boy, pig, goose, or other quadruped is shot, an entry is to be made according to the form below, and a shootable diagram of the same inserted in the Schedule A as below.

(Signed) MAJOR-GENERAL HAY.
COL. M'MURDO.

These regulations are to be in force from April 1, 1863.

GEORGE, Commander-in-Chief.

Approver, *Punch*, 1st C. M. Instructor.

SCHEDULE A.

Private Practice Register.

Date April 1, '63.—Place, the Scrubbs.

Register of 5 rounds at 20 yards.

SERGEANT RAMROD.

ENTFIELD 0 R 0 0 0 1

Total 1 pig.



Diagram as per regulation.

Law!

In the Home of the Free Born Briton, popularly known as England, the Administration of Justice is so thoroughly impartial, that, if you are taken up before a Magistrate, the Magistrate himself will be taken up with you afterwards.

THE LAST NURSERY RHYME.



THERE was a good-natured Old Chap,
Who made rhymes for a child in his lap,
But volunteer bards
Sent their nonsense in yards,
Till he cried, "I SHALL TURN OFF THE TAP."

N.B. To the above *Mr. Punch* begs to add, that he sent for SIR GEORGE GREY, and proposed to make, in honour of PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, a bonfire, on the 7th March, out of the mountain of Rhymes which have been coming in upon him since he playfully issued the first. SIR GEORGE said that it was not for him to, oppose *Mr. Punch* (we should think not), but humbly suggested, that if the plan were carried out, London would infallibly be burned down. Upon which *Mr. Punch*, always open to reason, smote SIR GEORGE affably on the head, sold the poems to the butter-men, and laid out the money in a fine estate near that of his young friends, the Prince and Princess, at Sandringham. Any of the poets, on calling there, and showing their original MS., will receive a fourpenny piece and a glass of beer.

PUNCH.

ROSE-COLOURED ACCIDENTS.

THE Underground Railway has had what a French writer would of course call its Baptism of Disaster. Happily, though a good many people were hurt, nothing occurred, this time, to make the subject unfit for light treatment, and so indeed seem to have thought the chroniclers of the accident. The off-hand way in which the reports are written is very pleasing, especially to people who stick to the omnibus. The railway folks are described as having done a clever thing rather than not, and the passengers who have been shaken, and bruised, and terrified, are almost congratulated on things being no worse, rather than condoled with on their being no better. The accident itself was the result of abominable carelessness on the part of somebody, and we recommend the Company to look alive, for if anything more of the kind occurs, the affectionate mothers and wives of the N. W. district will exact an oath from their sons and husbands to abstain from taking sixpenn'orth of Sewer in future. So much for the Smashers. Meantime *Punch* is inclined to recommend the new and cheerful style of reporting accidents. It is an agreeable change from penny-a-liner's pathos. On the next occasion we expect to read that MR. BROWN, of No. 11, Parallelopipedon Terrace, certainly lost his right leg, but as he jocosely observed on his way to the hospital, he had previously lost his left ear, so that things were made harmonious and consistent. MRS. TODGERS, of North Brompton, has had her toes much hurt, but as she is too old for dancing there is no great cause for regret, and though it is likely that MR. FLIMBY, of Baker Street, will be confined to his house for the next three months, he will thus escape the bad weather, and enjoy getting out at the end of that time, and going to the sea-side. If we treat all our misfortunes à la CANDIDE, the papers will be much more

ENNOBLED VEGETABLES AND PLANTS.

SINCE the publication of MR. DARWIN's work on the *Origin of Species* Horticulturists have been making rapid strides in the improvement of the races of vegetables and plants. In that scientific journal, the *Gardener's Chronicle*, there is already advertised a "student parsnip" and "pedigree wheat," and no doubt we shall next hear of a "graduate" turnip and "a master of arts" mangold wurzel. The Scotch are likewise trying to improve their national symbol, the thistle, so as to develop more of its prickly propensities, when handled too roughly. The Irish shamrock will, no doubt, by careful cultivation, be made to show four leaves when SAMUEL LOVEN, who sang

"I'd seek a four-leaved shamrock,"

will be enabled to make an universal trial of his philanthropy. The rose now boasts of being named after most of the celebrities before the public, but with all its fine names, we question whether it yet smells any sweeter than the old cabbage rose. The geranium is immortalised by having two of its best bedding varieties named respectively *Punch* and *Judy*, but being of a too fiery nature when together, they do best put into separate beds. The Phlox is likewise honoured by having one of its best sorts named *Mr. Punch*, but *Toby* is yet unrewarded, although that faithful animal's name ought to stand high on the list.

* EN SWEET.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"WILL you kindly allow me to ask your inestimable wife, who I am sure must be a most judicious manager, for her advice on a little matter of housekeeping. In FRASCATELLI'S *Cookery Book* there is a good deal of talk about tarts, but I can nowhere find a recipe for making a mag-pie. Again, is PATTI, who sings so sweetly at the Opera, any relation to the celebrated whistling oyster? I enclose my card as a what's-hisname of good faith, and remain,

"Yours truly,
"MAGGIE LARDER."

ADVERTISEMENT.—TO BE SOLD—all who read this.

pleasant reading, and really we do not know why the idea should not be carried out, and why a telegram should not say that last Tuesday Smyrna was entirely swallowed up by an earthquake, which fortunately offers to building speculators and others an opportunity of erecting a new and beautiful town on the eligible shores of that delightful bay. Everything is for the best, if we only knew it.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

You may say certain spades are black;
And you may call a spade a spade:
But, if you name a Quack a Quack,
By law of libel you are flayed.

The Ace of Spades you term an Ace;
No legal terrors then you brave.
But 'tis with Cards alone the case
That you may call the Knave a Knave.

Barnum's Wedding "Cards."

ON the occasion of GENERAL TOM THUMB's marriage, we cannot believe, that MR. BARNUM, in order to avoid publicity adhered to the present most commendable fashion of "No Cards." Of course the two Lilliputians were themselves little, or rather, great, Cards for the enterprising showman; and, we may be sure, that, if the happy pair departed on their wedding tour in the usual chaise and four, MR. BARNUM took good care to supply more than the average number of "Posters."



THE CHRISTENING OF JONES' FIRST. (A FACT.)

First Street Boy (without veneration, or sense of propriety.) "HOLLA! BILL! WHAT'S ALL THIS 'ERE?"

Second Street Boy (without ditto, ditto, ditto). "WHY—DON'T YER SEE!—IT'S ONLY A KITTEN GOING TO BE 'UNG!"

"DE HÆRETICO COMBURENDO!"

A LITTLE book PROFESSOR JOWETT made,
And argued not as one of truth afraid;
But Oxford Dons alike fear truth and JOWETT,
Their late proceedings not a little show it.

Drone-like, in hopes this working-bee to drive
Out from the comfort of their close-packed hive,
To cut his honey off, votes every drone,
Gauging his love of lucre by their own.

"When we object to work, even for pay,
Much less will he toil, salary ta'en away;"
But, baffling calculation and conjecture,
Lo, JOWETT, without fee, still chose to lecture!

Puzzled to deal with this heresiarch awful,
Now fire and faggot are no longer lawful,
Failing Star-Chamber's aid, or Convocation's,
Still the Vice-Chancellor's Court admits citations!

'Tis true its usual work no higher mounts,
Than rapid undergraduates' "small accounts,"
But Charters give its Bench power to affix
A brand on here- (as on other) ticks.

"Let PUSEY's voice bespeak our dread of truth,
And teach this vile perverter of our youth,
That if 'tis well '*laudari a laudato*,'
'Tis grievous '*accusari ab accusato*,'"

"Still scarred with Oxford's missiles freely thrown,
What hand as PUSEY's fit to cast the stone?
What he may want in spirit or in skill,
He will make up in venom and ill-will."

It only needs to drive the lesson home,
That NEWMAN should be summoned back from Rome;
And HAMPERN called in to complete the trio,
JOWETT's indictment to conduct "*con brio*!"

Oh, for a holocaust of heretics,
With JOWETT in one common ban to mix,
For leave to burn, hang, quarter, disembowel,
MAURICE and WILLIAMS, TEMPLE, WILSON, POWELL!

To teach admiring minds these Acts who follow,
That Oxford toleration's wide of swallow,
As wide as from Geneva to Maynooth,
But one thing it *won't* tolerate—the truth!

SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.

HIMSELF an Aristocrat of surpassing personal beauty, *Mr. Punch* indignantly demands what *this* means. Calm amid his rage, he would add, that it comes from the account of the Lincoln Races. The animals could not be got off:—

"At length, LORD WESTMORELAND, one of the stewards, galloped down on his cob, and his Lordship had no sooner arrived than the horses started."

Again *Mr. Punch* asks, what does this mean? Dares the reporter hint that LORD WESTMORELAND's face frightened the horses? We never saw him—will he send us his photograph? Meantime, we don't believe the story.

Light Up the River!

THE Illumination on the PRINCE OF WALES's Wedding Night ought to outshine everything of the kind that ever was seen. By all means let the River be lighted up. Surely the Civic authorities will prove themselves equal to the occasion. The LORD MAYOR and Corporation may be trusted to set the Thames on fire.

MOKEANNA;

Or, The White Witness.

LONDON: MARCH 7, 1863.



[ONCE MORE UPON THE TRACK OF THE FUGITIVE.]

MOKEANNA; OR, THE WHITE WITNESS. A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Dramatically divided into Parts, by the Author of
"Matrings," "Ollow 'Arts," "Geronimo the
Gipsy," "The Dark Girl," "Dustman of Destiny,"
&c. &c.

PART V.—THE AUDITORIUM.

CHAP. I.

"Α πλεν θρηνα ροδς
Βυρην Αικων Θικκ."

MOSCHUS. 'Boğ en! Koğ.

DURING the events related in the last chapter, the farm at Rederring was in flames.

The young farmer, Gyles Seroogynnes, sat up in his bed.

"I will not disturb them," he murmured, gazing fondly upon his wife and children, who were calmly sleeping by his side. He was a fine noble looking man, whose dark black hair, heavy jet moustache, and pale olive complexion, told surely of his Saxon descent.

"Mokeanna!" he exclaimed.

The favourite animal was nowhere to be found.

"Mokeanna! Mokeanna!" cried the grief-stricken farmer.

The peasants and fishermen, who had assembled to look at the fire, turned away their heads and wept.

A man, scarcely able to support himself, elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Mokeanna," he said, "is stolen!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Gyles Seroogynnes, "and you are—"

"The Coast-guardsmen. Two men were here to-night. One of them wore a White Hat. The other lies upon the beach."

"But who—who stole Mokeanna?"

The crowd in an agony of suspense echoed the question.

There was a pause.

Then the Coast-guardsmen solemnly replied, "Ye ask who abducted the Moke Anna? I answer, *The Wearer of the Chapeau Blanc!*"

"How shall we trace him?" inquired the stalwart farmer.

At this moment the attention of the crowd was attracted by the movements of the hound, who ran hither and thither, as if in search of some lost treasure.

"Justinian," the dog's name, "is on his scent," was the cry.

A woman, in evening costume, carrying five children and a couple of trunks, emerged from the fire. It was the farmer's wife.

"The Woman in White!" shouted the peasants, recognising her.

"Somebody's luggage!" exclaimed the bluff Coast-guardsmen, pointing to the boxes.

"The fire," she whispered in her husband's ear, "has burnt off the labels; they have now No NAME."

"But I can prove—"

She laid her light taper finger against her finely-chiselled nose, languidly drooping her dark-fringed eyelid.

Further parley was useless. "Vengeance!" they cried, "upon him who stole Mokeanna!"

"Swear!"

As if actuated by one fearful impulse, that vast mass of human beings knelt down and swore for some seconds.

"Vengeance," again they shouted, "upon the Man in the White—"

The last word was lost in the trampling of their feet as they started in pursuit.

THE DOG WAS ON THE TRACK OF THE LOST BONE!

CHAP. II.

"The curled and trembling Moon,
Beneath the trees lay lambent
As she fell."

BLACKSTONE BALLADS, BY R. WARREN.

THE pistol that roused the Lady Agnesia from her repose was fired by Sir Lionel, who arrived at his own front door in time to catch sight of the retreating figures, who were at that moment several miles away.

The bullet passed upwards, through the window of the first floor at the back of the house, and turning off sharply at right angles, found its way to the heart of the Lady Evelina.

Poor Innocent! she was dreaming of her first Ball.

Sir Lionel slowly ascended the stairs, and with great presence of mind, rubbed his daughter's hands and held her head up, while her sister sat near them pouring brandy down her own throat.

All remedies were equally useless.

By this time a fierce crowd had surrounded the Grange, and a dog was barking furiously.

"Whom do you want?" inquired Sir Lionel appearing at the fifth storey window.

"Guess?" shouted a farmer, ironically.

"No, give him up!" cried the crowd, which was headed by Giles Scroogynnes, the Coast-guardsmen and the avenging hound.
"He is not here," answered the Baronet. "We will pursue him together."

So saying, he sprang from the window into the farmer's arms, and the two strong men, having embraced one another, turned head over heels upon the gravel path.

Once more upon the track of the fugitive. Onward, onward!

(To be continued.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 23. Monday.—The EARL OF DERBY made a strong protest against the Railway Invasion with which London is threatened. There are about forty schemes for cutting the Metropolis to pieces, and considering what trade and general comfort have suffered, and are suffering, from the works at present in hand, it is for London to consider whether she is prepared to have thirty-nine additional disruptions of her thoroughfares, to say nothing of the demolition of many of her best buildings, and the result to be a series of hideous viaducts and frightful termini, and a constant roar, scream, and evil smell, like those which afflict the Marylebone Road. Of course, we must have something in the way of new transit accommodation; but if London be wise, she will insist upon a stern supervision of every scheme of the kind. LORD DERBY spoke sound sense, and will, Mr. Punch hopes, smash the Bill against which his Lordship specially fulminated, that for destroying Finsbury Circus, in order to spare the pockets of the Late Eastern Counties Railway Company.

There have been personal squabbles in the Commons. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU accused LORD CLARENCE PAGET of dining out with sinister intentions, and MR. REED, Chief Constructor of the Navy, enraged with SIR E. SMITH for accusing him of incapability, wrote the said SMITH a severe letter, which was held to be breach of privilege. MONTAGU explained and REED apologised.

The Prince and Princess's Provision Bill has passed the Commons. MR. WHALLEY professed agony, because it did not bind the young couple to bring up their children in the Protestant religion, and LORD PALMERSTON said, that it was, on the whole, rather likely that they would, both being Protestants themselves, which assurance seems to have comforted W. The PREMIER hoped that the happy pair would have many children. The Sandringham house and estate, which will be the Summer Palace of the Heir Apparent, will cost some £300,000, but it all comes out of the PRINCE's own Duchy money.

LORD PALMERSTON spoke very strongly of the abduction, by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, of the 450 Nubians who are *en route* for Mexico, compared the operation to the Russian conscription in Poland, and hoped that the French would see the matter in that light.

Then came a long debate on the Navy Estimates, touching which all Mr. Punch means to say is, that Government have effected a reduction of One Million, and declare the Navy in the highest state of efficiency. The Irish forced an adjournment about two, on the ground that Ireland was not represented in the Committee on Public Accounts, rather an edifying complaint, Irishmen being celebrated for their accurate and practical acquaintance with arithmetic.

Tuesday. SIR J. HAY entered into a long detail of the wrongs and grievances of the Naval Service. It seems that in the opinion of our gallant sea-officers, they are neither paid nor promoted properly, nor do they retire at fitting time. LORD PALMERSTON scolded the Service for grumbling in an organised fashion, for "arguing in platoons" as the man says in the play, and talked about the foundations of discipline being shaken by such demonstrations. He moved counter-resolutions, but gave the officers a Select Committee, which SIR J. ELPHINSTONE hoped would be a tolerably fair one.

MR. ADDERLEY brought in, with SIR G. GREY's permission, a Bill for Whipping Ruffians.

Wednesday. Parliament did not sit. The PRINCE OF WALES held his Levee, and the sufferers in the fray were conveyed to the nearest hospitals.

Thursday. LORD NORMANBY let fly a new *canard* about MR. ODO RUSSELL. Who is it that is cruel enough to hoax and cram the unfortunate Marquis? The Society for the Suppression, &c., should tell one of their officers to protect him.

CAPTAIN STURT, though he had served through the Crimea and had been wounded at Inkermann, was not ashamed to complain of having been obliged to join the forlorn hope at the Levee. When a brave man describes such a scene as terrible, we may suppose that it is so. SIR GEORGE GREY said, next night, *more suo*, that such things could not be helped, and that the fight was the result of gentlemen's impatience.

MR. BAILLIE got up an Indian debate, and the House of course walked off, leaving about forty Members to listen to the sorrows of the Native Princes, and to suffer worse affliction themselves in the form of an explanatory speech by SIR CHARLES WOOD.

Navy Estimates again. Moreover the Government, awed by Mr. Punch's menace in the event of one complete commercial holiday not being granted, actually, and in the teeth of all their declarations that such a thing was unheard-of, would be most detrimental, and so forth, have passed an Act allowing people who happen to have the money ready,

to pay their bills and notes on Friday next instead of Saturday. This is Mr. Punch's doing, but if anybody offers him a Testimonial, he will call in the police.

Friday. The Prussian Foreign Minister denies that the language used by LORD RUSSELL, as to the conduct of Prussia in the Polish matter, is applicable; COUNT BISMARCK wishes it thought that Prussia has not behaved quite so badly as one supposed. We would make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, and if, as EARL RUSSELL and LORD PALMERSTON seem to imply, the King has not finally completed the wicked compact against the Poles, and is inclined to back out of the business in obedience to the indignant shout of Europe, by all means let him do so. This we take to be plain English for the language of the diplomatic Swells.

SIR GEORGE GREY gave some highly complicated and totally unsatisfactory non-explanations of a muddle he has got into about the reception of PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

"Quam Jovis (Punch) circumvolat, et Cupido (Pam)."

Then occurred one of those scenes which do honour to England. A long debate, if that can properly be called so where the speakers are all bent on the same object, took place upon the affairs of Poland, and the British House of Commons expressed in unmistakable language its indignation at the conduct of Russia. There were no vulgar clamours for menace, or for war, but there was an unanimous declaration that crime was being committed, against which it was the duty of the Executive to protest. All parties concurred, and the opinion of the House having been given, it was wisely left to the Government to signify that opinion in its own way.

Serious business having been well done, some *Roebuckians* were tolerated for the relaxation of the House. JOHN ARTHUR made an opportunity of explaining what a very great person he was, and how intimate with the Austrian Government. Being in Vienna, and wishing to see a certain despatch, he went to the Government and demanded to behold it. It was read to him, and he was good enough to say that it was "exceedingly well written." This put the House in a pleasant humour, and MR. ROEBUCK then had a quarrel with MR. GLADSTONE for "pointing at him with his finger, and terrifying him," and this being arranged, MR. ROEBUCK made a declaration which must interest the whole world, and ruin all the cigar-shops. "Nobody detests Tobacco more than I do." Possibly MR. ROEBUCK looks on it as a sort of rival, for no doubt it is exceedingly inflammable, and emits useless and acrid smoke.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

PER THE "SCOTIA."

LIVERPOOL, TUESDAY, 11 P.M.

The *Scotia*, intercepted off Cape Race, brings the most important news in the history of the War.

GENERAL T. THUMB has been appointed to the Command of the Potomac Army.

MRS. THUMB remains a guest of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, who offers her his arm to all public places.

MR. SEWARD states, that even if the South had not been already conquered, its subjugation would now be certain.

Gold has dropped to par.

Hatch it's Hotel.

"THE above might serve as a new title, when the office of the *Field* newspaper wishes to change its name. The Salmon's Eggs and Trout's Eggs (how nice they'd be boiled for breakfast!) are, we were informed by one of the gratis-sight-loving crowd, being hatched in the window of the establishment. In order to prevent an unnecessary blocking up of the pathway, we warn all persons desirous of enjoying the spectacle, that they will be disappointed, a notice having been put up in the window, announcing the show to be "*Oea*." As the incubation of these Fishlings must necessarily be attended with many and great difficulties, we would suggest, as an appropriate motto for the window, the following line:—

"Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum."

7, 1863.

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ALABAMA

THE NYMPH AND THE DEMON.



AMONG the Curiosities of Courtship, the following interesting record, from the Worship Street Police Court, ought to be preserved.

The parties to the little love-drama are, first, an ardent lover, named **MOSES MENDOZA**, described as a swarthy-visaged and peculiar-looking person (*sic*), about 38 years of age (and a very good age too); secondly, **MISS ROSETTA BARNETT**, a very fine grown girl, with handsome rather than pretty features, and a profusion of dark hair crowned with a hat; and thirdly, **MISS ROSETTA's** stern parent, **MR. BARNETT BARNETT**. The lover is a tailor, who has evidently a violent stitch in his left side; and the father is a furrier, who, as will be seen, was inclined to carry things very fur.

Papa said that **MR. MENDOZA** had wooed **MISS ROSETTA** in July last, but that the match was deemed objectionable by the parent, seeing that **MISS ROSETTA** was under fifteen. The lover, however, persevered.

"**MR. BARNETT** said, 'On Saturday last I saw him in Whitechapel, and asked what he meant by pursuing my child.' He replied, 'I'll have the girl in defiance of you; you know that I am a Demon, and she shall be my wife with or without your will.'"

The father is a truly brave man. He is not the least afraid of the Demon, but very properly afraid to break the laws of earth.

"I was excited at this, and told him that but for the law I would strangle him."

The cowed Demon replied—

"I am at your mercy, and you can do as you please."

Four days later **MISS ROSETTA** walks off, unbeknown to her parents, and goes to the house of a lady in Bevis Marks, where the Demon resided. The latter had not risen from his sulphurous couch, so it would seem that he does not get up at the break of day, like his relative, mentioned by **COLERIDGE**. But he did appear, and stated that he had given notice to a registrar that the venturesome young lady intended to be a Demoness. This is her own testimony in the Court, to which **MR. B. BARNETT** had invited **MR. MENDOZA**, to explain his conduct, and she—

"Frequently looked across the Court, and smiled at the prisoner in the dock."

Happy Demon! **MR. COOKE** evidently sympathised with the heroic maiden, and dismissed the case, and the Fiend was discharged.

"Amid the acclamations of some hundreds of people within the Court."

As the names of the parties indicate, nationality partly accounts for the Oriental character of the story. But it is very touching, and the sternness of the parent, the fire of the lover, and the devoted courage of the maiden, make a sweet little romance. *Punch* has not the honour of knowing the parties, but if there be no other objection to **MR. MENDOZA** than that he is dark, and a Demon (for reasons of our own we hold the 38 years to be rather a point in his favour than not) we hope that matters will be pleasantly arranged, and that though he may be the Demon in the street he will be the Angel in the House, as **Mrs. PATMORE** would say. He may only have meant that he was the Devil among the Tailors, at least we will trust so, for the sake of the rather handsome than pretty **ROSETTA**, the issue of whose proternatural court-

ship will be, we hope, like that of **LADY ALICE**, in **SIR WALTER'S** ballad:—

"She crossed him once, she crossed him twice,
That Lady was so brave:
The fouler grew his Demon hue,
The darker grew the cave,
She crossed him thrice, that Lady mild,
And he rose to shape restored,
The smartest Snip that ever smiled
Cross-legged upon a board."

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

WEDDED life its gate uncloses,
Fond and fair, towards it move,
O'er a pathway strewn with roses,
In the light of youth and love!
Prayers of those that lose thee blending
With our welcome-cheers ascending,—
Gracious as thou art—
England's loyalty upholds thee,
England's hope and heir enfolds thee
To a husband's heart.

Nor only living loves, oh Prince, entwine,—
The **QUINN'S**, the People's—round this act of thine:
The father, lost to us and her and thee
Blesses the day he should have lived to see,
And bending from the heaven where he is now,
Breathes a new radiance o'er thy virgin brow,
Fair Princess, that across the Northern main,
Com'st to reknit crown'd wedlock's broken chain.

In their Valhalla lo! the Vikings dead,
Drain the deep mead-horns to the Danish Maid.
Thinking to song of shield and dance of glaive,
How those sea-dragons* bore them o'er the wave,
That now convoy this Northern rose-bud's charms
From Denmark's parting-clasp to England's arms,
The while their High-Scald sweeps the golden string,
The Maid of Denmark's bridal voyage to sing:—

The Vikings of old
Swept o'er the salt spray,
With the black raven flying,
To swoop on the prey;
The grange lay in ashes,
And empty the fold,
On the war-wasted path
Of the Viking of old!

The Viking sea-dragons
Seek England again,
But far other the freight
That they bear o'er the main;
A Dove is their ensign,
And, 'neath its white fold,
Comes the golden-haired child
Of the Viking of old.

* The Norse metaphor for ships.

The French Hoop Nuisance.

In the Rolls Court, the other day, an injunction was moved for to prevent the infringement of a patent for the manufacture of a particularly preposterous kind of Crinoline, of which the description thus concludes:—

"The steel circles or hoops, are made of such a circumference that, when the band is placed round the body, the whole structure assumes a conical appearance."

For "conical" we should surely read "comical."

YANKEE TACTICS.

THE Army of the Potomac seems to be fast going to the first syllable of the name of that famous river. Its operations against Richmond have only wasted blood and treasure in the vain attempt to gain a little political capital.

COMMAND ISSUED TO THE VERY LIGHT BRIGADE OF VOLUNTEERS.—The duty of keeping Fleet Street up to the mark is allotted to a File of *Punch*.

ART.—Jewellery.—Novel design for the Season. A young Lady has set her heart on a gold bracelet. The effect must be charming.



CAPTAIN DE SMITH REMONSTRATES WITH MR. HOLMES, THE VET OF HIS REGIMENT, FOR MAL-PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD HORSE—TO HIM THE VET—"WELL, IF A HAITCH, AND A HO, AND A HAR, AND A HESS, AND A HE, DON'T SPELL 'ORSE—MY NAME AIN'T 'ENERY 'OMES!"

THE CHARGE OF THE TWO THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED.

(See the account of the *Levee*, Feb. 25.)

Up the great staircase, and
Through the three anterooms,
Past the beef-eaters' stand,
Gold sticks and panting grooms,
Wardens defying or
Grooms of the chambers;
On, like the worst of mobs,
Tore their way, nobbs and snobs,
Q. C.'s and Members!

Garments were cleft of them,
Horsehair was rest of them,
What pen can write of them,
How, at the sight of them,
Gents-at-arms wondered,
As to the Presence then
Draggled and damaged men,
Rushed, crushed, and thrust along
All that was left of them,
First the Two Thousand and
Then the Seven Hundred!

NEWMAN ON DEGLUTITION.

Not in a sense non-natural,
But literal and grammatical,
Did I profess the Articles to sign.
I said that they who framed 'em,
At opposite sides aimed 'em,
That both might swallow all the Thirty-Nine.

Which must, the inference is,
Each have two different senses
And two grammatical, either preferred
Without equivocation.
This candid explanation
Seems satisfactory and not absurd.

DEFINITION OF THE LAP OF LUXURY.—A dog lapping up turtle soup.

SMALL DEBTS AND HERESIES COURT.

Oxford, Tuesday.

THE Assessor took his seat, as usual, and by special order made as reported in our last, the first cause called was

PUSEY v. JOWETT.

Assessor. Are the parties here?

Dr. Pusey. Here you are, Sir.

Assessor. I know I am, Sir; but that is no answer to my question.

However, appearance cures all defects. Are you here, JOWETT?

Professor Jowett. Adams.

Assessor. Don't say that, it sounds like "handsome" when you've got a cold in your head. Now, listen to me.

Dr. Close. If you please, Sir, my name is CLOSE, and I want to speak.

Assessor. You have no *locus standi*.

Dr. Close. I should have plenty if you would only tell MR. MAURICE, here, not to keep shoving.

Assessor. MAURICE, MORRIS. CLOSE, shut up. Now, parties in the cause, attend to me.

Dr. Close. But, Sir, I have no confidence—

Assessor. I should say, Sir, that you had a great deal, to venture to speak after I have told you to be quiet.

Dr. Close. But I don't like any of the parties, Sir, and I don't like tobacco, which is more. Next to heresy, I consider tobacco to be the root of all evil, and I have stated as much to my clergy. Now you have got a very good opportunity of putting down tobacco and heresy at the same time, and in the name of the Church of England I call on you to do it.

Assessor. And what right have you to speak for the Church of England? I am the Church of England, and I'll let you know it, if I hear another word from you.

Dr. Close. I like to be persecuted, and I tell you that I believe PUSEY, JOWETT and MAURICE to be all dangerous parties, and I am not sure that you are much better.

Assessor (in a rage). Lock up DR. CLOSE till the Court rises, and

let him have no refreshment but a short pipe. (*The Dean is removed, quoting texts violently.*) Now, perhaps, I may be attended to.

Mr. Maurice. I want to be heard as *amicus curiæ*.

Assessor. Will you be so good as to allow me to choose my own friends? Hold your tongue.

Mr. Maurice. In MACMILLAN'S Magazine—

Assessor. One of the very best of the day, and therefore I read it, and therefore you need not quote it. Will you be silent?

Mr. Maurice. Only a word. I advise, you, Sir, not to decide this case. The fact is, that nobody ought to decide upon anything. There are two kinds of belief. One is the common, natural kind, which does very well indeed for inferior persons of all classes. The other is esoteric, and is for educated minds. Now—

Assessor. Would you like to know what I believe?

Mr. Maurice. Well, I don't know that it much matters, but you can explain.

Assessor. I believe that in five minutes you'll wish you hadn't spoken. Lock up MR. MAURICE till the Court rises, and let him have no refreshment but one of the Tract Society's publications. (MR. MAURICE is removed, drawing distinctions neatly.) Now it's my turn.

Dr. Pusey (blandly). You will not forget, Sir, that in my letter in this case I described you as the Majesty of Justice.

Assessor. More shame for you for writing such unmitigated boosh. I'm an old Judge in the country, but you can't come over me. JOWETT, I told you last week that I thought PUSEY's proposition, that you should recant all that you have been teaching for seven years, and declare yourself orthodox, was a liberal and gentlemanly offer. Since that time I have been reading the Fathers. It was severe work, and I had to take my coat off to think the harder. I have come to the conclusion, and I believe that I shall be supported by the best theologians of present and past days, that different people have different ideas on different subjects, and therefore I dismiss the case, recommend you both to mercy, and give no costs. Now, if you'll come up to my rooms, I'll send for CLOSE and MAURICE, and stand beer all round.

The learned Judge's decision was greeted with much applause, which was immediately suppressed, and the Court rose.



OMNIBUS DRIVER (TO COSTER). "Now then, Irish! pull a one side, will you? What are you gaping at? did you never see a Milkier Man before?"
[A disgustingly ignorant observation, in the opinion of young LONGALIE, Lieutenant in HER MAJESTY'S Fusilier Guards.]

FOREIGN NOTIONS OF FUN.

(To Mr. Punch.)

"SIR, "We continually hear some persons praising Continental peoples for the light-hearted gaiety which they exhibit in advantageous contrast to our own insular gloom. Below, extracted from the Roman correspondence of the *Post*, is what I suppose most of those persons will acknowledge to be an example of that sprightliness which they so much admire. Your readers must know that on the last day of the Carnival at Rome, as many amusements as possible are crammed into the shortest time, because Popery commands all lights at public places of entertainment to be put out at 11:30. Accordingly, the last day's work—as the *Post* correspondent happily calls it—of a regular Carnival pleasure-hunter is as follows:—

"At nine A.M., he goes to the opera; at two P.M., he rushes home to snatch a hasty meal, and put on a Carnival dress; until sunset he is engaged in offering bouquets and pelting confetti in the Corso, and after the horse-race, he is ready to return to the scene of action to keep his own meccola lighted, and to extinguish all the others he can come near."

"What pains this poor creature in the form of a rational human being must take to turn pleasure into hard labour! One of the most pressing questions of the day is, how to punish our criminals? I declare that, if I were a convict, I should object to no punishment, short of corporal, so much as to a day of such pleasure as that above described. To have to rise early enough to breakfast and go to the Opera at 9 A.M.—of course without having read the *Times*, to rush home to lunch and swallow a hasty meal, regardless of consequences, to put on a Carnival dress, and look like a fool, to employ myself all the afternoon till dark, in offering people nosegays and pelting them with sugar-plums, and then to run about for some hours with a lighted candle, trying to blow the lights of other fools out—all this entirely unproductive exertion would, to me, be much worse than the treadmill."

"But I should have yet more to endure if I were condemned to suffer the whole term of the Carnivalist's enjoyment. For—

"When the great bell of the Capitol puts an end to this fun, he dons his mask and domino, and is off to the masked ball at the Apollo, to squeeze and be squeezed,

to quits and be quizzed, until the relentless line of soldiers advances from the back of the stage to drive the reluctant revellers out at the pit door, and then our Carnival lover is sure to be engaged for some time, and prepares himself for the austerities of Lent by an enormous and indigestible supper, which renders fasting on Ash-Wednesday a salutary as well as a religious observance."

"If there is one annoyance greater than another, it is, in my case, that of squeezing and being squeezed. I abhor quizzing, and am exasperated by being quizzed, that is, to my face, for people may ridicule me behind my back, where they can't disturb me, as much as they please. But, even if I could take any delight in dressing up as a buffoon and dancing, and behaving like a zany and a idiot, to have my tomfoolery cut short, and myself expelled from the scene of it, by the charge of a line of soldiers, would drive me wild with indignation and rage. The climax of all that is horrible is the conclusion of a series of irksome insanities by an indigestible supper! I defy the force of folly to go farther than that. When you're at Rome do as the Romans do, says the proverb. To doing as they do on the last day of the Carnival I would infinitely prefer picking oakum; an employment not simply penal."

"However, I am not illiberal, and wishing always, if possible, to write with a purpose, I would suggest that the amusements of the Roman Carnival might be beneficially introduced into Asylums for Idiots. For mere lunatics they might be too exciting; convicts, although Englishmen, might not entertain all the aversion to them that is felt by your humble servant."

"The Owlery, March, 1863."

"SMELFUNGUS."

Morals of the Navy.

A MAIDEN Lady of uncertain age, whose nephew has just passed his first examination for the Navy, writes to us, saying how shocked she is to hear from her youthful relative that a "sen-captain often in a transport hugs the shore," and that he never even receives a reprimand for such indecorous conduct.

NEW VOLUNTEER CORPS.—In order to add military splendour to the Royal Procession, the Rooks of Richmond Park are coming up to London with their magnificent Caw.

SCOTCH STORES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the subjoined epistle, bearing the partially obliterated postmark, "Co-ney Ha-ch:"—

"To Mr. Punch, these presents greeting and meeting by moonlight alone—but no matter—Sir, a Critic, perhaps on the Hearth, says that the author of a Scotch Piece lately produced to a tremendous length, must have been 'pursuing his studies in English composition at Colney Hatch.' True; we met, 'twas in a crowd, but I saw him, the Manager, stealing in through my window, and we wept together by the space of one hour, with our heads up the chimney for fear of disturbing the children. What was his return when he went away? Let it not be breathed. Not a word. Your finger in your eye, thus. By my Hilt, and SALLY come up, an he took not my manuscript of an unwritten play with him, I will crack thy knave's costard! The next night it was brought out at the Bonnie Dundrury Lane Theatre, with new dresses and appointments which I kept punctually. I was there, disguised as a Private Box. Awa' to the Hills! Ring the area-bell when the curtain is to go up, and I'm yours madjestically,

"KILLY VERY CRANKY."

"P.S. I re-open this to say that I have not yet sealed it up."

"P.S. I defy you to single combat anywhere you like, if a salubrious spot is selected, with the omnibuses passing every minute."

"P.S. The Resident Artist at this Academy executed some designs for the Play. Ha! ha! I have executed him, and send you the pictures."

Accompanying the above is the following Drama:—

AULD REEKIE;

(I don't know what it means, and I don't care.)

OR,

THE BONNIE BITTOCK OF BALBRAITH!

TO BE PERFORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HIGHLAND FIGURES AT THE DOORS OF THE LONDON TORACCONISTS' SHOPS, TO WHOM A LARGE CURRENT BUN NOT TRANSFERABLE WILL BE PRESENTED AT THE ENTRANCE.

Rules of the Game.—Any player neglecting to speak the Scotch language, puts sixpence in the pool, and is out.

Characters in the Opening.—Two carpenters and a little boy, who are looking through a hole in the curtain.

N.B. The Band of the Shoe-black Brigade must attend and never leave off playing.

FIRST ACT FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The Scene is laid for Six. Time: Two in a bar.

Success has been previously insured at LLOYD'S.

SCENE 2.—A Sun 'Set' Scene. *The Mountains of Scotch Sham-Rocks by Moonlight and another artist. Exeunt omnes. To them enter a Nonjuror and a Conjuror.*

Conjuror (speaking through music and his nose). I maun gang. (Enter a gang. CONJUROR makes a mountain pass and scene changes to—

SCENE 1.—*Before the Conquest. Steam discovered (I forgot the date). Highlanders smoking bagpipes. Visigoths perched in the trees.*

Enter a SPY, with his hair curled.

Spy (looking about everywhere, as if for his boots—aside). I am a Spy. (Waltzes.

Every one (caring). Hout tout, dinna ken.

(Dunnie Wassals (under the bedclothes) Boo hoo! Boo hoo hoo! Lochiel (standing on his head in a tub of cold water). Aweel.

Hieland Lassie. I am a Chieftain's daughter. (Sings.

The GATHERING of the Clans is inspected by several eminent medical men, and carefully treated.

Hieland Lassie (chuckling). I am a Chieftain's daughter. (Repeats it to herself several times as Scene closes.)

ACT LAST.—Scotland Yard.

Enter a Tenor and two Fivers dressed as Duns Scotus. The Clans gather again.

M'Canister (sings, accompanied by a gendarme on the fire shovel)—

Fill up my horses and call me at ten,
Twiddledy anything ending in "en,"

Kick the day boarder and let him gae free,
For we'll sup on the bonnets of diddle dum dee.

Chorus. (arriving by the Express) Scots wha hae, wha who, wha wha, wha which, &c., ad lib.

[Thunder. Fireworks. The Leader of the Orchestra wipes out old scores with the drummer. A Cockaleekie and Two Porcupines cross the mountains. Enter Macbeth, by mistake, and after reciting four stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home," is led out by the Manager. Guns, Bootjacks, Candles and respectable Solicitors are seen from 10 to 4 in the distance.

Hieland Lassie (on the trapèze). I am a Chieftain's daughter.

[BLACK MULLINA pursues her with a picture. All (indulging in reminiscences). Peep o' Day! Peep o' Day!

[Insurgents carry the day and leave the night. Slugs dark. General engagement of all the Actors for another Season.

Tableau.

An interval of Two very Long Ears between the Acts.

LAST ACT.—*Ascent of the Mists after the Sunrise; they catch. Ballet by Claverhouse and Somerset House.*

Enter a Daffi Quans, a Dun-dee and a Debtor-dee.

Hieland Lassie. I am a Chieftain's daughter (changes her dress five times during the massacre. She comes down—to audience), and if our friends in front are but satisfied, then I hope no one will forget Ron Rox and—

The Bittock of Balbraith (suddenly appearing from the usual Shower-bath where he she or it had been asleep during the performance. Bowing). And the Bittock of Balbraith!

[Grand Finale.—The House is euphorised by RIMMER's six per Seats. The Performers are called before the curtain. Moral spoken by an Archimandrite in top-boots,

"Bless the Duke of Argyll!"

[During which Alarums, Fanfares, Fieldfars, Cheap fars and Excursions and Concluding Tableaux of Wild Horses mounted on Salmon Trout. Present! Fire!

THE SONG OF HOHENZOLLERN.

AIR—"The Standard-Bearer."

I AM a King; I reign by Right Divine,
As did my sires some hundred years before me;
How'er their crown was got, I came to mine,
Obey me then, O people, and adore me.

My seat I plant upon mine ancient Throne,
And order back the waves of Revolution.
My will the law, I sit supreme, alone,
My footstool is the Prussian Constitution.

CEAR ALEXANDER's cause mine own I've made,
Regardless of the blame of any journal.
To crush the Poles I render him my aid;
Help him enforce his discipline paternal.

I lend a hand to catch the runaway,
The fugitive hand over to the slaughter;
And, on my mind, whatever you may say
Makes no more mark than what blows leave in water.

I'm called the Hangman's Cad, and I don't care
For that dishonourable appellation.
I carry Poland's garbage to the Bear,
Serene amid the loudest execration.

My mind is bent on arbitrary rule;
In policy I copy my late Brother.
If you presume to say he was a fool,
You'll very likely dare call me another.

I am a King, ay, every inch a King!
I'll govern free of Parliament or Charter.
Oh! do not tell me that was just the thing,
Some inches less that made KING CHARLES the Martyr.

THE APPROACHING FESTIVITIES.

THERE are so many Seats being arranged in Pall Mall, that, on Saturday next, this fashionable part of London will be considered as part of the Sitty.

MOKEANNA;

Or, The White Witness.

LONDON: MARCH 14, 1863.



[THE CHAPEAU BLANC, ROOTED TO THE SPOT, FOLLOWS THE MOKEANNA.]

MOKEANNA; OR, THE WHITE WITNESS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Dramatically divided into Parts, by the Author of "Matrings," "Ollow 'Arts," "Geronimo the Gipsy," "The Dark Girl," "Dustman of Destiny," &c. &c.

PART VI.—A SCENE IN THE CIRCLE.

CHAP. I.

"There are two Riders,"
BROOK'S FORMER, "THE PROP."

"Speed on, Mokeanna, unrivalled steed!" cried the Hunchback.

The banks of the silvery Thames, near Llangollen, came in view. As they saw the fathomless river, behind them they heard the deep bay of a dog. A sudden light broke in upon the Hunchback. He nervously threw away the Bone.

"They shall not take us easily. C'Hup!" At this well-known signal, Mokeanna dashed into the stream.

"Whither go you?" inquired the Lady Bettina. She was seated at the furthest distance from Mokeanna's flowing mane, tremulously grasping the only support that Nature had provided.

The Hunchback grinned hideously at her answer.

"To the Ruined Castle beneath the Moat."

CHAP. II.

"Ha! the Pursuer."

YELVERTON'S "THERESA."

The Avengers, step by step, were gaining on the fugitives.

"Whom seek ye?" asked the wondering villagers.

They had but one reply. "The Stealer of Mokeanna."

"And he is—"

"The wearer of the *Chapeau Blanc*."

Hundreds left their work, their families, and their homes, eager for vengeance.

"I know you," hissed Sir Lionel in the ear of the farmer's panting spouse, as they rushed at lightning speed along the road.

"Ah!"

"You are Mollina Bawno!"

"Hush! 'twas a fatal mistake!"

"The Proof—"

"Hidden in the Ruined Castle."

So they sped onward, guided by the Hand of Destiny.

At this moment a loud cry escaped the lips of the Coast-guardsmen.

PART VII.—THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

CHAP. I.

"Quid! si sit nobis propinare invitata aedibus?"

AND PASTORAL.

At the foot of the cloud-capped mountain range which crosses Essex from north to south, Mokeanna fell, exhausted.

"Get on, will you?" said the Hunchback, persuasively.

"Alas! She is lame," observed the Lady Bettina, immediately adding in the charming *Gaçon patois*:

"Regardez ses pauvres pieds."

"She needs sustenance," said the ruffian,

"would that I could procure a truss of hay. Let us rest awhile."

As they lay down to slumber the clock struck twelve.

The Hunchback was aroused by the movement of a foot against his own.

"No heel tape!" he murmured. He was caressing in his sleep.

Another knock. He arose and looked about him.

"Ha! Mokeanna!"

'Twas she, walking erect, fast, fast asleep.

Rooted to the spot with terror, he followed her cautiously. Through fields, over mountain tops, under dark cavernous rocks, to the Ruined Castle.

Mokeanna moved her glassy eyes slowly round as though recognising the country. She opened her mouth, wide, wider.

"Bray!"

They were on the banks of the Thames.

They entered the Dungeon Keep. A faint sweet smell as of old dry hay pervaded the atmosphere. A bundle lay in the remote corner.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Hunchback as he seized it exultingly.

"The SECRET TRUSS!"

Just then a heavy hand was laid upon his arm.

CHAP. II.

"Casta Diva fra poco,

Lael daren non più mesta."

ST. AUGUSTINE'S "OPERA."

It was the Coast-guardsmen.

In a moment the Hunchback was bound hand and foot.

"The papers, Mollina!" cried Sir Lionel.

"In the Secret Truss," she replied.

Hastily they examined it. Gyles Sereogynnes,

who was sitting on the sharp iron-spiked railings that enclosed the moat, watched the proceeding unceasingly.

"See here!" said the Baronet to Molina, joyfully pointing to an illegible codicil in the *habendum* of a closely-written Deed. "You are not my wife. I never saw you before."

The Farmer and Molina embraced.

The village ladies in the crowd unmanned at the sight, wept copiously.

"But my brother's property?" exclaimed Lady Bettina.

"Your brother landed with me," said the Hunchback, sullenly.

The Coast-guardman started. "When I was precipitated over the cliff," he said, "your brother was below. He broke my fall. Alas! he is no more!"

"The wealth then is yours, *mie Bettina*. Hooray!" and the Baronet thankfully turned up his eyes towards the calm summer's sky.

"Bah! she is my wife!" shouted the Hunchback, maliciously.

Mokemina tore a paper from the Secret Trust, and kneeling, laid it at Lady Bettina's feet.

"I thought as much—it was . . ."

"Ha!"

"A FALSE MARRIAGE!"

"Vengeance on the Stealer of Mokemina!" was the fierce cry.

"Stay!" said the Baronet, who had been a County Magistrate from time immemorial. "How know you 'twas he? Your evidence."

"The Hat upon his brow," they shouted.

"THE WHITE WITNESS!"

(To be continued.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 2. *Monday.* The Confederates are no doubt building several more Alabama's in our dockyards, but the business is so managed that Government can take no notice of it. And at the last moment Red Tape will not be found a serviceable substitute for a cable; the Southern ships will slip away, and Ministers will say that they are very sorry.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Tobacco Duties Bill came on again. It has not pleased the trade, and he is to introduce new clauses. We wish it would contain one "enabling" clause, that is, a clause enabling one to get a good cigar for something under Tuppence, a price which makes it almost extravagant to smoke more than a dozen or eighteen weeds per day.

Government began the week by getting another beating. This was on a clause of the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill. The proposal was to disfranchise solicitors, agents, and messengers, as regarded the election in which they were acting. As for solicitors, they are officers of the Court of Chancery and of the Law Courts, and ought not to be employed in elections at all, but it is not by taking away their votes that they can be prevented from acting, but by endorsing their certificates for the first and second offence, and cancelling them for the third, cabman fashion. Yet, as a cab can be driven where it would seem impossible to push a perambulator, the dexterous solicitors would discover a way to drive through an Act of Parliament. There is no use in making hypocritical mouths about the matter, public opinion is not very strong against any election dodge, and rather applauds smartness of any kind, if it be successful. *Punch* is far from clear that the best measure of Reform would not be the disfranchising the whole country, and giving the selection of Members of Parliament to Committees of the nonpolitical London Clubs. The House was not inclined to be rude to the solicitors, and preferred to snub the Government, which was done by the rejection of the clause by 110 to 103.

Tuesday. One tribe of Railway Vandals threatens to ravage the quaint old Square named from SIR HANS SLOANE, and the pleasant square of Brompton, named a square because it is an oblong. Fight is to be made against the barbarians, and LORD SHAFTESBURY opened fire in a very telling speech to-day. *Mr. Punch* is happy to record that another gang of savage invaders received a fatal overthrow the same day in the Commons, MR. HARVEY LEWIS (whose conduct *Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge with a neat nod) leading the attack. The horde wished to destroy much property near Regent Street, and to run an open cutting into Oxford Street. The gallant HARVEY LEWIS, supported by a brave band of followers, rushed upon them, and cut them to pieces, giving no quarter, though it was loudly bellowed for by one ROBERTSON, a Parliamentary lawyer. That Bill is kicked out. "So perish all Queen London's enemies." MR. MILNER GIBSON said that Government had told an officer of the Board of Trade to look after the various schemes, but we have much more faith in Parliament. Officials can be talked and cajoled into anything by "influential parties."

JUDGES BLACKBURN and WILLIAMS had been ordered to carry into the House of Commons the Lords' assent to the Prince and Princess's Annuity Bill. A gentleman, who has his own reasons for fearing that he may be suspected of having been a shopman, makes a point, when he has a parcel to tie up, of tying it clumsily. We don't know whether the learned Judges were afraid of being supposed ever to have worn livery, but they discharged this footman's errand so awkwardly that the House roared at them.

Landed proprietors are stealing the Essex Forests, and Government was obliged to appoint a Committee to look into the business. Our own Cox stood up for the rights of Fairlop Fair, and while he confines himself to such matters, which he may almost be supposed to understand, he shall never have a severe word from his affectionate *Punch*.

A Bill for effecting Municipal Elections by Ballot was opposed by LORD PALMERSTON, on the express ground that he hated the process, and the Bill was destroyed by 93 to 58. It seems that the friends of the Ballot are touting for subscriptions to present MR. HENRY BERKELEY with a testimonial for not having done much for the cause.

Wednesday. There was an excitement and a large rally on both sides, as the Conservatives intended to throw out MR. HADFIELD'S Bill for abolishing the declaration made, on taking Municipal Office, that the holder will do nothing to injure the Church. This declaration was

exacted of the Dissenters, when the oaths were done away, and was meant to satisfy weak-minded people, who won't see that such engagements bind only those conscientious folks who ought, of all people, to be treated with action, whereas declarations are construed by the unscrupulous in a very free and easy fashion. However, the matter is not contested on its own merits. The Church party fights the Dissenters because some of the Dissenters have declared undying enmity to the Church. MR. GLADSTONE supported the Bill, and he is not a bad Churchman. It was a close thing, and the Third Reading was carried by 3 only in a house of 347, so that its fate for this Session is pretty clear.

A Bill about Irish Salmon is exciting the Irish senators, and they splashed about in the water, and gave one another the butt till six o'clock.

Thursday. Divers questions of course, touching the arrangements for the Great Saturday. The City had refused to go beyond Temple Bar, unless it might lead the way, which the Strand, we suppose, is too haughty to bear, so the City decided on bolting up Chancery Lane. Proud though *Mr. Punch* is of being a City Magnate, he would have consented to let precedences take its chance rather than concentrate the world upon one part of London. But he did not interfere, having enough to do in directing arrangements which made 85, Fleet Street, the most remarkable spot in the whole line of procession, and which drew from the PRINCESS OF DENMARK the delightful remark, that—no, everything ought not to be printed, even in these days. It is not from *Mr. Punch* that the world shall learn what his Princess said as she smiled upon that world-famous corner.

Somebody, talking about Treasure Trove in the Commons, alluded to something that *PAM* had found and had kept. His Lordship explained that a torque had been discovered in the ground, somewhere on his estate, that he paid the finder, and regarded the article as his own—had even shown it at South Kensington. This satisfied all the House except MR. COX, who was uneasy, and whispered an audible question how there could be a talk under ground, but he was soothed somehow, and MR. COBDEN made a speech advocating the pulling down all our wooden ships, because shells would set wooden ships on fire. There was a debate, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON rebuked MR. COBDEN, and the estimates were voted just as if that gentleman had not spoken.

PIECE-WORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MY Lords the Committee of Council on Education have determined that henceforward they will pay their Clerks by the job. Of course this was strongly objected to by MR. SECRETARY COLE, who, in a neat speech when it was proposed by LORD GRANVILLE, stated that on principle he was opposed to all forms of jobbery. The Vice-President of the Council observed that as he had been beaten on the Education Minutes, he should like to try payment by results somewhere, and hoped COLE would help him to do so, at South Kensington. As the experiment demanded a sacrifice, the Secretary looked round for the meekest lambs on which to try the new scheme, and accordingly selected the scientific staff with which to begin. The following is the official scale of payments.

	s.	d.
For delivering a Lecture	10	0
For naming a Fossil	1	0
For writing a Label	1	0
For making a Chemical Analysis	2	6
For showing a person round the Museum	0	6
For speaking to a Porter	0	3
For answering the Secretaries' questions according to the following scale.		
Answers of three words	0	6
Answers of from ten to twelve words	1	0
Half an hour's conversation	2	6

In all cases the Secretary is to be the judge as to whether the job is required. Science, says the learned Secretary, is like sugar, and like that article should be bought over the counter when you want it at a fixed price per job.

A NEW DODGE FOR A DRAMATIST.



CERTAIN Playwriter has recently put forward an advertisement claiming copyright in a drama he has founded on a novel written fifty years ago, and announcing that he means to hurl the terrors of the law against any one who dares to dress that story for the stage, or to use a single word of the "original dialogue," or to adopt a single incident, effect, or situation transplanted from the novel to the advertiser's piece. Now, surely, if old novels be held by any law Court to be the property of any dramatist who happens to lay hold of them, the same rule might apply with equal justice to old plays, and a copyright in *Shakespeare*, say, be claimed by any writer who might "re-arrange" the incidents, and make some little alteration in the dialogue and plot. For instance, were a dramatist to re-construct *Othello* in the manner we hereunder venture to suggest, he of course could claim a copyright in the incidents and

dialogue of the play as *SHAKESPEARE* wrote it, and nobody could act *Othello* without paying the adapter, say, a five-pound note per night:—

SCENE—A Bed-chamber. Large Four-poster, C. Washing-stand and Towel-herse, L.H. Toilet-table and big wardrobe, R. *DESDEMONA* seated, combing her back hair before retiring for the night. *Slow music. Flash of lightning. Noise of wheels without. DESDEMONA* looks through key-hole, and then blows the candles out and hides herself in wardrobe. *Thunder.*

Enter *OTHELLO*, masked, a revolver in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other.

Oth. To be, or not to be? Ay, there's the rub!

[N.B. The re-arrangement of these words is registered.]

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,

I would not have her linger in her pain.

[*Loads his revolver slowly, putting six balls into each of the six barrels. Clock strikes twelve.* (N.B. This dramatic incident is strictly copyright.)

When churchyards yawn, and cats on tiles do fight.

[*Draws a big bowie-knife from behind his back, and begins to sharpen it. Is it a dagger that I see before me?*

I think it is (sighs deeply). Yet I'll not shed her blood.

[*Wardrobe trembles visibly. Othello pockets bowie-knife, and opens his dark lantern.*

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, (does so)

I can at will thy former light restore,

If I've a lucifer.

[*Feels in all his pockets, and at length finds a match-box, and relights the lantern.* (N.B. The whole of this impressive and ingenious stage business is registered as copyright.)

Yet she must die, or she'll betray more men.

[*Creeps on tiptoe towards bed. Slow music. Flash of lightning. Wardrobe trembles violently. Othello stealthily undraws the curtains, and discovers the bed empty.*

O my prophetic soul! my wife! my wife!

My wife? What wife? Alas, I have no wife.

[*Throws away revolver, groans and buries head beneath the bolster. Slow music. Peal of thunder. Wardrobe opens with a bang (upon the big drum), and DESDEMONA rushes out with all her back hair down, and takes a most tremendous header from the window, shrieking "Murder! Fire!! Police!!!"*

Enter *EMILIA*, instantly, looking very much as though she had been listening at the keyhole.

Em. Help! help! ho! murder! help! ho! murder! help!

Oth. (calmly). What needs this iteration, woman?
[*Takes her by the throat, and attempts to strangle her. Sensation struggle.*

Enter *CASSIO* and *MONTANO*, followed by *IAGO*, handcuffed and attended by eleven soldiers.

Mos. What is the matter? How now, general?

Em. Oh, are you come, *IAGO*? You have done well

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Oth. Perdition catch thy soul! peace! peace! I say. [*Strangles her.*

Iago. What, are you mad?—(to soldiers)—I charge you, get you home.

[*Kneel soldiers, IAGO prepares to follow them.*

Oth. Turn, hell-hound, turn! I'm made of sterner stuff,

And damned be he who first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[*Terrific broadsword combat to slow music for an hour and three quarters.*—(N.B. Every cut and thrust in this is strictly copyright.)—*After the encore, which is sure to be produced, OTHELLO*

stabs IAGO, and having wiped his weapon carefully, hands it to

MONTANO.

Oth. Set you down this—

[*MONTANO puts it on the table, and proceeds to exit.*

Oth. Soft you, a word before you go.

[*Picks up his revolver, and looks at menacingly.*

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

You'll say besides that in Aleppo once

I took by the throat a circumvented dog,

And shot him—thus!

[*Shouts himself six times, a lurid flash of lightning accompanying each*

shot. Peal of thunder. Blame of blue fire. Curtain falls.—

(N.B. The copyright of this dramatic incident is reserved.)

Vivat Regina! Borrowers, Beware!!

PRIESTS AND PENITENTS.

THE *Sicle* inadvertently publishes the fact that a certain *PIERRE GAULTIER*, vicar of Champdeniers, has been found guilty of scandalous conduct. We are informed that:—

"His repugnance to marriage took place in the Church matrimonial, a very youthful female being the victim. He has been condemned to a year's imprisonment and fine for these offences."

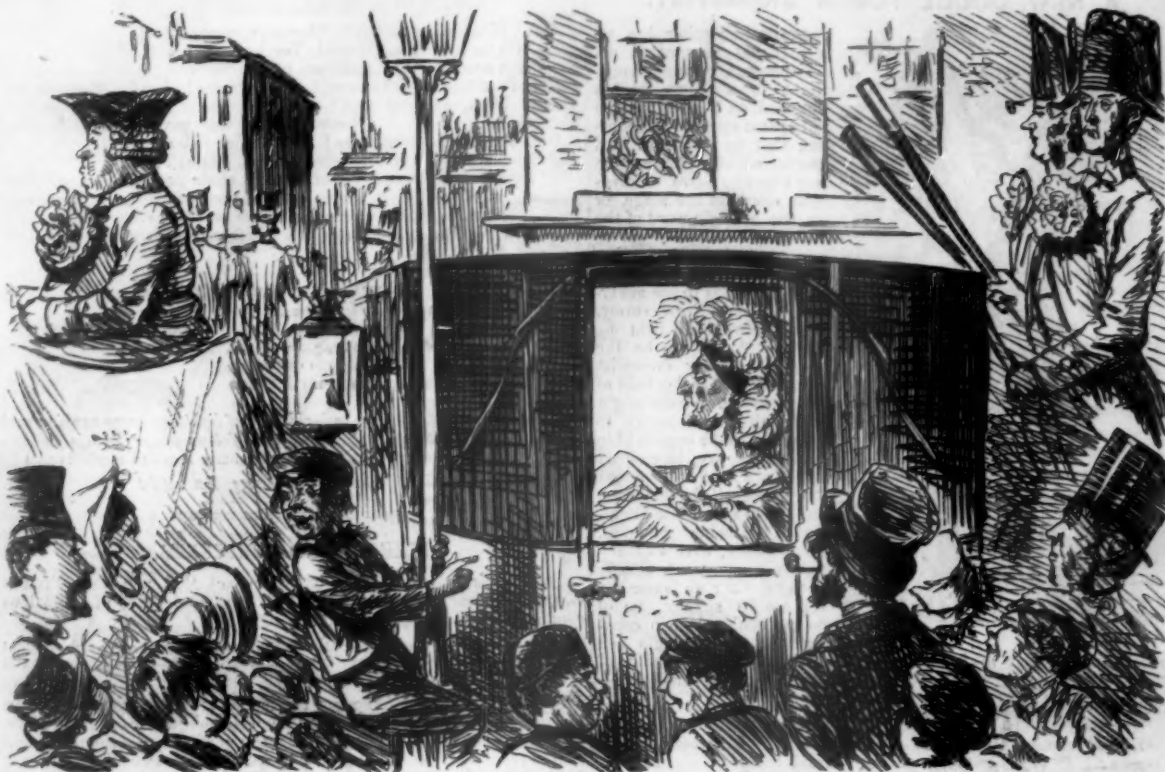
It may be that the foregoing particulars are fictitious, and that the *Sicle* will be warned or suppressed for the publication of false news, tending to bring the priesthood and the confessional into odium and contempt. It is, to be sure, just possible that the confessional may be abused in the manner above indicated. Indeed we are not only told so in *La Sorcière*, by M. MICHELET, but also by a cloud of Roman Catholic witnesses in a celebrated libel case which occurred a few years ago. What then? When parents and guardians allow young ladies to go and confess, they can send big brothers or footmen to look after them. You always should, Paterfamilias and tutor.

If justice were so administered in France as the Holy See would wish it to be, the case of the reverend Father Confessor *PIERRE GAULTIER* would have been disposed of in secret by an ecclesiastical court, and the profane public would have known nothing about it. May be the priesthood would not have been too hard upon an erring brother. M. le Père *PIERRE GAULTIER*, however, some people will think, could scarcely have been let down lighter than he was by the secular tribunal which gave him only a year and a fine of 200 fr. But lay Judges are perhaps incapable of making sufficiently liberal allowance for the operation of an ecclesiastical law of celibacy. FATHER *GAULTIER* might have escaped with a correction even gentler than the mildest punishment suitable for a scoundrel, if he had only enjoyed the advantage of being tried by his professional peers.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "A Constant Reader in the Shop Windows," requests information concerning a few matters of music. In the first place he asks, "Does MR. ALFRED MELLON, when playing whist, imagine himself at the head of a Brass Band, and invariably lead trumps?" We do not know; but beg to remind the constant one, that when the talented gentleman above mentioned does lead them, it will be always in good time. What next? "Does SIGNOR COSTA, after paying a visit, conduct himself to the door?" We shan't tell; but will just add, by the way, that if Constant Reader doesn't put a head of his own (if he's got one) on his letters, we shall not trouble ours about him. Somebody else asks us, if the Music of the Spheres is worth anything? He says "that he has heard it called 'Eternal Music.'" This latter remark settles the question. We confidently assert, that the "Eternal Music of the Spheres" cannot be good, because it is played out of time.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTE.—In the Middle Ages the Knights put their hands in Casques. To show how much they had got in the casques, they invariably tapped their noses.



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(A STOPPAGE OF A FEW MINUTES IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE.)

Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE BUD!"

A TALK WITH THAMES, OF LONDON,

ON MARCH THE 7TH.

"O THAMES, that hold'st thy silent course from spring to sea adown,
By Windsor's elm-girt meadows, through the heart of London town,
Could'st thou but tell the sights of strife, the pageants thou hast seen,
From the days of Celt and Roman to those of our good QUEEN,

"Had but this day, with kindly ray, made summer time of spring,
As if the sunshine's blessing* on this fair young bride to bring!
Of all the sights and sounds have thrilled thy tide from shore to shore,
Say, knew'st thou ever sight and sound than this that stirred thee more.

"This boom of cannon-salvos, these cheers that shake the air,
This joy of bells that clasheth from City steeples fair;
This bannered bridge, these arches, these myriads taking stand,
Where'er is space for eye-shot and hold for foot or hand.

"For object of this welcome, for centre of this joy,
A fair-haired Danish maiden, and a courteous English boy—
Our KING and QUEEN that shall be, when She who rules us now
Is taken from the loyalty and love that round her bow."

The ancient river answered: "Much in my time I've seen; I
We rivers note rare changes, as we roll our banks between:
From a hamlet's to a kingdom's bulk I have seen London grow,
Bridged betwixt miles of peopled shore, where the sedges used to blow.

"I have glassed the gleam of pageants; blood has mingled with my tide;
Celt and Roman, Sax and Norseman have fought along my side;
The bridge was new, and narrow, too, that spanned my marshy bed,
When against the Dane, KING ANLAF ranged keels with ETHELRED.†

* "Blessed is the bride that the Sun shines on."—Old Proverb.
† KING OLAVE OF ANLAF, of Norway, aided ETHELRED against the Danish holders
of London in 1008.

"What blows were struck, what death was dealt, from ships, from
either shore!

How hard the war-Danes held the bridge, how down on't ANLAF bore.
How darts and stones, and pitch and lead, from the causeway poured
that day,

Till ANLAF grappled ship to pile, and tore the bridge away!

"'Twas built again, ere o'er the main KING CURT the ravens bore,
But he was wary of my bridge, that the Dane so raged before.
From Redriff fields to Southwark creek my banks he channelled
through,

Till o'er sallow-beds and alder-holts, inland, the raven flew.

"Little I ever looked to see a daughter of the Dane,
With blessing hailed by England, spite of old feud and bane,
To see the Danish raven fly by the Saxon horse of Kent,
O'er London, loud in loyalty, and drunken with content."

"But braver pageant hast thou seen, old Father Thames than this?"
Therewith the river wrinkled all his face in scorn, I wis,

"Have I seen braver pageant than this scant and shabby rout?
I that have seen all brain could plan, and liberal hand set out.

"That saw I? the second RICHARD's time, a joust of arms played
through,

Within the barriers on my bridge, in Court and City's view,
When Scottish LINDSAY—better knight ne'er swung to saddle-tree,—
With the LORD WELLS for England, brake spears in courses three.

"Have I seen braver pageant? I, that saw KING RICHARD ride,
From Windsor, all by Richmond, with good QUEEN ANNE beside,
When at Southwark Gate the citizens, to earn the King's good grace,
Gave two white steeds, that, trapped in gold, to silver bells kept pace.

"I that saw RICHARD ride again, with ISABEL of France,
Mid pomp of Lords, and press of Guilds, and masque and morris-dance,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 14, 1863.



THE HONEYMOON.

FATHER NEPTUNE "AX PARD'N, RY'L 'IGHNESS—THEM LANDLUBBERS HAS 'AD THEIR TURN—NOW I'D BE WERY GLAD TO DRINK BOTH YER RY'L 'IGHNESSES' JOLLY GOOD EALTHS."

Through towers with white-winged angels crowned, past trades' devices rare,
Conduits that ran red wine and white, and arras-hangings fair.

"I that hailed England's HARRY back from France and battle-stour,
With green boughs on the helmets rough with dints of Azincour;
I that seven years later swell'd with London's tears, as o'er me rolled
On a car, with four great horses, England's HARRY stark and cold!

"And over him an image set, the semblance of the King,
With crown on brow, and robe on breast, and sceptre, ball, and ring,
With the calm face turned to Heaven and the hands clasped as in
prayer,
When not an eye that saw was dry: and no head but was bare.

"I that heard the Giant, sword-in-hand, as he bade well betide:
The young SIXTH HENRY, new from France, with MARGARET his bride,
And GLOUCESTER'S Duke, with Sheriffs, Guildsmen, Aldermen and
Mayor,
In 'brodered sleeves, and hoods and chains, and gowns of gris and
vair.

"I, that saw the LADY KATHERINE of ATTAGON brought in,
PRINCE ARTHUR's bride, with Lords of pride, and Ladies of her kin,
Past the Pageant of Saint Katherine, and six great pageants mo,
Cunningly planned from Chepe to Strand, the way she had to go.

"I that saw WOLSEY forth to France his stately progress hold,
His gentlemen ranked three by three, in black, with chains of gold,
His yeomen in their tawny coats, with his cipher 'brodered o'er,
And the silver cross and pillars and the Great Seal borne before.

"I that 'neath CHROMWELL's Ironsides heard the bridge-causeway
ring,
I that saw CHARLES ride back from Ghent, with loud "God Save the
King!"—
I that have watched all welcomes that London could bestow,
When life was dight in colours bright as summer flowers a-blow.

"And you ask me if I have seen a pageant like to this! I
For pageant, never meaner one have I beheld, I wis:
But grander sight or gladder yet saw I never none,
If measured not by show and state, but by heart and head alone.

"The sorrier the spectacle, the statelier is the sight,
Of this vast city poured abroad in all its myriad might;
With one great voice to utter its loyal, loving cry,
With one great heart to breathe a prayer for these, as they go by.

"Again, and yet again the shout, that thrills—a voice of power,—
From the keep of NORMAN WILLIAM to VICTORIA's Palace-tower;
Sights I have seen, strifes that have been, were all that this might be,—
This people glorying in their QUEEN, self-governed, loyal, free.

"Look, PRINCE, look, PRINCESS; well that flush your youthful cheeks
may wear:
Such sight is seldom given to those that rule and empire bear:
She who inspires the faith that fires these hearts so stern and cold,
Sits a sad widow, scarce to be, even by your joy, consoled.

"God comfort her, God prosper you, and grant you children sweet,
To grace your youth, and glad your age, and make your lives complete;
And when your son is wed may he be blest with bride as fair;
And may as loud acclaim be his, as now makes glad the air."

AN AMERICAN WONDER.

MR. PUNCH extracts the following *morceaux* from the *New York Times*:—

A GARDENER AND LANDSCAPE.—Wanted, a situation as above. Gentlemen wanting their places improved from being a creature of yesterday, can find a man capable of imitating nature in its virgin and romantic style. Call or address, J. D., MR. BRIDGEMAN'S Seed Store, corner of 18-St. and Broadway.

This J. D., who wants to be at once a Gardener and a Landscape, is a remarkable being. We recommend him to the notice of our lovely friend the EMPRESS, for her Tulleries balls. The lady who went as the Forest of Fontainebleau, with owls in her hair, was clever, but here is a gentleman who will appear as a whole landscape, and imitate nature in its virgin and romantic style. We notice, moreover, that an aristocratic fit must have come upon the Americans. It used to be their boast that their institutions, and everything else were entirely "creatures of yesterday," or indeed of this morning. But now it would seem that they are going in for feudal ideas. We shall hear of a Duke of New York, and an Earl of New Jersey one of these days. Meantime J. D. had better be taken care of, as the only man in the North, Generals included, who knows how to take advantage of his ground.

POINTS OF LORE.



ELL-INFORMED AND
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—
I am about to give a
Lecture at the 'Young
Men's Cobecantap-
eshoo Club,' which
means, 'The Come-out
before-eight-o'clock-
at-night-to-spend-
a-pleasant-evening-
somehow-or-other
Club.' Please give me
some information on
the following sub-
jects:—

What part in the
anatomy of the human
frame is a trom-bone?
[See Boun's Stand-
ard Library.—Mr. P.]

How much an hour
am I entitled to charge
for "letting out" a
secret?

[A difficult question. If you keep a secret as you would a hackney carriage, for your own benefit, of course you'll let it out as often as possible. If 'tis kept for the benefit of others, how can that object be attained by thus letting it out? Consult a solicitor.—Mr. P.]

Do "Mad Wags" go about at the season of wits-united?

[Wait till the time comes.—Mr. P.]

Can I procure at Mr. SAM'S or any librarian's a box on the ear for the season?

[Come to 85, Fleet Street. We'll give you one.—Mr. P.]

Does the South African Port disagree with Dr. COLEMAN?

[Rather the contrary: we believe that some very good Bishop has been made of it.—Mr. P.]

What is my best remedy for a bad tooth?

[Quarrel with a dentist, then go and have it out with him.—Mr. P.]

Which would you say is the most marked town in England?

[Most marked? Why—ahem—Sear-borough, to be sure.—Mr. P.]

One more question, my learned instructor, and I have done. 'Tis on a matter of grammar, tell me what is the masculine of Ban-ahoe?

[Once for all we reply, Ban-Joe.—Mr. P.]

"If you will but answer, [Will answer! We have answered, and very well, too—for many years—and hope, under public favour, to answer better than ever for centuries to come.—Mr. P.] I shall be very much obliged, and will for the present sign myself, classically,

"XAPAE XHN,"*

* MR. PUNCH, Senior Classic and very jolly Fellow of his own College, wonders at his Correspondent's adoption of this signature, but being unwilling to enter into an argument, comforts himself with the quotation,—*"De Goose-tibus non disputandum."*

STENOGRAPHIC LOYALTY.

"ALEXANDER BUCKLER, Esquire, of Chancery Lane, and the Woodlands, Twickenham Park, having addressed an Ode to the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, and sent it to the PRINCE OF WALES, the same has been graciously acknowledged."

MR. PUNCH is happy to say, that this, though appearing in a column of gossip, is quite true, and that the above-mentioned poet, who also carries on the much more useful business of short-hand writing, has set an example to the other bards who break loose at such times, by making his ode as short as his hand. For this reason Mr. Punch immortalises Bard BUCKLER, by inserting his elegant composition:—

TO THE PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

Hail to the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA!

My name's the masculine of hers,
Should any scoundrel ever slander her,
I'll kick him as we kick vile ours:
And though to Princes not a truckler,
I'll always be her shield and

BUCKLER.

The Day after the Wedding.

Telegram received from Little Buntington, Staffordshire, Wednesday Morning, March 11

The two hundred School Children who, in honour of the Royal Marriage, were yesterday regaled with tea, lemonade, and currant-buns, are as well as can be expected.

IS FOX-HUNTING INJURIOUS?



A SHORT while since, the gushing gents who write for the cheap press, flung a penful of foul words against a certain noble duke, for having, as they put it, tyrannously trampled on a freeborn British subject, who had killed a noxious creature hunted by the duke. A fox, as it appeared, had been followed to some land in the possession of the slaughterer, and when the hounds were in full cry, was destroyed by that possessor, who with venomous malignity seized upon the chance of robbing his rich neighbours of a pleasant morning's sport. The duke on riding up, with his "myrmidons" around him, remonstrated against the destruction of the animal, which was giving some few gentlemen a little harmless sport; and this act of remonstrance, coupled with the claiming of the carcase of the creature, was construed by the Gushers as an act of overbearing tyrannical oppression, such as a haughty aristocracy alone could wish to perpetrate, and which all friends of British freedom should cry shame on, and resent.

Now, no one more than *Mr. Punch* has stuck up for the liberty and rights of British subjects, be they poor or not; but he cannot see that this reported ducal act deserved the strong terms of abuse which the Gushers heaped upon it. Fox-hunting is a national fine English institution, and does more good to the country than the gushing gents may know. Moreover it appeared to *Mr. Punch*, on reading the report of the case now under notice, that the killing of the fox was a wanton act of vulpicide, committed by a surly churl who, since he took no pleasure in the hunt himself, evinced a dog-in-the-manger joy in stopping others from enjoying it. Had any injury indeed been done to the man's property, *Mr. Punch* feels quite

convinced that ample compensation would have liberally been given; and as for trampling on poor people, in all the history of England there never was a time when the well-being of the poor has been more generously cared for by the rich than now.

The Gushers say that fox-hunting is frivolous and foolish; but it brings classes together that might otherwise be separate, and as a manly healthy pastime it is far more worthy of support than of abuse. The gushing gents too probably know nothing of its pleasures, and to hunt a girl down Regent Street may to them seem sport far nobler than following a fox. *Mr. Punch* however looks wisely to results; and a fine old country fox-hunter, with his cheery full-lunged voice, strong limbs, and healthy life, in to him, he must confess, a far more pleasant picture than the smoke-dried pumped-out individual, who is content to take his pleasure only in a town. "Live and let live" be the motto, and don't kill foxes but by hunting them in fair and manly sport. The fox-hunters do nothing to disturb the little game of larking town-bred gents, and why should they—the latter—fling foul words at the former? A dance at a Casino and a drink may be exstatic pleasures to those who, somehow, relish them; but there is pleasure in fresh air and manly country exercise, and they who can't enjoy it have certainly no right to sneer at those who can.

ZEAL FOR A FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIP is a holy thing, and a generous friendship no cold medium knows, and friendship on thee my anchor's cast, to thee my bleeding heart is bound, thou wilt be with me to the last, thou, whom I early sought and found, and so on, and we trust we need say no more in proof that we know and value the sacred tie. But there are other sentiments in the world beside friendship, and one of them is the sentiment of fair-play. To this, as existing in the bosom of his contemporary, the *John Bull* newspaper, *Mr. Punch* begs to make a slight appeal.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY is perpetually making very silly speeches in the House of Lords upon Italian affairs. These addresses please himself and a knot of legitimatist old women of both sexes, and do nobody any particular harm, and therefore *Mr. Punch* seldom does more than smile at them. But it is one thing for an unwise elderly Lord to emit spiteful gabble, and another for a smart and intelligent journalist to translate that noise into effective language, and make leading articles in honour of the gabbler. We beg to signify to our friend *John Bull* that it is not quite the thing to offer one's own smart notions to the Conservative public, while presenting them by implication as LORD NORMANBY'S, who is notoriously incapable of being clever or logical. Dramatised, the little scene which LORD NORMANBY as *Lord Cackles*, and *John Bull* as the *Intelligent Friend* play, would go somewhat in this wise, or rather as an American would say, "in this foolish."

Lord Cackles. I assure you, my Lords, that Piedmont, that is to say, the KING OF ITALY, as he calls himself, well, I mean VICTOR AMADEUS, or I might say, Asmodeus, only his name's EMMANUEL—

Intelligent Friend. Exactly so. His Lordship points out with very great force that although undoubtedly the Sovereign of Sardinia has procured recognition of his newly-acquired title of KING OF ITALY, it by no means represents his position in regard to a very large portion of the inhabitants of the Peninsula.

Lord Cackles. Ya-as—just so. And, my Lords, when you talk, I mean when he talks, this MR. EMMANUEL—I don't mean the respectable jeweller in Hanover Square, far from it, and quite the reverse—when MR. KING OF ITALY talks about uniting Piedmont, that is Italy, instead of that it is only Piedmont that—that, don't you see?

Intelligent Friend. Precisely so. His Lordship in the very happiest way characterises the new state of things, not as a united Italy, but as an aggrandised Piedmont.

Lord Cackles. Ya—as—exactly. And when you talk, my Lords, that is when he, MR. KING OF ITALY talks of the tyrannies and all that which he says used to be in the times of my friends the KING OF NAPLES and the GRAND DUKE OF MADEIRA, no, MODEIRA; well, if the present folks do the same or worse, how can you say there's a change for the better?

Intelligent Friend. Nothing can be more convincing. His Lordship felicitously inquires, whether the Italians have not awaked from their dream to find the yoke of an alien race upon their necks more galling and more remediless than the most despotic sway of their rightful sovereigns?

Now, *John Bull*, you must not play LORD CACKLES'S *Intelligent Friend* to this extent. Friendship is all that *Punch* has described it, but fair play is also respectable. If you like to play off your own bat for the bigots and tyrants who have been expelled from Italy, that is a matter of taste. But you really must not talk seriously of LORD NORMANBY'S "commentary," and LORD NORMANBY'S "friendship for Italy," and so forth, as if our amusing friend were a statesman. You do him no good, because you compel *Mr. Punch* to notice the case, and you must see that the less LORD NORMANBY is noticed the better. We shall next have leading articles based on the utterances of *Lord Dundreary*.

Church Chess.

(Latest state of the Game.)

WHITE Bishop attacks black Bishop¹
Black Bishop declines to move²

REMARKS.

¹ This we consider a mistake.

² As might be expected. Now we suppose a Knight (SIR S. LUSHINGTON) must interpose. But the game is in a strange state.

NEW FASHION.

In remembrance of the numerous seals occupied by the fair sex on the occasion of the Royal Procession, it will be the fashion for Ladies, during the next month, to wear their hair in plat-forms.



AT IT AGAIN!

SCENE—A *Hatter's Shop*.*Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. Here, MISTER GLEUPOT, I'm afraid I must return the hat you made.

Hat. Return my 'at, Sir! Why, Sir?

Gent. Unfortunately doesn't fit.

Hat. Too easy, p'raps. I'll set that right in half a minute.

Gent. 'Tis too tight.

Hat. Oh, no, Sir, no! If you'll permit My judgment, 'tis a perfect fit.

Gent. Perfect! My forehead's blue and red!

Hat. Some swelling, surely, in the head?

I made your hat the proper shape,

And twenty inches by the tape.

Gent. It cuts me here.

Hat. I can't help that;

Your head, Sir, ought to fit the hat.

Gent. But, see, your hat is nearly round;

My head's elliptical.

Hat. I'm bound

To own it isn't as it ought.

Gent. The hat?

Hat. The head, Sir.

Gent. Why, I thought

That hats were made to fit the head?

Hat. 'Tis oftener the reverse instead.

If people will have heads so square,

No mortal hatter can prepare

A shape that shall exactly suit,

Until the head's accustomed to 't.

You're twenty inches by the tape;

And so's the 'at. And as for shape,

The 'at's kerrect. Your head will fit,

When you have made it give a bit.

Gent. The hat?

Hat. The 'ed, Sir.

Gent. If it long

Thus tortures me?

Hat. There's something wrong

Somewhere. But I must tell you flat,

The fault, Sir, isn't in the hat!

[*Exit Gentleman, thoroughly convinced, and ashamed of his head.*]

SO TIRED!

THE following touching Resolution was come to at the last meeting of the Great Western Company, and is advertised in the papers:—

"That the Great Western Company requires rest."

We can have no objection. Let the weary rest. But their notion of rest seems odd. They propose to have "an early election of new directors."

An election at any time, and especially early in the morning, is the last thing we should associate with rest. We should have thought the best thing for a wearied railway company to do would be to lay themselves down along their own line, as Sleepers. But as they please. We shall always read G. W. R. for the future as meaning Great Want of Rest.

Cruel.

A GLASGOW Critic, noticing one of MR. CHARLES KHAM'S Shakspearian performances, succeeds in reaching an intensity of spitefulness which is not at all creditable to the writer as a man, a Christian, or a Glaswegian. We reproduce the words only for the sake of reproaching such needless bitterness of sarcasm:—

"It will suffice to say on this occasion, that the actor was throughout equal to himself."

A ROYAL LETTER—THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND SIR JOSHUA JEBB.

HIS MAJESTY to SIR JOSHUA.

"MEDICINE MAN,

"OUR Foreign Secretary informs us, that for some years past you have been labouring to discover a remedy for an affection of the Moral System, now very prevalent in your benighted country, called Grabbing. The symptoms of that malady I learn are these: Two or three apparently robust men are suddenly seized while walking in the public streets with convulsions. Instinctively, to avoid falling, they clutch at the objects nearest to them, preferring for that purpose, a throat and a time-measurer. In the Hospital under your care, you have many of these Miserables, and various modes of treatment I learn have been resorted to without arresting the disorder—a generous diet—warm clothing, and well ventilated apartments being the principal curative agencies employed.

"In our dominions we have a large number of these Invalids, and we generally find some prompt and easy means of stopping the malady before it comes to a head.

"If we are rightly informed, a sea-voyage has been recommended for your patients, but you are puzzled in selecting an eligible sanitary retreat at a convenient distance from their friends. If you would like to try the air of Dahomey, which tends, as all our physicians admit, to accelerate the circulation, we shall be glad to receive as many of your valetudinarians, as you are inclined to forward, and we may safely say that you will be spared all further trouble and anxiety on their account.

"DAHOMEY R."

SIR JOSHUA to HIS MAJESTY.

"SIR,

Your tender concern for my poor Patients has moved me almost to tears. How true it is that we often find more sympathy in strangers abroad, than in our dearest friends at home! Your Majesty

is right in saying, that I have been strongly advised to take my Patients away from the locality where they at present languish, notwithstanding the abundant supply of nutritious meat and vegetables which are daily provided for them. The fact is, they require recreation rather than rest. A spacious cricket-ground—a tennis-court and a bowling-green would be highly appreciated by them, though some probably would prefer wild duck and snipe-shooting—luxuries I fear not even to be dreamt of in this parsimonious age. The difficulty of finding a salubrious place of retreat is all but insuperable. The Isle of Wight has been suggested by one or two kind people. Madeira by others, but vulgar prejudices must be respected, and the natives of both those Islands seem absurdly apprehensive of contagion. I would therefore gratefully accept your Majesty's offer, but fear, from what I have read, that your climate, suitable as it is for persons of strong constitutions, might be too warm for individuals so morbidly sensitive as the Grabbers, whose infirmities we all unfeignedly deplore. I will, however, consult my friend SIR GEORGE, and if he thinks the experiment could be safely tried, I shall have great pleasure in transmitting you a few of the most serious cases that have lately come in.

"Allow me to subscribe myself, &c.

"J. JEBB."

"P.S. Since writing the above, I have seen SIR GEORGE, but he questions whether our indoor Patients are strong enough to bear the fatigue of so long a voyage, and informs me to my extreme regret, that the nobleman who lately filled the post of Foreign Secretary under your Majesty's Government, is now for ever disqualified from holding office, being a little bit off his head."

American News.

MR. BARNUM'S diminutive couple will probably visit England this summer. Report says that the THUMBS have engaged a couple of Finger-Stalls at the Opera.



Boy. "ISN'T IT VERY NAUGHTY OF PAPA TO TELL STORIES?"
 Mamma. "WELL, DEAR—IT WOULD BE—BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
 Boy. "WHY, PAPA SAYS, THAT TOFFEE IS NASTY TRASH—AND IT'S SO VERY DELICIOUS, YOU KNOW!"

NEPTUNE'S ADDRESS ON THE HONEYMOON.

AUSPICIOUS was the steam,
 Whatever were the gales,
 Which, faster than Old Neptune's team,
 Unto the PRINCE OF WALES
 The fair young Maid of Denmark bore
 In triumph to Great Britain's shore.

The Monarch of the Sea,
 Soon saw his nags were beat:
 So therefore round the Nore went he
 After the British fleet,
 To wait the happy Royal pair,
 At Osborne, and receive them there.

Down in the deep he dived:
 There heard the shouts of England's joy:
 But, when the blissful train arrived,
 Emerged like an old buoy,
 Above the waves his placid head
 He heaved, and blandly smiling, said:

"Yoho, there! Dowse my glims!
 Ahoy! Bless your sweet eyes!
 Avast, I say! My eyes and limbs!
 Could I command the skies,
 I'd cause them to rain grog and flip
 For all the tars in every ship.

How's ever, here's your health,
 Sir; Marm, the same to you!
 Long life, the best of luck, and wealth
 Or else—why, foul my screw!
 Shatter my plates, unbolt me, rust
 My armour, and my engine bust!

Well; now you're snug in port;
 From them landlubbers' noise
 You comes for me to give you sport,
 Below, there! Girls and Boys!
 Triton and Nereids, pipe all hands, show ye
 Them there young folks the pastimes of the sea.

THE NATAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I.
 MY DEAR COLENSO, With regret,
 We hierarchs, in conclave met,
 Beg you, you most disturbing writer,
 To take off your colonial mitre.
 This course we press upon you strongly:
 Believe me,
 Yours most truly,
 Lambeth, LONGLEY.

II.
 MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP, To resign
 That Zulu diocese of mine,
 And own myself a heathen dark,
 Because I've doubts about Noah's Ark,
 And feel it right to tell all men so,
 Is not the course for
 Yours,
 Kensington, COLENSO.

The Theatre near Everywhere.

(A Card.)

MR. BAMBOOCICAULT respectfully intimates to the public residing at Poplar, Rotherhithe, and Stepney, that his theatre at Westminster is the most convenient for reach by ladies and children from the East End, as they can easily walk down to the Thames, on which the theatre is situate. The same remark applies to Henley, Maidenhead, and Windsor.

[LAND SWELLA.—The Lords of the Admiralty.

A STREET DIALOGUE.

SCENE, near Grosvenor Square. LORD PUNCH meets LORD EBURY.

Lord Punch. Ah, EBURY, how do you do? I wanted to see you.
 Lord Ebury. Always glad to meet you, my dear fellow. [Shake hands.
 Lord P. Do you see that the PRINCE OF WALES has made CHARLES KINGSLEY one of his chaplains?

Lord E. Has he? Well, MR. KINGSLEY's a monstrous clever man—plenty of snuff in his sermons—you know the story. And *Hypatia's* a grand book.

Lord P. Just so. And how do you like the Tale of a Water-Baby, in Macmillan's?

Lord E. To tell you the truth, I hate serials, and was waiting for the complete book.

Lord P. Tell your boys to read it. When they come up to the real *Rabelais* they'll have a jolly good laugh, meantime the story is capital. I happen to have the new number in my pocket. I'll read you a little bit.

Lord E. Ah, do.

Lord P. (reads). "And then Tom came to Gotham, where the wise men live, the same who dragged the pond because the moon had fallen into it, and who planted a hedge round the cuckoo, to keep spring all the year. And he found them bricking up the Town Gate, because it was so wide that little folks could not get through. And when he asked why, they told him they were Expanding their Liturgy (pokes E. with elbow). So he went on, for it was no business of his, only he could not help saying that in his country, if the kitten couldn't get in at the same hole as the cat, she might stay outside and mew." Tell me, my dear EBURY, what may your theory of cats and kittens be?

Lord E. H'm. I don't know that I do see the point of that passage; Good morning, my Lord.

Lord P. Habet.

Curious Application.

IMMEDIATELY on the passing of the Act for making bills payable on Friday instead of Saturday last, several persons wrote to the Clerk of the Weather, stating that as upon any day of English holidaying the East Wind was sure to be Due, he would much oblige by conformity to the spirit of the Act. The result is known.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 6. Friday, ought to have been included in last week's Essence. Ought it? Ha! Do you know how LORD PALMERSTON came to be Premier of England? No, of course you don't. Well, it was by minding his own business. Besides, do you think *Punch* was going to keep his fifteen thousand composers, readers, pressmen, enginemen, folders, porters, messengers, and devils from beholding the sweet countenance of the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, on Saturday, merely for the sake of telling you, a week earlier than he does, that on the Friday night in question there was a Brazilian debate? Be thankful that he condescends to tell you at all. *Claude on time.* The first Latin word is a dissyllable, *Mrs. Cox*, and not the Christian name of a famous painter.

The Commons did meet on that Friday, and MR. BRAMLEY MOORE, who is a Brazilian merchant, proposed a resolution in rebuke of the Government for being harsh with the Brazilians touching certain alleged outrages upon a wrecked vessel and some officers who had dined. MR. COLLIER, Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, judged the case, advocated the Government, and thought the honour of the fleet had been properly vindicated. All very well, but we are reminded by a contemporary that when, a few years ago, an English vessel was wrecked at Boulogne, and the hand of a drowned lady was mutilated that her rings might be stolen, we did not instantly seize five vessels in Boulogne Harbour, by way of vengeance on the savages of that evil-smelling locality. And LORD ROBERT CECIL said that England ought not to have insulted the Brazilian nation on account of "a mad Consul and three drunken sailors." MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, in more statesmanly and temperate language, expressed his opinion that the dignity of England had gained nothing by the transaction. The learned Editor of the Book of Praise defended the Government, as became its Solicitor, and there was an end of the business. Imported manufactured tobacco, containing less than ten pounds per hundredweight of moisture is to pay three shillings and sixpence per pound. How, *Mrs. Cox*, will this affect the price of a box of twopenny cigars? Send us a box, *Cox*, with the solution, or we shall not attend to it.

Saturday. We don't know where Parliament sat, and we don't care. We know where the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA sat, and where we sat. The metropolitan journals conspired to make *Mr. Punch*, despite his retiring modesty, the hero of the day of which the Princess was the heroine. By way of sparing our own blushes, which we may want upon some other triumphant occasion, we beg to insert, for immortality, the following passage in the account of the Procession Day, from our neighbour and friend, the Sabbatical Times:—

"Now the procession is passing through the last of the liberties of the City—the liberty of the press—well represented by Fleet Street. Not a whit behind any of the houses of their fellow citizens, east or west, are the newspaper offices. Look at No. 55, the house of our old friend '*Mr. Punch*,' the member for light literature, whose 'satirical publication,' as LEON HURW's opinion, was the 'best humoured and best hearted that ever existed.' The great attraction in Fleet Street was decidedly at the '*Punch*' Office, which, besides being most tastefully decorated, exhibited in front of the covered seats (that might have been Mr. L.—'s gallery of those young ladies whom he loves to draw, so numerous were the pretty faces there assembled) the well-known figure of *Mr. Punch* himself, crowned with a garland. As the procession passed No. 55, the jolly old gentleman benignly bowed, waved his truncheon, and moved his lips, but from his mouth came no sound; for, doubtless, the emotions of his loyal heart choked his utterance. The occupants of almost every carriage, not omitting royalty itself, smilingly returned the salute, and the crowd heartily applauded their old friend and popular favourite."

All this is perfectly true, and when our young friend the PRINCE OF WALES, who first caught sight of our pleasing countenance, saluted us, and pointed us out to the Princess, and her Royal Highness, instantly recognising the joy and delight of her boudoir in Copenhagen, favoured us with her benignant smile, we felt that if we had one thousand swords by our side, none of them should leap from its scabbard, for there was no necessity for that piece of gymnastics, but in every other sense we said "Ditto to *Mr. Burke*." We then retired, and sent our emotions back to our heart in a flood of champagne, and if *Mr. Cox* had come in we would have given him some.

Monday. Army Estimates. Reduction, One Million. WILLIAMS wanted to knock off 10,000 men, but the House would not have it. He got but 18 supporters, which would have been two men, if they had all been tailors.

Tuesday. Married. At St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, by the Most Reverend LONGLEY, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Right Reverend TAIT, Lord Bishop of London, H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, to H. R. H. ALEXANDRA CAROLINE MARIA CHARLOTTE LOUISE JULIA, eldest daughter of PRINCE CHRISTIAN, of Denmark. That night London held its Feast of Lanterns, and nobody went home till morning, and not many until a good way into the morning, in fact we are not sure that everybody has got home yet. We hope *Mr. Cox* has.

Wednesday. A Bill called the Affirmations Bill was discussed. A Judge is at present bound to refuse the evidence of a witness who, if asked, refuses to say that he believes in Rewards and Punishments

hereafter. It was proposed to do away with his disability, as it operates unjustly towards himself, if injured, and in other cases deprives parties of valuable testimony. But the House, taking into account the immense mass of persons whose consciences are so curiously constructed that they will lie to any extent, but are afraid to commit perjury, decided on continuing the sacrifice of the interests of the few to those of the many, and rejected the Bill by 142 to 96.

Mr. Punch is happy to record, for the comfort of the maudlin sentimentalist, that MR. ADDERLEY's wholesome Bill for whipping the ruffians called Garotters, was carried on Second Reading by a very large majority, and that the Government opposed it, and was soundly beaten by what is certainly the sense of the country. Do you know what sense is, *Mrs. Cox*?

Thursday. LORD DERBY is, unfortunately, ill, but he has left the defence of the Metropolis in good hands, and LORDS SHAPTESBURY, CARWATON, REDESDALE, and MALMESBURY declared themselves ready to smother the "Late" Eastern Counties Bill for destroying Finsbury. Again the measure was smuggled out of the way for a fortnight, after which we hope LORD DERBY will give the diabolical project the coup de grace—the only grace it is capable of receiving.

We hardly expect to be believed, but SIR GEORGE GARY says that the Russian Government has applied to ours for information as to our Police system, in order to the improvement of that of Russia. The Russian system is an exceedingly good one, for you may bribe every man-jack in office, from the highest to the lowest. What more do people want who have got rubles?

There was a Navy Debate, and the Government resolution to build five new wooden ships to be coated over with iron was strongly opposed by those who wish only iron to be used. The Conservatives, however, helped the Government this time, so 164 to 81 carried wood and iron against iron. People shouldn't have too many irons in the fire, should they, *Mrs. Cox*?

Friday. COLONEL PATTEN brought up the case of the Fustian Cutting operatives. *Mr. Punch* takes an interest in them, being himself the greatest cutler of Fustian in the world (see how he serves the species in his Essence of Parliament), and he is glad to hear that there is an inquiry in hand.

The City is on its trial. The police arrangements on the Procession and Wedding Day were all excellent, except in E.C. Every one knows what happened there. It will be attempted to deprive the City of its exclusive jurisdiction, and to hand all London to the Metropolitan Police. Of course the Corporation will fight hard for their old privileges, but they must get a better advocate than ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who has neither an alibi in his alphabet nor an argument in his head. There was much talk on the subject to-night, and also touching the volunteer arrangements of the Saturday. Everybody was quite satisfied that everybody was wrong but himself, a not uncommon state of mind.

Army Estimates finished the week.

Now, *Cox*, we have kept you in a pleasant simmer of apprehension, but we were not in joke. Go to the flogging block. How DARE you, *Cox*, go up to LORD PALMERSTON (the wrong person, moreover), with a deputation, to ask him to go to war with Russia? No nonsense, Sir! we hold the report in the *Morning Star*. One WALL was your spokesman (the weakest goes to the wall, which explains your seeking him out), and to *PAM*'s distinct question: "Do you wish that we should have another war with Russia?" your deputation answered "Yes," and somebody else wished for "a brush" for Poland. Who authorised you to address the Ministers and ask for war? Hand us that rod, gown-boy. No, the heavy one. Now, MASTER *Cox*, kneel down, and since you are so ready to spilt blood—how do you like that—and that—and that, and the following seven-and-twenty?

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE OF PREFERMENT.

ACCOUNTS from Paris inform us that DR. MANNING, formerly a British Archdeacon, who has been lately sojourning in that capital, has just received into the Roman Catholic Church the Rector of Torrington that was, the former Vicar of Wragby, the sometime Rector of Panton, and a *quondam* Rural Dean. What! and so no less than four persons have been found to prefer their principles to their preferment! A truly creditable instance of piety and resignation! Four respectable proselytes for Popery; and as many vacancies for the Established Church, to be filled perhaps with four staunch Churchmen. The gain must be as gratifying to CARDINAL WISEMAN as the loss is to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY. Ah, no such luck! The four reverend gentlemen must be regarded as all rolled into one: the REV. GEORGE B. YARD, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. Rome has netted, not a plurality of parsons, but only one ex-pluralist. Honour, however, to MR. YARD for a secession which is at any rate honourable. MR. YARD can afford to keep a conscience; at least he keeps one whether he can afford to do so or not. His example may be commended to DR. POSEY—whose personal sacrifices, by the way, if he went over to Rome, might be compensated by the Pope with a lucrative appointment in the Inquisition.



Jones (living in the plebeian locality of St. John's Wood). "I AM ALSO EXTREMELY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WINDOWS—IF YOU ENTER MY SERVICE, I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO CLEAN THEM VERY CAREFULLY."

John Thomas (from Belgravia). "OH, OF COURSE, SIR! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR WINDOWS CLEANED IF YOU LIKE—BUT IN BELGRAVIA—WE PREFER THEM DIRTY—IT'S CONSIDERED MORE ARISTOCRATIC!"

CHORUSES AND CANT.

"ONE of the Ministers" of Inverness has been writing a long letter to the *Courier* of that ilk, complaining that a class which has lately been established there for practising part-singing has "to the surprise of its sober-minded and genuine Protestant members," been developing a sadly Popish tendency of taste by—

"The singing of most unctuous Roman Catholic hymns, in which the aid and protection of blessed Saints are fervently invoked, and the omnipotence, omnipresence, and whatever other divine attributes the Holy Virgin may possess, are duly set forth and extolled."

Upon inquiry it appears that these so-called "unctuous hymns," are simply operatic pieces, such as the chorus "*Santa Maria*," in the opera of *Dinorah*. In the letter we refer to the singing of these pieces is denounced as "idolatrous," and it is hoped that the "good people who abhor idolatry," will abstain from joining in such "Popish exercises." It is evident, moreover, that in the writer's estimation, rather a brimstone futurity is in store for the misguided men who practise such part-songs, and convict themselves thereby of being Roman Catholics.

Now, if the singing of such pieces be Papistical and bad, surely there must be the like evil in the hearing of them: and any one who goes to hear the opera of *Dinorah* is guilty of assisting in an unctuous Popish exercise. Moreover any one who joins in singing or in hearing sung such glees, say, as "*The Curfew*," or "*Mark the merry Elves*," plainly betrays a faith in the existence of the fairies, and may, therefore clearly be regarded as a heathen. Upon the same ground, too, whoever sings "*Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer*," from the opera of *Lurline*, may be viewed as a believer in the art of spirit-rapping: while the vocalist who warbles "*I'd be a Butterfly*," may be held to entertain a strong desire to commit suicide, in the hope that, through the transmigration of souls, he may become the insect which he aspires to be.

We have little fear of people turning Catholics through choruses, and so we won't ask Mr. COSA to revise all the librettos of the operas which he intends this season to perform. As for the pious gentleman whose letter we have noticed, were it not that he resides at Inverness, we might have fancied him officiating somewhere in the province of Cant.

THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF GAROTTING BILL.

A Ballad for the Brutal Classes.

THE crime of highway robbery
We find increased of late,
Accompanied by violence
Alarming to the State;
The practice of garotting
Has grown to that extent,
A'Bill's brought in to check the same
By Corporal Punishment.
The practice, &c.

The Member for North Staffordshire
Has framed the intended Act,
Which makes all base Garotters
Liable to be whacked.
It has passed the second reading,
So now, my coves, beware;
You'll get a precious good hiding
If you don't take precious good care.
The practice, &c.

Oh, won't you cry and hollon,
And twist like any eel,
Receiving of that correction
Which the Cat will make you feel;
As many as fifty lashes,
Inflicted at a time!
Garotters, when your backs are scratched,
You'll then lament your crime.
The practice, &c.

The stripes will sore affect you,
Although a hardened bloke,
You'll find the Cat o' Nine Tails
Is not at all a joke.
Or a joke that only stings you,
But others may call it fun
To see you brought to wince and wail
For the cruelty you've done.
The practice, &c.

In for three several floggings,
With time to think between,
When you've received your sentence,
Won't you be all serene!
The pleasure of expectation,
Beforehand, will be sweet,
Which, when the happy morn' arrives,
Experience will complete.
The practice, &c.

When resting from hard labour
Within your prison cell,
Especially after having
Been whipped already well,
You'll know how the Cat then tasted,
And have to taste still more,
With leisure for to think upon
The treat for you in store.
The practice, &c.

The thoughts will give you appetite
To relish your hard fare,
Not succulent any longer,
In future coarse and spare.
No currant jelly with your mutton,
Or luxuries like that,
Water-gruel to cherish your stomach,
And to warm your back the Cat.
The practice, &c.

We trust LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON
Will suffer the Bill to pass;
For the Lash is most effectual
To deter the ruffian class.
That terror discontinued
Assaults upon the QUEEN,
And soon would banish Garotting from
This sublimary scene.
The practice, &c.

MOKEANNA;

Or, The White Witness.

LONDON: MARCH 21, 1863.



["IT IS THE CHATEAU BLANC, THE WHITE WITNESS."]

MOKEANNA; OR, THE WHITE WITNESS. A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Dramatically divided into Parts, by the Author of
"Matrimony," "Ollow 'Arts," "Gerolamo the
Gipsy," "The Dark Girl," "Dustman of Destiny,"
&c. &c.

PART VIII.—THE GALLERY.

CHAP. I.

"His heart was sad." GAY.

"HA! Lost!" cried the Hunchback; then snapping the cords like reeds, he leapt over the heads of his assailants, and made for the metropolis. The dog would not follow in his track, for he had found his bone, and Mokeanna was still investigating the mysteries of the Secret Truss. The Hunchback gave one glance at his pursuers. "If I can gain the Antipodes by nightfall," he said to himself, "I shall be safe." Safe! oh, Stealer of Mokeanna. Never, never more, the White Witness, the Curse, is on thy head.

CHAP. II.

"Brew. What says the weather cock, SEBASTIAN?"
"Seb. My Lord * * * I am not i' the vane."
BEN SHAKESPEARE'S "ANY OTHER MAN," Act I. sc. 2.

THE organ was pealing forth Correggio's beautiful *Integra Cura*, as the Hunchback, pale and breathless, sought shelter in Old St. Paul's. The venerable Dean, surrounded by a small knot

of chubby young vergers, was listlessly sitting on the edge of the pulpit-deak, discussing some stirring topic of the day.

The fugitive paused to listen.

"And who stole Mokeanna?" he heard one of them ask. Before the Dean could reply, they turned towards the Hunchback, pointing.

Instinctively he put his hand to his head.

He had forgotten to remove his *chapeau blanc* on entering the Cathedral.

It was now too late. They were upon him.

Swiftly he fled.

He reached the Whispering Gallery.

The walls rang with the One Awful Question, "Who stole—?"

He could wait for no more.

"He is escaping by the Ball," shouted Sir Lionel, who, with the Avengers, was watching the chase from below.

The Dean, creeping at a rapid pace up the Dome, nodded intelligently to the Baronet, and throwing away his hands, prepared for fresh exertions.

The Great Bell rang an alarm.

In vain the Hunchback tried to deaden the sound as he clung wildly to the clapper.

Each stroke seemed to say, "who stole—?" He fled; up, up; with hands tightly clasped over his ears to shut out the horrid sound, and at the same time, tying his handkerchief to the top of the vane, he lightly swung himself on to the horizontal bar of the golden cross.

The yelling crowd beneath tore up the paving-stones, and hurled them at the ruffian.

"Surrender, or I fire!" cried the Dean, who was about to apply a slow match to one of the minor turrets.

"Never with life!" cried the Hunchback.

There was but one chance. Nerving himself for the effort, he sprang into the air, keeping his feet firmly together, and preserving a perpendicular attitude.

It was a daring attempt, but successful.

The pressure of the atmosphere beneath him opposed his descent, and as he had calculated, impelled him with a fearful velocity upwards into space, but with an inclination towards the west.* Three times he partially descended, and on each occasion he was repulsed by a decreasing force, until unable any longer to protract the physical exertion, he, slightly parting his feet, allowed himself to be thrown in a semicircular direction, and alighted on one of the shining glaciers, lying between the highest points of Mount Périnroseil.

Hemmed in, as he was, on all sides by volcanoes, fearful precipices, and wild craters, escape was impossible.

A yell of exultation arose from the crowd assembled in the plains.

* This apparent phenomenon may be easily and scientifically explained. Supposing A to be a very dense body, any body, on the apex of a pinnacle, B, three million feet above the level of the C, i. e., the height of St. Paul's. Suppose the pressure of air upwards to be as 1' in 10, or six to the pound, small size. Let D represent something else, say tin, a reduction being of course made on taking a quantity. Then as A : B :: C : D it follows that the vertical power, downwards, is as well as could be expected. The gravity or density of any body can be easily ascertained by working out the above problem in all its details, and thus it is that Nature so beneficently adapts her marvellous laws to the weakest powers of the mind, and to the meanest capacity of the pocket.

Day after day, the avenging watchers in the valley, could, by the aid of very strong glasses of *cou de vis*, see the doomed man wasting, wasting away; while the Hat, the White Witness, grew paler and paler in this awful agony.

With a pitiful attempt to excite compassion, he, with some particles of snow, which with his hands and lips he had fashioned into a sharp-pointed cone, wrote some words upon the crown of his *chapeau blanc*.

He held it up high in the air. Through the usual *media* the vengeful watchers read, "I am Starving!"

Sir Lionel's stethoscope revealed that the Hunchback had already eaten his coat and vest.

On the following morning the Lady Agnesia, looking through the glass, announced that his boots and stockings had been devoured in the night.

Another garment was about to be sacrificed. She could look no longer.

That night an Avalanche rolled down the mountain side.

One thundering crash * * * A low stifled cry * * * * *

As the sun rose majestic in the West, Mokeanna was seen at the foot of the mountain, shaking something in her massive jaws.

"It is," whispered Lady Agnesia, sinking into the arms of the brave Coast-guardman and hiding her head upon his shoulder, "It is the *chapeau blanc*, the White Witness!"

PART IX.—OUTSIDE THE THEATRE. UNDER THE PORTICO.

CHAP. LAST.

"Is this the Head?"

FINE'S "ENDYMION," BY JESCO.

MANY a year passed after the tragic events here veraciously recounted, and the watchwords, that had inspired the peasants of that part of the country with their fearful thirst for vengeance, gradually became formalised into a familiar proverb. Even in these days, the memory of Mokeanna and the Russian Hunchback, dwells in the hearts of the very simple villagers; and the sojourner in the little Rutlandshire Fishing Village of Rederring, anxious to obtain the respect of the inhabitants, must, to the perpetual question, "Who stole the donkey?" be prepared to reply with the most cheerful alacrity, "The Man in the WHITE HAT." [The End.]

PUNCH AT THE PROCESSION.



MERRILY, merrily clang the bells,
And the gay flags flutter around,
While the boom of the cannon in thunder tells
That Her foot is on English ground!

Lustily, lustily cheers the street,
As she passeth its crowd among,
"Welcome, fair Bride! may thy life be as sweet
As the Spring-flowers o'er thee flung!"

Flash the glad tidings along the wires
To the heart of old London town,
Bid a welcoming peal from her hundred spires,
And—

Thus far had Mr. Punch proceeded with his Ode, and was doubting for a moment what rhyme to use for "town"—"Bid the LORD MAYOR don his gown" seemed rather too Tupperian, and "Let every joy be shown," although it looked a rhyme when written, did not at all sound like one,—thus sat Mr. Punch, in a prodigiously fine frenzy rolling his poetic eye and staring at the ceiling to assist his inspiration, when in came a Royal footman, whom from his scarlet livery Mr. Punch was very near mistaking for a postman, and who carried a deliciously rose-

scented billet doux, which, in the prettiest of handwriting contained these gracious words:—

"Bricklayers Arms, Saturday, a quarter to two.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Will you excuse a hurried notice, and join us in our carriage. Papa and ALBERT EDWARD say they can make room for you.

"Sincerely yours,
ALEXANDRA."

"P. S. Please bring Toby."

To throw aside his pen and poem, to put on his Court Suit (which for such emergencies hangs always at his elbow), to dress up Toby in his knickerbockers and his best frilled collar, to bid good bye to Judy and his other guests in Fleet Street, and to reach the Bricklayers' Arms by the nearest way accessible (which, as the City was blocked up, was *via* the back streets and over Vauxhall Bridge), was to loyal Mr. Punch but five short minutes' work. Ere two o'clock had struck he was seated in the carriage with the Princess smiling at him as only she can smile, and Toby—lucky dog!—was reclining in her lap.

It is needless to observe that throughout the seven miles Mr. Punch's loyal eyes were never once removed from the fair face of the Princess: but the following, he has heard, was the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

One Policeman, to clear the way (which he didn't).

A whole regiment of Black Guards, mostly with their caps knocked off.

Some weak-legged Supernumeraries staggering with big banners.

Band of the Ten Shimmers (City), all in full blow.

Another Policeman.

A score or two of old and ready-looking carriages, all propelled by Screws, and filled with tailors, drapers, grocers, goldsmiths, salers, skimmers, tallow-chandlers, fashmongers, coach and harness-makers, blacksmiths, chimney-sweepers and cooks; arrayed in their Court Suits (bright blue gowns with mangy fur),

Banners and Big Drums.

Some very Jolly Young Watermen (stat. 66 at least) with pewter plates upon their bosoms and carrying enormous Flags.

The City Commissioners of Lieutenancy and Lascary; the latter dressed like Jack Tars of the period, in top-boots.

Banners, Bassoons, and Big Drums.

Another Live Policeman.

Officers of the Corporation; all of them elected apparently by weight.

Aldermen (ditto, ditto), Sheriffs and Under Sheriffs, crammed four in a carriage, with two footmen and three small boys hanging on behind.

The Reception Committee and other City Flunkkeys.

Banners, Boodles, Banjoes, Bassoons, and Big Drums.

Another Live Policeman attended by his Staff.

"His Honourable Royal Highness" (see French press) THE LORD MAYOR, drawn by Eleven Horses, and attended by the Common Crier, in full cry.

Band playing the City Anthem: "Rose, thou art the fairest flower!"

A fifth Policeman, mounted.

Gentlemen of the Press, on foot, in muddy boots.

A Royal Trumpeter, blowing his own Trumpet.

Six Royal Carriages, the Sixth conveying ALBERT EDWARD, ALEXANDRA, ROSE of Denmark, her Royal Pa and Ma. His Excellency TOBY! and the illustrious PRINCE PUNCH.

Monsieur Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and other distinguished followers, upon their own toes.

A Strong force of Two Policemen, trying to do the work of twenty, in keeping back the crowd.

How the Procession looked, for reasons before stated Mr. Punch must not be asked. How the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA looked is quite another question, and Mr. Punch in his enthusiasm would like to fill a volume by way of a reply. Photographs! pooh, nonsense, Brown! don't talk to us of photographs. No photograph can fairly picture her fair face. Mr. Punch believes that Phœbus was so dazzled by her beauty that when he tried to take her portrait he was forced to hide his face. And, what is better than mere beauty of feature or complexion, there is lovingness and cleverness and goodness in her face. Well may our young

Prince be proud of his fair Bride, and well may his future subjects feel a pride in his heart's choice!

Next to the Princess, the People were the sight most worth seeing on the Seventh. How, throughout the route, they crowded every street, filled every door and window, fringed each parapet and roof, how patiently they stood and waited for the Sight, in which there was so little after all to see, how good humouredly they bore the buffetings and bonnetings they got from the police (whom, crushers though they were, 'twould have been easy work to crush), how loyally and lustily they cheered the Royal couple, and how quietly when all was over went back to their homes,—all this it is not here the place to picture or to preach upon; but Mr. Punch must just remark, that if his faith were at all shaken in the British Constitution, such scenes as that of Saturday would amply re-assure it.

As, with ALEXANDRA smiling sunnily upon him, Mr. Punch in the sixth carriage and in the seventh heaven, passed over London Bridge, with its rows of flaunting pennons and bronze tripods filled with incense (or was it turtle soup?), he fancied himself first of all an ancient Roman Emperor, and next (still stranger sight!) he fancied himself young again, and sportively enjoying the Gardens of Vauxhall. Yes, there on that triumphal arch, prancing all abreast, were the four horses (freshly whitewashed) which pranced at old Vauxhall; and there beneath them was a scene of mermaids and Britannia, sketched as a Vauxhall artist alone would dare to sketch them, and a-bloom (at night) with myriads of Vauxhall "extra lamps."

On arriving at the Punch Palace, the procession paused awhile to admire the decorations, which of course by far surpassed all others in the route. Along the whole of the extensive frontage of the Palace, stretched three rows of lovely bonnets, with lovely faces in them, made apparently to match: behind these, Lord Dundreary and a host of other fashionable, the guests of Mr. Punch, were clustered as a background, with a refreshing cornucopia holding oysters and champagne: while conspicuous in front was placed a graceful statuette of Mr. Punch himself, crowned with bridal roses, and wearing the white ribbon of the Order of the Wedding Ring, in honour of the day. By a simple and ingenious mechanical contrivance, the statuette was made to bow in deep and graceful reverence before the Royal Bride, who smilingly acknowledged (with her million-and-one bow) the obeisance it performed. It was noticeable indeed at this world-famous corner that, whereas everybody else took off their hats to the procession, the processionists, in passing, all took off their hats to Punch.

Lady Judy having gracefully presented a bouquet, which was yet more gracefully received by the Princess (don't be jealous, Lady J., we are bound to speak the truth, P.), the procession slowly fought its way to Temple Bar, which, lest ALEXANDRA should be frightened by its ugliness, was considerably covered up with gold cloth and red baize. Being freed now from the tedious long line of Civic vehicles, and having more than six policemen (the whole force of the City) to procure them a clear path, the Royal carriages were no great while in getting to Hyde Park, where the conquering ALEXANDRA vanquished nearly twenty thousand of our valiant volunteers, who yielded to a man to her all-subduing smile. At fifteen minutes after five the Princess made her last and eleven-millionth bow to her worshippers in London, who for seven miles had cheered her through its streets; and having graciously permitted Mr. Punch to kiss her hand (an honour which that gentleman vows never to forget), she was whirled away to Windsor, smiling her last smile on him, and thereby rendering him for ever her most devoted slave.

And so ended a Great Day which Mr. Punch's great-great-grandchildren will read about with rapture, and merely by its history will feel its good effects. Such days serve to unite a Nation with its rulers, and do more for Law and Order than many Acts of Parliament are able to effect. Affection is the bond whereon loyalty is based, and if a people is to love its rulers it must be brought in contact with them, and not be held aloof. It is quite impossible, men tell you, to please everybody: but that the Princess in her prettiness pleased every one she bowed to (and to whom did she bow not?) Mr. Punch feels quite as certain as he is that she pleased him.

Savage Remembrance.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is to be asked to accept the freedom of the City. He will accept instantly if His Royal Highness is half as glad to be free of the City as we were on the illumination night.

JUST SO.

A VERY amusing young man wants a few new jokes, and writes to ask how many he can procure for a ten pun' note. The answer is evident.

A STRANGE STORY.—The other day a very thin man was seen to fall down plump on his knees. Medical evidence of the fact will soon be forthcoming.

AURORA FLOYD.

(Adapted to Circumstances.)

To all Managers intending to produce an adaptation of the celebrated Novel, *Aurora Floyd*, we beg to offer the following suggestions. Their adoption will necessitate a judicious curtailment in some places, and the interest of an Oxford Street audience will be centred in the artistic impersonation of MR. STEPHEN-BELMORE-HARGREAVES.

AURORA FLOYD.

SCENE I.—Drawing-Room in Falden House. TALBOT BULSTRODE discovered reading "Bell's Life."

Talbot Bulstrode (wagging his head and smiling artificially). Ah! TALBOT BULSTRODE!

[He is about to soliloquize, and begins thus in order to impress his individuality upon the audience.

Aurora Floyd (dressed without). Down charge! Naughty Boxer! Saddle the grey mare!

[This speech is introduced in order to convey the idea that the heroine is fond of animals.

T. B. (in guttural accents). 'Tis ORRORRRRR!

[He means to tell the audience that Miss FLOYD is expected.

Enter AURORA FLOYD.

T. B. (rushing towards her). O FLOYD! I ORRORRRRRRR!

Aur. F. (shutting her eyes). TALBOT BULSTRODE (opening her eyes). I cannot wed you. (Shuts her eyes—opens them, sees "Bell's Life.") Ha! (reads an article—changes her manner.) TALBOT, I said "No"—I now say "Yes."

T. B. (doing nothing in particular). O ORRORRRRR!

[Exit Miss FLOYD.

[TALBOT BULSTRODE reads "Bell's Life" through until he comes to the article "Killed in Steeple-chase—JAMES COTTERELL!" and is just as wise as he was before.

T. B. O ORRORRRRR!

[Falls anyhow into an attitude.

Curtain. End of Act I.

So much for the first Act. Now, here's a good notion for stage business. Miss BRADDON has told us that one of the Trainer's weaknesses is a partiality for smoking. Let them all smoke when they've nothing better to do. I dare say the Piece, like a pipe, will be made to draw—with a good deal of puffing.

JOHN MELLISH suspects his wife of shooting the Trainer. TALBOT BULSTRODE tries to defend her. In the following arrangement, we come to the point at once, and also have a fine Dramatic Exit.

SCENE.—In Mellish Park. Somewhere.

Dramatis Personæ.—TALBOT, AURORA FLOYD, JOHN MELLISH.

Talbot (who will throughout the play insist upon addressing his friend as though he were reading his name out of a directory). MELLISH—JOHN—

Mellish (shakes his head sorrowfully). The Pistol.

Aurora Floyd. Graciousheavens! (starts.) Husband—JOHN—I am—I am—INNOCENT!

Mellish (after staring at the Prompter for some considerable time). AURORA—wife—You are—You are—INNOCENT!

[Kicks one leg against the other, stretches out his right arm, and swears as if calling a cab.

Talbot (sneakily). FLOYD—ORRORRRRR—She is—She is—INNOCENT! (Laid like nothing mortal.

In the last Scene might we not be treated to a beautiful moonlight effect? Let us suppose that JOHN MELLISH and AURORA are standing in what Mr. Saturday-afternoon-near-all-the-Parks-icant would call "the Moonbames," then

Aurora, stepping forward, says to the audience—

Say have we managed to keep you awake

By marrying twice? You know 'twas a mistake.

'Tis all a great mistake. Don't be exacting,

(Apart to herself). "Softly" has saved the piece tho' by his acting. (Aloud to audience.) If by your hands our hopes are—(looks at MELLISH)

Mellish (looks at Talbot).

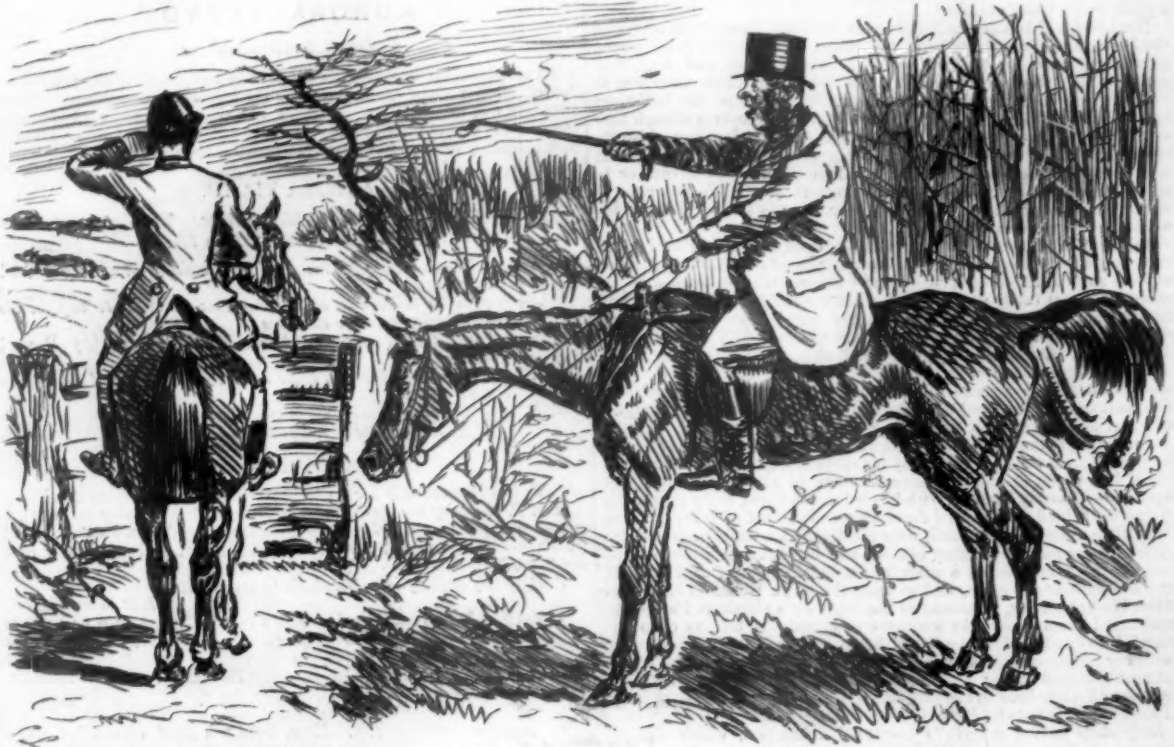
Talbot (ingeniously).

Aurora (courteously). Then say a good word for AURORA FLOYD.

Talbot. O ORRORRRRR!

[End of Play. Curtain.

* QUERY BY A REVEREND ANGLER.—What relation is a John Dory to S. Poly-carp?



Sporting Enthusiast (who has with difficulty caught the Hounds). "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU HOLLOAING AT—DON'T YOU SEE IT'S A FRESH FOX!"

Whip. "SHOULD THINK IT WAS; WE'VE BROKE UP T'OTHER THIS QUARTER OF AN HOUR!"

A CHARACTER AT COURT.

It is but due to SIR JOSHUA JERR, and the system of reformatory convict-discipline which he so zealously upholds, candidly to acknowledge any fact, which, weighed without prejudice, must be admitted to tell at all in its favour. Trustworthy information affords us the pleasure of stating a fact of that kind, so reassuring to the philanthropist.

The reader may have observed that, shortly after the Royal Levee lately held by his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, an announcement on the part of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN appeared in print, declaring that the presentation of a certain gentleman at that solemnity had been cancelled. Why? Everybody naturally supposed, because the party disguised as a gentleman in a court-suit was a no better court-card than a knave: perhaps a quack, or some other species of impostor. There is, however, uncommonly good reason to trust that he was an honest man.

The person in question was presented by a nobleman, bearing a name not the least illustrious in the Peerage. The honour thus conferred on him was, it is said, a reward for certain good services performed at the late International Exhibition, especially in the Australian department. He was perhaps qualified to be useful there by some experience of the antipodes. For, in short, it transpired, after his presentation, that he either is, or has been, a Ticket-of-Leave Man.

Well, and what then? A Ticket-of-Leave Man must have been a convict and may have been a thief, but his ticket ought to be an assurance that he is now a thief no longer. That document should constitute an authoritative certificate that, whereas he once stole, he now steals no more, and has cut the paths of crime for the practice of virtue: particularly if he has distinguished himself by such signs of amendment as meritorious exertions in an exhibition of international industry.

Is the measure of cancelling a Ticket-of-Leave Man's presentation at Court exactly the way to encourage other Ticket-of-Leave Men to learn and labour truly to get their own living, instead of addicting themselves to garrotte robbery?

We cannot but think that the gentleman whose presentation was

cancelled for the reason above assigned was hardly, as well as injudiciously, used, even if his Ticket-of-Leave has not yet expired. Only perhaps, in that case, being still a convict, under sentence, although at large—still, as it were, holding a situation under Government in the Penal Service—when presented at Court he ought to have appeared there not in the plain unofficial costume of a private gentleman, but distinctively attired in the garb allotted to the corps of which he remains a member on furlough—the prison uniform. And peradventure, to make it the more gracious, he might as well have worn his Ticket-of-Leave as a decoration, set in gold and jewels, attached to his breast by a blue ribbon.

It is all very well to declare a presentation cancelled; but the fact remains that a Ticket-of-Leave Man has been presented at Court. Whereon we congratulate SIR JOSHUA JERR.

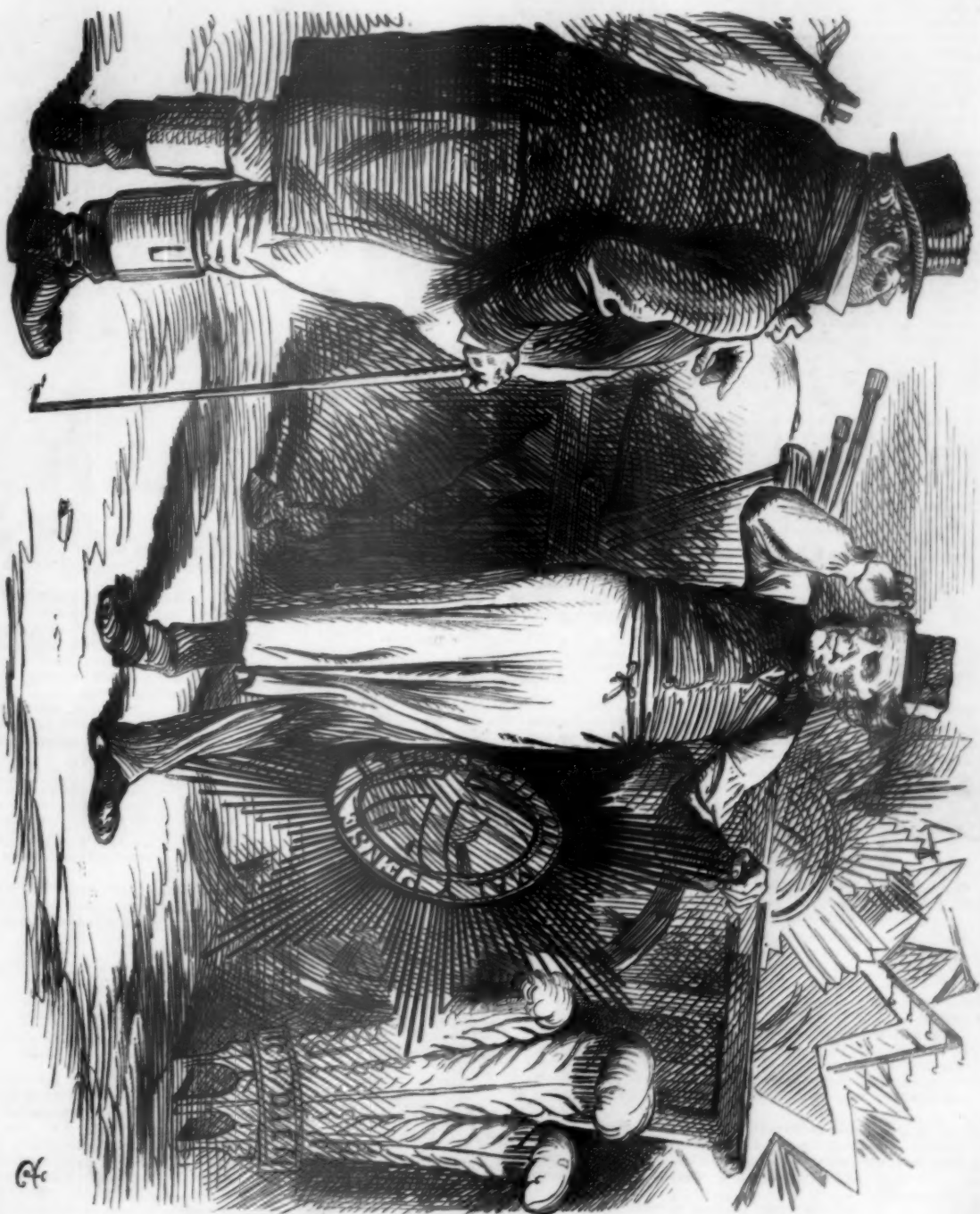
TRANSFER OF ST. THOMAS'S.

WE had lately the pleasure of announcing the offer of the munificent MR. HENRY W. PEEK, of Wimbledon House, Merchant Prince, to give a freehold estate of seventy-eight acres for the site of a new Bethlem Hospital, on condition—first, that St. Thomas's Hospital shall be rebuilt on the site of old Bethlem; and secondly, that £21,000 shall be added to the stock of the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road.

It is proper to state that the fulfilment of the stipulation for the above-named sum is by no means contingent on the liberality of the Public. It rests entirely with the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, who have only to hand over the money to the Treasurer of the London, and receive the site which they must be stone blind not to appreciate.

If, however, the authorities of St. Thomas's have not £21,000 to spare, which is the only conceivable reason why they should hesitate to jump at MR. PEEK's proposal, let them say so. Then, no doubt, the generous British Public will immediately come down upon them with the dust as copiously as Jupiter did on the young Argive Princess in a golden shower.

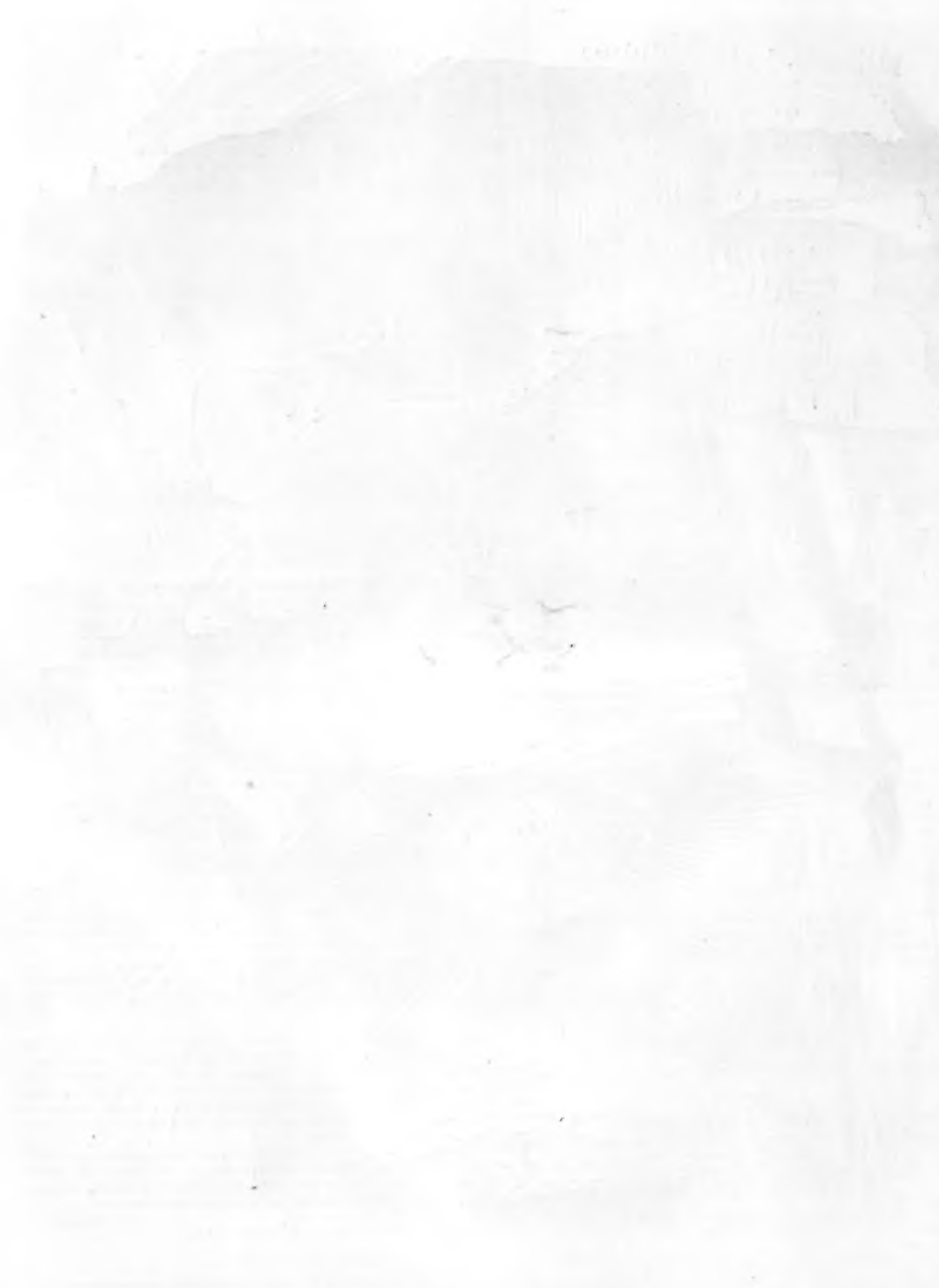
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 21, 1863.



SETTING TO-RIGHTS.

MR. PEEL. "NOW, THEN, PARN, PUT THOSE THINGS AWAY TILL THEY'RE AGAIN WANTED, AND LET'S GET TO BUSINESS ONCE MORE."

PAULINE COLLEGE



BETTER THAN BARON MUNCHAUSEN.



THE *Spiritual Magazine* of this month has answered Mr. Punch's question "How about the Rappers?" It refers Mr. Punch to certain gentlemen who some time ago witnessed some alleged spiritual phenomena which they ascribe to trick. By the bye, why can't the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* spell a man's name properly? Mr. Punch knows no such person as "MR. LEACH." Spiritualism appears to have a peculiarly prejudicial influence on orthography. "Was there any spirits present?" when our spiritual contemporary penned the name foregoing?

A more pertinent answer to the question of Mr. Punch is, however, given by the *Spiritual Magazine* in a notice of a book written by the medium MR. HOME, and called *Incidents of my Life*. That article contains the subjoined extract from that work. MR. HOME is relating an incident of his life which he alleges to have occurred at the house of a friend near Bordeaux:—

"The lady of the house turned to me, and said abruptly, 'Why are you sitting in the air?' and on looking we found that the chair remained in its place, but that I was elevated two or three inches above it, and my feet not touching the floor. This may show how utterly unconscious I am at times to the sensation of levitation. As is usual when I have not got above the level of the heads of those about me, and when they change their position much, as they frequently do in looking wistfully at such a phenomenon, I came down again, but not till I had remained so raised about half a minute from the time of its being first seen."

The reader will too probably suspect that MR. HOME is always considerably above the level of the heads of those persons who believe that they see him standing on nothing in the air. But to proceed with his story:—

"I was now impressed to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said, 'Now, young HOME, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down to him, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly and pulling at my feet till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands."

MR. HOME adds, that he is in possession of a letter, verifying the above-quoted narrative, from the Count, who, tagging against spiritual agency, pulled his boots off. Why does he not publish it, and give the Count's name? For some ribald will perhaps suggest that the Count who pulled so vigorously against the invisible party was Count de BAKER, and some other buffoon may conjecture that nobleman to have been the Count de BOOTJACK.

But perhaps MR. HOME will see cause to modify an anecdote which wants more confirmation than it is likely to receive, if he will duly consider what dexterity the Count de B. must have exerted to pull off MR. HOME's two boots both at once, with one hand at each boot.

In MR. HOME's Autobiography we have the following statement:—

"I have been lifted in a room in Stone Street, London, with four gas-lights brightly burning, with five gentlemen present, who are willing to testify to what they saw, if need be, beyond the many instances which I shall hereafter adduce."

On some occasions the rigidity of my arms relaxes, and I have with a pencil made letters and signs on the ceiling, some of which now exist in London."

Where are they to be seen, and who will vouch for the fact that they were made by MR. HOME? *Littera scripta manet*; marks on a ceiling are visible to anybody, which is more than can be said of the impression, albeit shared by five gentlemen, that a man was seen floating in the air. Will any credible and respectable person come forward and endorse MR. HOME's declaration that he has been raised by an invisible power to the ceiling of a room, and has marked it with a pencil? There is an amount of testimony that would overcome the incredulity of even Mr. Punch. He would believe LORD PALMERSTON, PROFESSOR FARADAY, and PROFESSOR OWEN, if, in confirmation of the evidence of his own eyesight, they assured him that they saw the Lion at Northumberland House wag his tail.

DELIVERANCE FROM FRENCH FASHIONS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA has come here to be the PRINCESS OF WALES just in time. She will, of course, set the fashions for British ladies, hitherto copied from the French, and thus turn the tide of absurdity in costume from the Alps into which, before her reasonable arrival, it was tending to plunge them. In the meantime the women of Paris may go their own way; and whether they are going you will see in a description of the Vanity Fair now daily held about four o'clock in the Bois de Boulogne, from the pen of the Parisian Correspondent of the Post. 'By half-past four o'clock,' this gentleman tells us, 'every variety of equipage, three or four rows deep, is moving slowly along the favourite promenade. There are,' he continues, 'ladies of most nations, but the toilettes of all are in the very best French taste and of the most costly description.' What the very best French taste in the matter of toilettes is, he then proceeds to exemplify:—

"A short coating two or three hundred guineas, and nearly the same value of lace, is frequently hung about the fair sex, who occasionally descend from their carriages, and perform a very mild amount of walking on the pavement."

"I stop here to reflect what a hambug Spiritualism must be, since in answer to my invocation, there comes not a rap on my desk from the ghost of WILLIAM CORBETT to tell me what he would have said about these expensive and useless women. However, expensive women ought to be sweet creatures. Cheap is proverbially the reverse of nice. Dear should be nice, then. But mark what follows:—

"And ought not pathways to be clean and dry? The velvet and satin sweeps them daily, and must carry home, one supposes, accidental *souvenirs* sometimes not the most pleasant."

"*Souvenirs*. Forget-me-nots, that is to say. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; and I suppose a *souvenir* or forget-me-not from the Bois de Boulogne could not be rendered more unpleasant than it is by any more specific denomination which might be given to it. However, if after the 'promenade,' French ladies dress for the evening, of course they do not bring *souvenirs* into the *salon*. Ah! Nice things require nice words to express them. I quote on:—

"But such is fashion. We are living in an age when a lady's dress must sweep and brush the earth, and everything on the face of the earth."

"Well, what is to be said if French ladies like that sort of thing? There is no accounting for proclivities. Only one may say that ladies who delight in sweeping up *souvenirs* with their dresses might be expected to rejoice in the undernamed unwholesomenesses:—

"We have not, however, got to the end of the 'revivals' of toilettes, which look so pretty in Watteau's pictures. Powder is gradually dawdling upon us, introduced by a sort of heraldic gold dust. We have long been accustomed to pearl-powder, and *rouge de jeunesse*, and ere long I fear we shall entirely lose sight of the native colour of the hair."

"Faugh! ALEXANDRA to the rescue! The PRINCESS OF WALES will put a stop—not perhaps to the use of *rouge de jeunesse* and pearl-powder by old hags—but to any attempt at the introduction of 'heraldic gold dust,' or the revival of hair-powder to disfigure the tresses of our English girls. Let these abominations be limited to those ladies who sweep up *souvenirs* in the Bois de Boulogne, or from the flag-stones of Coventry Street."

Yet, after all, Frenchwomen are our sisters, and therefore, as Lord Dunsany would say, of course Frenchmen are our brothers. Humiliating reflection! Ah! PROFESSOR HUXLEY omits the strongest argument that he could adduce to prove mankind allied to the apes.

"TAURUS."

THEOLOGICAL RIDDLE.

WHY is one Swallow (permitted during Lent by S. OXON) unlike St. Thomas Aquinas? Because one Swallow doesn't make a "Summa."

DEFINITION OF BOULOGNE.—A Place for broken English.



SPLENDID ILLUMINATION

By the Company for the Propagation of Impeding the Carriage-way in Oxford Street.

NOTES ON DEVELOPMENT.

(No. 1.)

"MR. PUNCH.—If the conclusion, arrived at by Professor HUXLEY, that Man has probably become what he is 'by the modification of some lower pithecoïd form,' say the Gorilla, is correct, then who were our first parents?"

"Our first parents were certainly not our first human parents. ADAM and EVE, or the first human pair, had parents before them, and those parents were Gorillas. The original man and woman were modified 'pithecoïd' forms; infant prodigies of the ape kind. Unlike most other infant prodigies, they had the good fortune to transmit their superior organisation to their posterity, and found a new family of superior beings. Were our first parents, then, Gorillas? Surely not. The first pair of Gorillas were also infant prodigies in comparison with the lower apes from which they sprang. And so we go down from lower ape to lower ape, tracing our descent through a pair of infant prodigies at every step. And what then?"

"Why, then we must descend in search of our progenitors to the animals next below the lowest apes, and then to those next below them, noting, at each successive stage, a pair of infant prodigies. Are we to stop at the mouse, or any other animal which zoologists may prefer to call the meanest of the mammalia?"

"Surely not. We must pursue our pedigree through all the gradations of animal life; birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, worms, molluscs, and all other forms of it, at least as many as, beginning with the 'pithecoïd,' lie between us and the first form. What is that? A star-fish, a jelly-fish, or one of the *infusoria*? Or will our genealogy take us through the zoophytes to the vegetable kingdom; and so down, down, down, derry down to the fungi and mosses, ultimately landing us in a filament of mould or lichen? Does the flea, I wonder, constitute a portion of the trunk of the family tree, or is it only the twig of a collateral branch? And how about the Norfolk Howard?"

"If you will only consider how many pairs of infant prodigies must have been by so many curious coincidences developed in the course of man's 'progressive development,' you will doubtless agree with Professor

HUXLEY in the opinion that, 'if any form of the doctrine of progressive development is correct, we must extend by long epochs the most liberal estimate that has yet been made of the antiquity of Man.' And, further considering that every new species of at least all the higher animals involved the nearly coincident birth of two infant prodigies which were not hybrids, and what a multitude of prodigies the theory of that same development thus obliges you to suppose, I think you will lift up your hands with me and *Domine Sampson*, and cry 'Prodigious!'

"Look you, MR. PUNCH, I firmly believe in the antiquity of my race, which is as great as that of any family in Wales, but I cannot and do not want to trace up our lineage to the monad of a million years ago through the Gorilla, and Jackanapes, and, for aught I know, the slug!"

"And I am your very humble servant, OWEN AP SHENKIN."

"*Llandwylldwen, St. David's Day, 1863.*"

"P.S. If brutes were capable of forming any opinion about the development of species, I suspect the views of the Mule on that subject would differ from those of the Donkey."

(No. 2.)

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,—Progressive development! Origin of Man from the Gorilla! Horrid Idea! But doubly, trebly Horrid Idea, Origin of Woman from the Gorilla!!!"

"Who that enjoyed the felicity of gazing on the forms of loveliness which graced the auspicious ceremony of Tuesday in St. George's Chapel could endure, for one instant, the suggestion that the fairest of all those beauteous beings is merely a modification of the —"

"I could not write the Horrid Word! The pen fell from my hand. My temples have been bathed with RIMMEL'S Toilet Vinegar. I am better now, and,

"Ever yours,

PHILANDER."

"P.S. Antiquity of Man, too, another Horrid Idea! Because it necessarily implies the Antiquity of Woman. Woman and Antiquity, words dreadful to combine! And yet MADAME RACHEL promises to make her beautiful for ever!"

NEW MORAL POEMS.

Adapted to the capacities of old and young children.

N.B. The native beauty of these poems is not spoiled by a too servile adherence to the arbitrary forms of grammar.

FOR INFANT PUGILISTS.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
Then why not me and you?

Moral.—Hit one of your own size.

CHARITY.

When'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
And 'cos I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me.

Moral.—Familiarity breeds contempt.

THE TRAIN.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I hear him complain,
You have woke me too soon,
I shall catch the next train.

Moral. Always put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

An Opening for Aristocrats.

ACCORDING to the *Globe*, the County of Merionethshire has in it no resident titled person of any sort; no Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron, Baronet or Knight: not even a Mayor. Being, however, situated partly in the diocese of Bangor and partly in the diocese of St. Asaph, it is connected with two Bishops. Both of those prelates are in the House of Lords, or else Merionethshire would be a County perfectly peerless.

MAXIM BY LIE-CURGUS.—A falsehood that will bear repetition, acquires for itself the force of truth, being of its own nature, re-lie-able.



PATIENCE REWARDED.

This is the Portrait of a Gentleman, as he appeared while the Royal carriage was passing. He came to St. Paul's at Nine o'clock, to secure a good place—and a sufficiency of refreshment.

THE PERSON AND THE PURSE.

At the Central Criminal Court a man who was indicted for "feloniously assaulting with intent to rob" became the text for a short lecture on the queer state of the law, which appraises a man's person at less value than his purse:—

"The Common Serjeant, in passing sentence, said that, for the sake of the public, it was a very sad thing that the prisoner had not succeeded in robbing the prosecutor, although, for the prisoner's own sake it was fortunate that he had not. The attempted robbery had been attended with cruel violence. There was not only the violence offered to the prosecutor, but there was that also to which the policemen were subjected. One of these was seized by the hair of the head, another had his hand wrenched back, and a third was grappled with by the legs. The Court would certainly have sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for ten years had a robbery been committed, in addition to the violence, but, luckily for him, he had been stopped before the robbery was effected. The sentence upon him, under the circumstances, must be penal servitude for three years."

Surely somehow there is something faulty somewhere in our system, when we find a Judge deploring as a "very sad thing" that a man has not "succeeded" in the committal of a robbery. A brutal outrage and assault which may possibly deprive a person of his senses, and will certainly for some while be a damage to his health, is considered by the law as of very small account, compared with no matter how trifling a pecuniary theft. Now, to rob a man of health is, in very many cases, to rob him of his livelihood, and prove of far more serious consequence than a merely money-theft. Who steals our purse steals trash to the extent of a few shillings, which we can soon replace: but he who filches our good health with a bludgeon on our brainpan, or a garotte-choke of our windpipe, robs us very likely of our means of future income, and leaves us poor, indeed. For men of property who have no need to labour for their living, it may be very well to value person less than purse: but until a plan be hit on by which brains can be replaced as easily as shillings, we think the law should take more care that they, the brains, be not knocked out.

Theatrical Euclid.

PROBLEM to be worked out with the aid of an Opera-glass by a Gentleman in the first row of the Orchestra Stalls of any Theatre.—From the Centre of the Stalls describe the Dress Circle, to a friend.

"THE ROSE IN SUN." *

(In St. George's Chapel at Windsor, March 10, 1863.)

THE burials have been many,
The bridals have been few,
Beneath this roof, wrought with the skill
Those old-world carvers knew,
Between whose hands the stubborn stone
To leaf and flow'et grew.

Along the key-stones of the vault,
The blazoned scutcheons run,
But in the shields of gartered knights,
And kings, the foremost one,
Bears gallant EDWARD's cognisance—
The silver rose in sun.

Time was that badge with fancies
Of blood and strife was fraught,
Of days when York and Lancaster
Beneath the roses fought—
Of kingly lines contending,
A realm by war distraught.

Henceforth St. George's chapel,
Where that device it shows,
Speaks of a brighter sunlight
Upon a fairer rose,
Unstained by memories of strife,
Undimmed by war and woes.

A rose in sun, we saw her
While joy was o'er the land,
Beneath her veil of bridal white
Before the altar stand,
Her bridal nosegay trembling,
With the trembling of her hand.

A northern rose, the sweeter
For memories of the sea,
By the side of which it blossomed,
With the keen winds blowing free
O'er the stern soil that reared it,
Our Prince's flower to be.

Red Rose and White seemed mingled
On a scutcheon fair and fine,
In the flush her cheeks that mantled,
And in her brow's pure shine,
And when the sunlight kissed her,
We took it for a sign.

The light through storied windows,
Rained azure, gules and or,
Upon her veil, about her face,
Among the flowers she bore,—
Shone full upon the bridegroom,
And wavered to the floor.

Above a marble gravestone—
The entrance to a tomb,
Where Kings and Queens and Princes
Lie in a narrow room,
All dust in dusty coffins,
Awaiting call of doom.

I thought of one that lately
Was lying coffined there;
Whose presence had made happy
Hearts now in mourning-wear:
Whose voice should have called blessing
Down on this wedded pair.

Then following the sun-beam
That o'er the vault did play,
I saw where a shot-window,
It kindled with its ray,
And lit a watching widow's face
With sudden light of day.

Methought that blessed sunbeam
All in one light did fold,
Fair bride and princely bridegroom,
Widow, and coffined-mould—

* The "Rose on shield," EDWARD THE FOURTH's favourite cognisance, is conspicuous among the emblazonments on the roof of St. George's Chapel, built in his reign and under his eye.

These hearts that beat so warmly,
That heart that lies so cold.

Emblem and seal and omen
Of hope and faith in one,
Recalling love, that dies not,
Because life's sand is run,—
A father's, husband's blessing
From the Heaven beyond the Sun!

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

(Being the original of MACAULAY'S *Armada*.)

ATTEND, all ye who wish to hear our noble London's praise,
I sing of that great Tuesday night that saw her in a blaze,
When the Archbishop's benison had linked, in bridal chain,
Young ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, and our sweet bright-eyed
Dane.

It was about the chilly close of a half-foggy day,
When London's myriads all came out to see the grand display:
From sleepy Hammersmith, and from the Dogs' amphibious Isle,
The east and west they poured along for many a muddy mile.
The aristocracy for once the pageant deigned to grace,
(Except a few who fled from town and joined the sylvan chase).
Each wide-awake and travelling cap was taken from the wall,
Each wrap and bearskin was brought down and ready in the hall,
Many a gay visitor came up from province and from coast,
And on that night SIR ROWLAND HILL he stopped the local post.

See, mounted on his charger tall, the proud Inspector comes,
For sterner work than aiding swells to get to balls and drums,
His constables essay to clear in every street a space,
And shout his orders with much more of HENERGY than grace;
And haughtily the dandies sneer, and slightly scream the belles,
As round the created carriage the plebeian torrent swells,
See how the Lion of the Park attempts with half-a-crown
To bribe his way from streets his coach should never have gone down.
So looks he when in scarlet rage, upon the hunting field,
His priceless hounds he struggles from a Cockney's charge to shield.
So glares he when on Epsom Downs in wrath he turns to bay,
And swears his carriage shall be moored where last year's race it lay.
O keep your temper now, my Swell; and don't be scared, fair maids,
To-night policemen know you not,—be calm, impatient blades;
Let 'a take the business quietly, for London is not wide,
But with good management there's room for Pauper and for Pride.

The rain is done, each carriage ope, and each umbrella fold,
And now to see how London shines as bright as molten gold.
Night sinks upon that multitude, that roaring surging sea,
Night that in London never was and ne'er again shall be.
From Westminster to Islington, from Lord's to Ratcliffe Way,
That time of slumber is as bright and busy as the day:
For swift to East and swift to West the glancing joy-flame spread,
High on Victoria tower it shone, on the New River Head,
In pleasant Kent, in Essex dull, and each surrounding shire
The semi-bumpkins gaped and grinned to mark each point of fire.
The actor left his *Colleen Bawn* to-night in pasteboard waves,
The ragged gamins poured from arches dark, and dankest caves.
And everywhere the Danish flag with England's banners flew;
Had LOUIS N. been there we'd said, "Come, *est-ce pas beau, Loo?*"
And all that night the million tramped and paced about the town
And ere the day two million pints of porter had gone down.
The Horseguards' sentinel sometimes looked out into the night,
And at him straight the little boys took an irreverent sight.
And where the gas was blazing best, approving plaudit broke,
And ever and anon a rough but loyal chorus woke.
We cheered the Prince's tailor for his thousand guinea fires,
We cheered where Temple Bar lit up the Strand and Fleet Street spires.
We cheered the *Times* for lighting up the name ill-doers fear,
And at proud *Punch's* lustrous show we gave a louder cheer:
And all the night went tramp, tramp, the sound of eager feet,
And the broad stream of Londoners poured down each roaring street,
And jollier broke the laughter forth, and louder was the din,
When some gay lantern's sides took fire and fell in fragments in.

Up Regent Street the lines of light in gleaming glory went,
Scarce ending where at Portland Place stands the good Duke of Kent.
All in a blaze Trafalgar Square upon that night came forth,
But chiefly shone the Portico that stands upon the north:
Saint James's Hall was jewelled fair, the fires are left there still,
Gay shone the gas in Cockspur Street, and gay on Holborn Hill,
Bright shone a shop where somebody in Irish butter daler,
With "Welcome ALEXANDER," and "God bless the PRINCE OF
WALES."

The huge sea-lanterns dimly showed on WREX's cathedral height,
But Science rather made a mull with her electric light,
The Templars, for their brother Prince, lit up their dingy fane,
And you could see their Lamb and Flag made out uncommon plain.
Rich was the glare that MAFEST's house (the cab-pervader) sent,
Fierce glowed the Store that sells the beer from Burton-upon-Trent.
And many a hundred grease-pots did their best for BAKERY's pile,
But that is an Immensity—what say you, TOM CARLTON?



A BLACK HAT-MOSPHERE.

WALK hup! Ladies and gentlemen—I keep a hattentive hattitude
and look hat this hatvertisement:—

BRIGHTON.—To Ladies.—The Original Lady's Hat and Feather
Warehouse is the Practical Hatter, from Christy's, London.

Who is the "Original Lady"? We could easily satisfy this inquiry
were it not for our unwillingness to provoke an argument with his Right-
or-Wrong Reverence of NATAL. The notion of a Practical Hatter is
cheerful. He is, as a Cockney might say, an 'appy and a natty little
body, dividing his subjects, or customers, into so many heads, treating
them severally and in a fitting manner. Tho' a young man, he is over
his ears in business, ay, up to the very brim. He is a bit of a Radical,
and knows all about WAT TYLER. Yet is he of a kindly disposition,
for the poor man who enters the shop without a sixpence in his pocket,
finds a crown in his hat when he quits the premises.

Over the door is written the name of this Purveyor of Hats, in what
printers term, "large caps." Out of business he discusses MAN-
HATTAN's letters, and talks about the policy of NAP when he's dining
with some friend in the country, say at Feltham. *Dirk Hatteraick*
is his favourite character in fiction, and in dramatic literature he
inclines towards SHERIDAN'S *Sir Christopher Hatton*, and SHAKS-
PEARE'S *Timon of Athens*. "From CHRISTY'S London." We've seen
the practical gentleman then, with a high shirt collar, very large white
tie, woolly head of hair and a face as black as my hat. May be we have
heard him singing, "Flip it up in de Scidinadinek, jube up in de juben
Ja," or anything else equally idiotic and absurd. Has our Practical
Hatter come to this? A sweet voiced instrumentalist in a black hat-
band! Perhaps MR. PELL himself, of unrivaled Ethiopian hattain-
ments! Well, well, rest his original Bones! *Requiescat-hat.*

Loyal Whisper to a Royal Recluse.

"NAT, let my people see me." Kind
Was She whom then our cheers were greeting:
Now, would that LADY bear in mind
That words like those will bear repeating.

March 10, 1863.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 16, *Monday*. The City Road petitioned the Lords to protect it against the Late Eastern Counties Vandals, and to save Finsbury Circus. These localities will become interesting to the novel-reading world, now that the very clever author of a capital story, *Too Much Alone*, has had the courage to make the Tower wharf, the Minorities, Bishopsgate Street, and the rest of the *terra incognita* of the East, the scene of a non-sensation book with an admirable moral. We hope that Finsbury Circus will be spared to be similarly dealt with. A beautiful young Catholic lady, coming from mass at Moorfields Chapel, might be beheld by an elegant young dark-eyed Dissenter emerging from the chapel built for the late REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, and the graceful schismatic might win the heart of the lovely superstitionist by presenting her with tickets, signed by MR. TITE, M. P., for a course of PROFESSOR OWEN'S lectures at the London Institution. On second thoughts, *Mr. Punch* registers this idea, and the Circus also.

The attention of the Commons was called to a defect in the law of Life Assurances. It would be a great comfort and blessing to thousands were a man able to assure his life for his widow and children in a way which should place this provision beyond the reach of any creditors whose claims are less stringent than those of his own flesh and blood. Why does not some rising young lawyer introduce a short Act for effecting this object. As for other creditors, a man could work much more heartily for them when his mind had been set at ease by the knowledge that his family was provided for.

There was a Greek debate, opened by MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, who charged our Government with deluding Greece with false hopes that we should give her PRINCE ALFRED. The Prince and his friends abroad do not seem to have shared in this delusion, if a Scottish Bishop, who has been delivering a good speech at Inverness, is rightly informed. As soon as the other Middles heard that the Prince had been elected, the Bishop says that they made him a coronet of candles, with which they solemnly crowned His Royal Highness as King of Grease. LORD PALMERSTON did not mention this anecdote in his defence, but he denied that we had deceived the Greeks, and said that they had elected the Prince merely as a compliment to QUEEN VICTORIA. Several good men spoke, but there was not much said that was noteworthy, except MR. CAVE'S unhesitating declaration, that every Greek who wore breeches was for English sovereignty.

After this came another Army Estimates Debate, and COLONEL NORTH elicited the curious explanation from Government, that certain officers were allowed twopence a day extra for forage for their horses, because they—the officers—were educated. "But the horses are not educated," said the Colonel, simply. In the dame's school story, the educational programme stated that the terms for schooling were twopence a week, "and them as learns grammar twopence more." Perhaps the horses are taught grammar—we must ask GENERAL KNOLLES.

Tuesday. Pen almost fails to describe the horror of this night, and *cide* Cartoon for the assistance rendered by pencil. MR. SOMES asked leave to bring in a Bill for closing all Public Houses all Sunday. Resistance was offered—we should think so—but he obtained leave by a very large majority, and next day but one brought his Bill in. Patrician champagne and Plebeian beer are alike foaming at this fanatical outrage, but *Mr. Punch's* picture will settle the question, and the ridiculous SOMES will be smashed on the Second Reading.

There was a Names debate. MR. ROEBUCK brought up the case of MR. JONES of Wales, who insisted on being MR. HERBERT; and it turns out that LORD LLANOVER, instead of oppressing JONES, loves that young Welshman with the sincerest affection, and only wished him to change his name in the way which his Lordship held to be alone legal. There was some fun during the debate. Reference was made to MR. BUG, who now calls himself NORFOLK-HOWARD, and we hope that MR. HARPER TWELVEHOURS will notice this, and alter his advertisements of a certain powder into recommendation of a Norfolk-Howard Destroyer. Certainly it will be pleasanter for Materfamilias, when she takes Marzate lodgings, to demand an assurance that there are no Norfolk-Howards in the house. MR. ROEBUCK thought it was hard upon a young lady to be called MISS SHUTTLECOCK, and so think we, unless she is a Cork girl who wears feathers. The law seems to be, that anybody may call himself anything which he can get other persons to call him.

Wednesday. DR. BRADY brought on his Bill for preventing diseased folks from riding in public cabs. There is difficulty in making a law on the subject. Nobody but a scoundrel will wittingly put into a cab a person who may infect it. But who is to be the arbiter? Is a cabman, who may not want to take a fare, to be able to refuse it on the pretence that he thinks the party hailing looks ailing. It was suggested that stretchers, to be kept at every Police Station, would obviate the practice; but who is to carry them—and would not a sick person be horribly frightened at the idea of being carried off on a stretcher? The MARQUIS OF PUNCH sees nothing for it but this. Everybody ought to keep a carriage of his own, and it doesn't much matter what happens to anybody who can't. DR. BRADY (whose version of the Psalms, written

in conjunction with DR. TAIT, Bishop of London, is without merit) postponed the debate.

Thursday. The Lords fired away at the City for its bad police arrangements the other day, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that he had offered military assistance, which was at first refused, though some Artillerymen were afterwards accepted. He was perfectly right in adding that the Volunteers ought not to be employed in keeping crowds in order. It is not the business of our Household Guard to do the work of A 179, or Private BILLY JONES; neither, we apprehend, is a mob half as much awe-stricken by a Volunteer as by a lobster or a peeler.

MR. LONGFIELD asked a question of no present interest in itself, but rendered pointed by its wording. He inquired as to the position of a certain dispute between our Government and the "late United States" of America. MR. LAYARD answered, calling that Confederation the "United States," and is said by the *Morning Star*, which is excessively jealous of any sort of slight to the Federals, to have rebuked MR. LONGFIELD by a marked inflexion of voice. If such subtleties of debate are to be habitual, the House must engage an elocution-master. We should like to hear him at drill. "Now, MR. BROWN, more pathos in your 'profound regret.'" "MR. JONES, throw more sincerity and force into your 'respectful attention.'" "MR. ROBINSON, your 'decided contradiction' is abominably flat." If MR. WALTER LADY had not been collared by the Royal Academy of Music to teach the young singing ladies not to mumble their words, we should recommend him to the SPANISH.

MR. AYNON made a pathetic speech against MR. GLADSTONE'S tobacco arrangements, and depicted the sufferings which would be caused to those who at present live by making cabbages into Pickwicks, but the House was against him by a large majority.

"And stern PERICLES marched upon his way."

He said something about Sweetening Cavendish, whereto divers of the light-minded turned to the Members for North Derbyshire and Bucks, who looked as sweet as they conveniently could at short notice.

Then we went at this terrible Bill for Preventing Bribery at Elections. The new code is to be perfectly Draconian. As somebody said, some of the treatment is more severe than in cases of murder. This was literally true; for though a borough is not exactly to be hanged for allowing bribery, it is to be suspended for five years. There are some other awful enactments, and when the Bill has passed, *Mr. Punch* will present it in a popular form, in order that the nation may be warned. Suppose a General Election, and bribery everywhere. Is the whole House to be shut up for five years, while the Lords carry on its business? Meantime Vigilance Committees must be formed in every constituency, and if even a baby is chucked under its wet chin by a candidate, that baby must be sent to the Foundling, and its guilty parents to the County Gaol.

More Saxon oppression. SIR ROBERT PEEL (who, let us say, is pushing through Hibernian work like a man, and totally without regard to anybody's corns), brings in a Bill for inflicting compulsory vaccination on the Irish. Surely here is matter for inflammatory gatherings. Will Erin be cowed? The next thing her tyrants will demand will be that her infants shall be vaccinated from English Children.

Friday. LORD PALMERSTON promised MR. FERRAND a night for a discussion on the condition of "the half-million cotton operatives living in idleness." The subject should be in better hands than MR. FERRAND'S, and should be taken from him by some one with a statesman's reputation. The debate ought to be worthy of a subject of such importance.

MR. BAXTER enraged many Members, who wanted to get away and see the PRINCESS OF WALES at her first evening party, by bringing on the Galway business at great length. There was a debate, but MR. BENTINCK, of Norfolk, put the thing succinctly—he had no doubt that the affair was originated by his friends the Tories as a political job, and was taken up by the Liberals as a political job, and there never was and never would be a Government that did not job. PAM, who has skill both as a ground and lofty tumbler, did the lofty dodge on this occasion, and called on BAXTER to elevate his mind and believe in virtuous intentions. BAXTER and 45 other cynics declined to do anything of the sort, but 108 went in for PALMERSTON and virtue, and Galway is to be civilised with public money.

A vote of £321,884, or some such trifle, was taken for the Volunteers, and *Mr. Punch* hurried off to Buckingham Palace to see his beautiful Princess in a dress of white silver *moire*, covered with a dress of Brussels lace.

Indeed!

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "AMERICAN PUNK," and writes in Indian Ink, says that he has an Indian ink-ling of our inability to tell him what kind of noise a savage makes when he tattoos his body? We will refresh ourselves with a modicum drawn from the treasures of Ind—that is, of IND & COOP—and consider the subject which, after all, is one of perfect Ind-difference to us.



YOUTHFUL ARTIST. "Do you sell Anatomical Plates, 'M?"

OLD LADY. "Bless the Boy! no; we don't keep no Crockery here!"

SOMES'S POPULAR EXASPERATION BILL.

So, MR. SOMES, Member for Kingston-upon-Hull, you have brought a Bill into the House of Commons, have you, threatening to close all public-houses during the whole of Sunday? The constituency, SOMES, of which you are the representative, must comprise a large proportion of troublesome hypocrites.

Instead of spurning with contempt and disgust an odious attempt of Sabbatarian tyranny to encroach on the personal liberty of the subject, the House of Commons permitted sanctimonious MR. SOMES to introduce his Bill for the closure of public-houses on Sundays, by a large majority.

Apprehensions, which a commencement of dangerously irritating legislation naturally excites, may be somewhat allayed by the statement, in the report of the debate thereon, that "MR. ROEBUCK gave notice that, in the event, hardly to be expected, of this Bill being read a second time, he should in committee move that every club-house in London be closed on Sundays."

Good dog, Tear'em! "Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark;" and the announcement just quoted is a genuine, honest, hearty bow-wow from the throat of Tear'em.—It is, moreover, a bark uttered in the defensive spirit of a true watchdog. Suppose the Bill brought in by SOMES, to enforce the Sabbatarianism of Kingston-upon-Hull on all England, were to pass, shutting up the public-houses and leaving the club-houses open, what would ensue? There is every reason to dread that the doors of every club-house in London would be beset all Sunday by a furious mob, hissing, yelling, and hooting at every member of the institution venturing to enter it or leave it. How insufferably unpleasant that would be! Of course it cannot happen if the club-houses are closed.

The gravest fear must, however, at any rate be entertained that, immediately on the enactment of SOMES'S Sabbatarian Vexation Bill, the Ring in Hyde Park would be the scene of the same disturbances as those which occurred when a hypocritical Legislature passed a similar measure once before. That fashionable ride would no doubt be encircled by the enraged million shouting and shrieking "Go to Church!" with the too probable addition of language less in accordance with that

A HINT TO CORK.

It's all very proper to scorn and despise
The dirty young priestlings of Cork, and we do:
But if it's permitted to *Punch* to advise,
They should have the least taste of a wallop too.
For lots of the beasts
Will ere long be made priests,
And insult the QUEEN's name at their clerical feasts.
Now, knowing the way their proclivities go,
Let's help dirty DENNIS and monkey-faced MIKE,
And while waiting to kiss the Immaculate Toe,
Let 'em get a slight hint what a layman's is like.
Not hurt in the least,
But with fervour increased,
Send back to his den and his *Dess* the small priest.
So, Cork, famous place for true men and fair maids,
Here's a pleasant occasion for showing your pluck,
Catch a dozen or so of these ill-mannered blades,
And down in your river the acolytes duck:
And before he's released,
On each embryo priest
With a jolly good kick make the Mark of the Beast.

KNOCKING UP A NUISANCE.

In the Marlborough Street Police Report in the *Times* the other day, Mr. *Punch* was very pleased indeed to see the following:—

"The Piccadilly Saloon, a place well-known for the last 40 years, has been at length closed, the proprietor not being able to contend against the police visitations and the heavy fines."

Thanks be to MR. KNOX, the indefatigable Magistrate, for this removal of a night-house which so long has been a nuisance. All decent people certainly must feel with Mr. *Punch*, that MR. KNOX deserves their gratitude for his crusade against the dens by which "night is made hideous." More power to his elbow, and the staves of the police, and soon may every night-house be knocked up by KNOX!

THE "VAUX POPULI"—LORD BROUGHAM.

pious advice than expressive of the indignation with which it would be uttered.

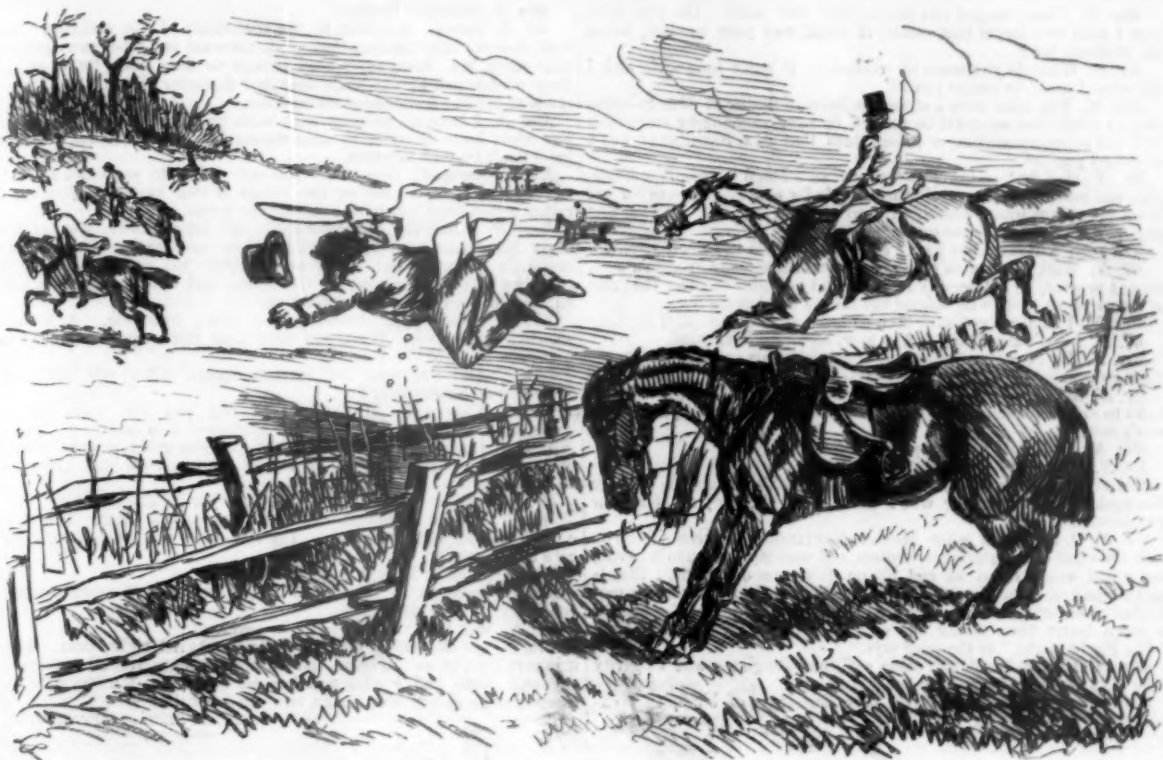
The Game Laws increased in severity last Session! The beauty of London irredeemably sacrificed to avaricious railway schemers! And now England menaced with a Sabbatarian Act to rob a poor man of his beer!

PAM, PAM, with a majority every other day or so voting against you, is it not time for somebody to tell certain gentlemen in effect, if not in terms, "You are no Parliament, I say you are no Parliament; begone, and make room for worthier and more sensible men!" Had you not better advise an Illustrious Lady to bid the Serjeant-at-Arms "take away that bauble?" Does not legislative Sabbatarianism suggest a Dissolving view?

FIGHTING WITH SHADOWS.

We are informed by our various foreign correspondents (*vide the papers passim*), that the nobles and ill-advisers, who surround the KING OF PRUSSIA, are always holding up before his eyes the "Red Spectre of Democracy," so as to strengthen him in his obstinacy in maintaining the present extravagant military system. Now, there is not a better hand at playing with spectres than PROFESSOR PEPPER, of the Polytechnic, and we will warrant that he will in a moment expose the extreme hollowiness of this same "Red Spectre;" and will, in the most demonstrative and playful manner, convince every one, who is not as blind as the King, that it is a mere shadow, a complete illusion that need not frighten even a child. The talented Professor might, for the amusement of the more practical English mind, afterwards embody the result of his experiments in the form of a most laughable Spectre-Farce, to succeed the present most thrilling Drama, of the same transparent character, as soon as the latter has finished its very successful career at the above popular scientific Fantoccini-shop in Regent Street.

RULE TO ENSURE HARMONY AT THE ASHBURNHAM CANINE SHOW.
—Every dog's bark must be on the C.



WELL OVER! ANYHOW!

THE NAGGLETONS ON PLEASURE BENT.

The distinguished Couple are in their Carriage (well, a hired Fly is a Carriage, ask the Tax People whether it isn't), and on their way to Covent Garden Theatre, to hear MR. BALFE's new Opera, "The Armourer of Nantes."

Mr. Naggleton. Ah, old lady, we didn't get along so fast as this the last time we were here.

Mrs. Naggleton. Are you addressing me?

Mr. N. Why, who else? Is there a ghost in the carriage, or any other third person singular?

Mrs. N. I thought you might be speaking to the apple-woman by the lamp-post—you are fond of talking to the lower orders. Perhaps you will draw up the window.

Mr. N. (obeying.) I meant, as you know very well, on the Illumination Night.

Mrs. N. If I am to have anything like a pleasant evening, do not revive the recollection of that night. I wonder that you are not ashamed to do so.

Mr. N. Wonder is a vulgar feeling 'for so highly genteel a nature as yours, my dear; especially when there's nothing to wonder at. I am not ashamed at all, do you know?

Mrs. N. Very well; drop the subject.

Mr. N. Confound your petulance, MARIA. I hear a good deal from you, because I can make allowance for your being—for your not being an over-wise woman; but, by Jove, you turn the screw too hard sometimes.

Mrs. N. Abuse, oath, insult, vulgarity, in a breath. Say what you please to me, HENRY, you know I am helpless.

Mr. N. I know nothing of the kind; and I don't know anybody who can help herself better. But I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. There!

Mrs. N. It is too late in life for you to make a pretence of caring for my feelings, HENRY. You never did; and the affectation is now more painful than the reality. Does Miss PRUE sing in this opera?

Mr. N. Yes, splendidly.

Mrs. N. You have heard it, then?

Mr. N. Now, how should I hear it? You know where I have been every night since it came out.

Mrs. N. I know what you have told me of your movements, but a man who is so engaged in business of importance might forget a trifle like going to the Opera.

Mr. N. Do I ever go to the theatre without you?

Mrs. N. I know not. Your conscience can best answer you.

Mr. N. Now I'll bet a guinea that some of your mischief-making, gossiping friends have been inventing some story about me. Out with it.

Mrs. N. Your irritation is strange, supposing that there are no grounds for any accusation. And I have made none. But having attacked me, you are glad of an excuse to turn upon my friends.

Mr. N. A wife's friends should be her husband's.

Mrs. N. Not when a husband chooses—I will not say unworthy ones, but friends of a class to which she has not been accustomed.

Mr. N. That's a cut at the poor "Flips." I'm sure one of 'em did you good service on the Illumination Night, and got us out of the block, when your genteel Mr. SCOTCHLEY sat in the corner as stupid as an owl and as savage as a bear.

Mrs. N. The noise and violence of the lower orders were new to Mr. SCOTCHLEY, and produced a natural effect upon him, but he never forgot himself.

Mr. N. No, that's true, he remembered nobody else, and walked into the sherry as if it was his own. But that's nothing. I only say that a "Flip" was very useful.

Mrs. N. You mean that strange looking person in the Scotch bonnet. I was really ashamed of you, letting him lean upon the carriage-door, and giving him wine and a cigar.

Mr. N. Woman is incapable of gratitude, we know, but this is monstrous. Didn't he earn the sixpenn'orth of sherry by what he did with the policeman?

Mrs. N. He was vulgarly familiar with the man, and compromised us all.

Mr. N. Didn't he get the carriage moved, I ask you that?

Mrs. N. I dare say it was just going to move without his interference. *Mr. N.* By Jove! We had been at that point for an hour and a quarter, and were told that the people before us had been there for two hours and a half.

Mrs. N. I have begged you not to recal that night. Do you think that I shall ever forget that period of block, and your conduct, before the children, too?

Mr. N. What do you mean by conduct? It was a long spell, and I did what I could to amuse you all.

Mrs. N. You must have a strange opinion of me, or of Mr. SNOTCHLEY, to think that we could be amused by your exchanging vulgarities with the police-constables, or telling them that Mr. SNOTCHLEY was a wretched pugilist.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! I said just the reverse. I said he was TOM KING, who was inclined to punch all their heads for not making way for us. Why, old SNOTCHLEY himself grinned at that, and but for you, and gentility, would have humoured the joke.

Mrs. N. I will take care how I expose him again to such coarseness. *Mr. N.* Well, as we shan't have another PRINCE OF WALES's wedding at present, he is tolerably safe. He did not offer to share the price of the carriage, though he started the idea of our having one.

Mrs. N. You could not have been so mean as to accept it, if he had. *Mr. N.* I don't know that. Any how, he might have tried.

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, your commercial habits prevent your appreciating the subtle delicacy of a true gentleman's nature.

Mr. N. May be so, and it's my misfortune that such subtle delicacy looks to me uncommonly like selfish shabbiness. However, a carriage won't ruin us.

Mrs. N. I was told yesterday that it would.

Mr. N. Who by?

Mrs. N. You mean by whom? By yourself. To be sure the carriage then spoken of was for your wife's health and pleasure, not for your own amusement.

Mr. N. O, ah! Yes, when Mother BALTIMORE had been riling you with the sight of her glaring brougham, and working you up to believing the world would be at an end if you didn't get on wheels. That's another pair of—another pair of horses. No, my dear MARIA, this particularly comfortable and easy-going vehicle does quite well for us, and is much better than taking our own carriage to theatres and so on. "We Fly by night," as the song says.

Mrs. N. I have heard my uncle say that stinginess and vulgarity were born twins.

Mr. N. And he was an authority upon questions of birth, that excellent and lamented ace—

Mrs. N. (sternly). HENRY!

Mr. N. (cowed). Accession to the aristocracy of our pedigree. But that does not alter the fact that we do not want any other carriage than that which Mr. JOBLING is kind enough to have ready for us at any hour on demand, at the place inscribed Berkeley Mews, which always reads to me like a statement about a cat.

Mrs. N. I have no patience with such puerile trash. At your age you might leave off trying to make miserable jokes. Giggling and grey hairs don't go well together.

Mr. N. (enraged). Grey hairs yourself—what do you mean by that, MARIA? I've heard one or two things of that kind from you, and I rather recommend you to discontinue the series.

Mrs. N. (comforted and rewarded). My dear HENRY, you should never lose your temper, especially when you are going out for an evening's pleasure; but rather be thankful that you are still able to bear the fatigue of coming to the Opera, and that your hearing still enables you to know what is going on.

Mr. N. (recovering). Overdone, my dear; overdone. A woman should let bad alone. When you show that you mean to wound, you break the point of the weapon.

Mrs. N. Did you hear that weapon speech when you heard the *Armourer of Nantes*, dear?

Mr. N. Very well, MARIA. As telling you the truth on all occasions is so repaid, I will be more sparing of it in future.

Mrs. N. (laughing). My dear HENRY, are you going to carry stinginess into every department. Poor me! But here we are. (They are under the portico.)

Mr. N. (calls to Coachman). Go on, can't you? The next door.

Mrs. N. Do not be violent, dear. He knows his place. The principal door is for carriage people. The side-doors are good enough for cabs and flies.

Mr. N. (handing his wife out). Take care.

Mrs. N. (sweetly). O, never mind if I get wet feet. We save expense, you know. (They enter.)

Mr. N. Wet feet. You were under cover.

Mrs. N. (as they ascend the Grand Staircase). All right, dear. And it is very kind of you to come and be bored with a second hearing of the same opera, and I wish you had let me bring Mr. SNOTCHLEY instead, as he understands music, and you don't, but—

[We leave them entering the crush-room.]

RAYTHER TALL.



find the following announcement in the advertisement sheet of a weekly paper:—

MISS M'DONALD, the Tallest Woman in the World, is now visiting at Mr. PHILLIPS, Oxford Tavern, Abingdon Buildings, Bath, where parties calling for refreshment will have the pleasure of being waited on by the Tallest and Heaviest Barmaid in existence; Ales and Spirits of the choicest quality, and no extra charge. N.B. All letters for Miss M'DONALD to be addressed as above till further notice.

MISS M'DONALD is, of course, a Scotch Lassie, and comes, we should say, judging by her stature, from the Highlands. She, be it observed, is only "visiting" at Mr. PHILLIPS's house; and yet, such is the concension of this lofty one, she actually waits upon the parties who seek the venal hospitality of Abingdon Buildings, Bath. She must be a great attraction, drawing customers to, and beer from, the Tap, with equal grace and affability. That Giants and Giantesses are, as a rule, dullards, is an accepted fact; yet we must take the announcement that the Lady in question is the "heaviest barmaid in existence," as somewhat ungallant towards the accommodating Miss M'DONALD. She is, we are assured, "Tall," but what does it benefit the Landlord to add that she is several degrees removed from being "Spry?" Perhaps, after all, the Proprietor intends a little joke; and simply, very simply, wishes us to understand that this Caledonian Glumdalea is in his Establishment a Woman of some Wait.

THE DIS-SENTER OF ATTRACTION.—SPUR EON.

OUR RAILWAY CAPITAL.

THE thirty Railways or so which are to intersect the Metropolis will be hard lines for London. The British Capital will be disfigured under the pretence of improvement; whereas the only disfigurement which would really improve it would be the removal of all those ugly figures, the London Statues. But all idea of improving it might now as well be abandoned. What is the use of trying to improve the Capital of the British Empire, if it is to become the mere Capital of Railways?

The idea of the Thames Embankment had better be abandoned. Why sink money in making a grand quay, to spoil it with a railway bridge and viaduct crossing it at about every dozen yards? There will be no occasion for completing the Metropolitan drainage works to preserve the health of a population which will be driven out of town by a stench worse than any they have now to complain of, in addition to the nuisance of equally abominable noise. And then the remaining inhabitants will be so few that their drainage will not amount to a quantity worth taking any trouble to dispose of.

It has been proposed that the old useless City Churches should be secularised and replaced by others in the country, where congregations would exist for them. This project did not include St. Paul's. That sacred edifice, however, might just as well be likewise desecrated; for nobody will attend service in it, unless officially obliged to, with a Railway roaring like an inferior place in its immediate neighbourhood. That Railway is to cross Ludgate Hill in mid air, and the same atrocious eyesore, spanning the River, will shut out the view of the Cathedral from Blackfriars' Bridge. Its remains, therefore, will effectually prevent any future New Zealander from making his sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's from that point, at any rate.

In the meantime St. Paul's had best be converted into a Terminus. What else will it be fit for when every Railway runs right into London, and we worship the god Terminus?

FEMALE POLITICS.—In youth, every Woman is a Liberal with her beauty, but as she gets older doesn't she become a regular Conservative!



PROBABLE EFFECT OF MR. SOMES'S SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

WORKMAN. "WELL, BETSY, IF THEY WON'T LET US GET ANY REFRESHMENT O' SUNDAY OUT O' DOORS—WE MUST LAY IN A STOCK, AND DRINK AT HOME, LIKE THE PIOUS SCOTCH!"



POLAND'S CHAIN-SHOT.



QUERY FOR M.P.'s.

Suppose a Gentleman from the Country—say a Constituent of influence—chooses to consider that his appearance is calculated to produce a favourable impression in Hyde Park on a fine afternoon, are you to tell him your candid opinion, or not?

FEMALE ILLUMINATIONS.

GAS has been turned to many purposes, but we little suspected it would ever become an illuminated head-piece for ladies' dresses. However, as the reader may be as incredulous as ourselves, we will borrow the following article from an American paper, if only to show to what a height of absurdity a useful article can be carried:—

"Clusters of diminutive gaslights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons: the jets will issue from burners measuring a twentieth of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to be concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate back comb, the top of which forms a row of little gaslights. Before entering the ball-room the husband will 'turn on the gas,' light up his blushing bride, and usher her into her sphere of conquest, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around."

According to the above, ladies, when they have their hair dressed, will require the attendance of a gasman as well as a *coiffeur*. DEPRIES will have to go into partnership with TRUEFIT. Some ill-natured husbands may querulously say that their wives are, in the way of fal-lal tomfoolery, quite light-headed enough already, without the addition of the above lamp-post fashion, which may be said to cap all other follies. It would be awkward if the gas were to explode, for the lady's head might be blown off with the explosion, and it might defy the skill of the most experienced gas-fitter to adjust it again. The allusion to the cherry we look upon as little better than so much cherry-bounce. The row of gas-lights, that run along the top of the comb of the back hair might be useful to the husband on returning home; for if he happened to smoke, he would only have to say, "Give me a light, my dear," and ignite his cigar accordingly.

Of all the different coloured hair this style of gas illumination will of course suit the jet-black best, since it will have the jets already provided

ODE TO ALEXANDRA, ON THE MORNING OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY THE POET LAUREATE CLOSE.

ALL hail! all hail! auspicious morning, hail!
For on this day the Royal PRINCE OF WALES
Doth take unto himself a loving wife,
And 'tis the proudest moment of his life.
Nurtured amid dark Denmark's craggy shores,
Where sea-mews shriek and Neptune hoarsely roars,
A fair Princess across the main hath come,
To make the tea in ALBERT EDWARD's home!
Ah, happy maiden! happy maiden, ah!
Thou weep'd'st no doubt to leave thy Pa and Ma,
But never mind, though they're across the water,
BRITANNIA now accepts thee as her daughter.
And see what splendid nuptial gifts we bring
To thee, fair bride of WALES, our future King!
What ducks of diamonds, and what pets of pearls,
What rubies red are thine, thou gem of girls!
And thou art welcomed by the entire British nation,
E'en from the great LORD MAYOR and City Corporation
Down to the umble poet who sits here,
And fain would drink thy health in strong and luscious
beer.
But, lo! old PAM have robbed me of my pension,
(For poetry is past his comprehension),
And, meanly swindled by that haughty Lord,
The poet poor can scarce a drain afford.
Smile on him, Princess! send him half-a-crown,
That he may drink thy health in stout so brown;
And then his Poems he to thee will send,
And hopes you'll read them to the very end,
As many a Peer and Peeress too have done,
And likewise Dukes, and said they were great fun.
For know, O Princess, Denmark's budding rose!
England has but one poet, and his name is CLOSE!!!

How are you, my Djuleep?

It is said that DJULEEP SINGH has quite a mint of money: indeed we hear that in swell circles he is known by the familiar nickname of MIST DJULEEP.

AWFUL.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's Sherry is advertised at 15s. a dozen. We pity the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER!

for it; whereas its pale ineffectual fire would be quite put out with hair that is auburn. What with crinoline, and this new style of lighting up the features, it will now become doubly necessary to insure the life of every wife, or daughter, who is in the least dear to us. Lovers also will be afraid now to approach their "flames," lest approaching too near, they may be set literally in a blaze.

The discovery came a little late, otherwise all the female heads of families might have made on the 10th inst. a brilliant show of their loyalty by turning on a whole *façade* of gas, just as the Treasury did, besides displaying their sagacity by ingeniously exhibiting an infinity of curious little devices, such as "WELCOME PET" or "BLESS YOU, DARLING." Could it have been universally carried out, there never would have been so grand an illumination since the burning of Rome by NERO.

Do You See Any Green in my Oyster?

COFFEE has been detected in certain oysters which come from Marennes, are remarkable for their green hue, and for having disagreed with people who have eaten them. The Mayor of Marennes has written a letter, published in the *Moniteur*, denying that the coppery oysters are natives of Marennes, and alleging them to be Falmouth foreigners. It is natural for the Mayor of Marennes to take a line which is opposite to that of crying "Unpleasant Fish;" but, on the other hand, the authorities of Falmouth may also be expected strenuously to deny the imputation of verdigris to their own natives. They will perhaps go so far as to declare that no copper is contained in any species of British shell-fish, even in that which is cried about the streets under the equivocal name of Pennywinkles.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.—We are told it is Self-preservation. Hence, the First Law must be clearly Number One.



"PRAVE 'ORDS!"—SHAKESPEARE.

HAIRDRESSER. "Hen! Shall I make the di-vi-sion cen-tral, Sir?"

THE ARMSTRONG PACIFICATOR.

HEAR ye glad tidings, Doves of Peace, and greet, with loving coo,
WILL ARMSTRONG's last new cannon, a peculiar boon to you;
There's not a mail-clad man-of-war on Ocean's breast that rides,
But this great gun will knock a hole slap through her iron sides.

Six hundred pounds the shot, it throws; five hundred odd the shell;
One crash! and an invading crew goes whither who can tell?
A strong arm 'twas, the Titans that from high Olympus drove:
ARMSTRONG hurls bigger thunderbolts than Vulcan forged for Jove.

And whom, if delegated power of thunder man might wield,
Should might supreme intrust with force to smash the stoutest shield,
But those the grant would never tempt to strike a needless blow,
Who fight but to annihilate aggression in a foe?

Conditions upon all mankind could ARMSTRONG guns impose,
Yet we might bring Grand Customs of Dahomey to a close,
Enforce, for all the negroes, all the rights of human souls;
Compose the strife of North and South: emancipate the Poles.

Our ordnance irresistible, meanwhile, we shall but aim
The hearths and homes of England to protect from sword and flame;
And so, whilst hostile armaments our coasts and harbours shun,
Ye Peacemakers, rejoice in our Pacificator gun!

"Carpenter's Encyclopædia."

A GENTLEMAN with a fine ear for music, who has an acute horror for barrel organs and all discordant sounds, says he is extremely glad that the festivities have come to an end; for whilst the booths were being erected and being pulled down, the incessant noise made him imagine that he was not so much in London as in Hammersmith.

FOOD FOR LAUGHTER.—Roar Material.

THE COUNTER AND THE CHURCH.

THE linendrapers have been doing a good stroke of business lately. Besides the Royal Wedding, which has helped them to clear out all their old stock of white ribbons, the ceremony of Confirmation, which at this season is solemnised, has been turned to good account by them in the way of business. "Confirmation caps" have been displayed in every window, and at one shop—we beg pardon, we mean to say Establishment—we saw "Confirmation Muslins" priced at one shilling per yard, while "Superior Swiss Embroidered Confirmation Robes" were announced as being sold as low as one-and-six.

Now, if ladies be attracted by announcements such as these, why don't the drapers carry out the dodge a little further, and turn to trade account some other Church observances? "CRIMOLINES FOR CHURCHINGS" would be a taking placard to stick up in a shop-front, and "BOMBAZINES FOR BAPTISM" would look very well beside it. A hundred of the like attractive catch-lines might be thought of, having some connection with the ceremonies of the Church; but we abstain from doing more than merely throwing out the hint, because upon the whole we think that such announcements somewhat savour of profanity, and we don't care much to help an advertising tradesman who tries to make a profit out of pure religion, and turns to trade account the orders and solemnities appointed by the Church.

DANGEROUS DONKEY RIDING.

THAT instructive sporting writer, ARGUS, in an article relative to the Grand National Steeple-chace, observes:—

"Jerusalem, over a natural country, would cut a good figure, I believe, but here the fences are too small and intricate to suit him, and at the finish something speedier is certain to be found."

In an ordinary race wherein the competitors belong to that particular species of the equine genus to which the term Jerusalem is commonly applied, the successful candidate is the hindmost. If the same rule obtains in a steeple-chace, contested by the same long-eared quadrupeds, the individual Jerusalem above-named ought to stand a chance. That is to say, unless that steeple-chace is, as most steeple-chaces may perhaps be said to be, one in which the riders and not the ridden are to be ranked under a denomination convertible with that of "Jerusalem pony."

A STRANGE SIGHT IN SUFFOLK.

"I SAH, *Punch*, owd frind, du yow now of any chap as want a real live Curiosity? Cos jist yow look at this here parrtgraff as my Bor-jim have cut out of a peayper we git here in Suffolk, called the *Halesworth Times*. Yow see it's A report of how our fokes enjoyed themselves the day the prence git Married to the prencess Alexanderer—

"WALBERSWICK.

"A Large booth was erected on the green, with the boats, spars, sails, &c. At noon the young men brought their firing pieces, and a right royal salute of 139 guns was fired. At 3 p.m. the children of the parish, without distinction of rank or creed, to the number of nearly ninety (including one nearly ninety years of age, MARTHA ELMY, who walked all the way from Blythborough, four miles, to take part in the amusements) sat down to tea. After which nearly all the rest of the parish (to the number of 136) took tea; those who were unable to attend from sickness had theirs sent to them."

"A stammun owd 'Child' that un, if she be what they say she be! I niver hard afore of a 'child' being ommost ninety year of age! I wonder if she come from Blybrer in a pinafore, and if she've A child's liking still for lollipops and suckers? Well, there be stammun sights in Lunnon that ere weddun dah, I'm towld, but 'strues-youreborn, I bieve there wornt nit nawthun half so stornary to see, as this here ninety year old 'child' of owrn in Suffolk.

"I remain owd friend, yar constant reeder,

"Holser, Thuzday mornun."

"GABRIEL GRUB."

The Cost of Active Sympathy.

UNFORTUNATELY we cannot afford to draw the sword against Russia in aid of Poland. The expenses of the war would not only require the increase of the Income-Tax, but would also necessitate the imposition of a Pole-Tax.

HORTICULTURAL.—*Note for March*.—Slips of the Tongue should be planted in the teeth of the Wind.



"Now, then—look sharp, Young Fella! Did you never see a Manx Man before?"

A CRY FROM A COMMON.

"MR. PUNCH,

"HOWEVER you may differ from DR. PUSEY on certain subjects, I am sure you never object to celebrate the Feast of St. Michael. As an essential party to that banquet, I pray you listen to me. A Capitol was once saved by cackle—the country may be.

"I wish the House of Commons could have heard the hiss that I uttered the other morning when my eye alighted in the *Times* on a list of 'Proposed Inclosures.' It is too lengthy to quote; alas, that a catalogue so melancholy should be so long! It comprises no less than nineteen commons or waste lands in some of the finest parts of England and Wales. The Inclosure Commissioners have recommended the appropriation of so much public land. By another account I learn that the acreage of inclosures already confirmed is 424,971, and that in progress 207,109.

"Pray, Sir, let me protest against this ruthless abolition of Commons. It is not the ruin of old English scenery that I care about. The influences of that scenery made poets, I dare say. Of course SHAKESPEARE never could have 'warbled his native wood-notes wild,' unless there had been woods. When 'the merry green wood' is a thing of the past, the poet will be a man of the past. I am not pleading the cause of the daisies, the violets, and the primroses. A primrose, wherever it may be, a yellow primrose is to me, and it is nothing more. I love your good short grass much better. I make no appeal on behalf of the mavis and the merle, the woodlark, and the nightingale. I am a bird of quite another feather. I represent and embody that material utility to which, by suffrage universal, with the exception of a few old muffs, it is voted that every other consideration ought to be sacrificed. Perish the ancient forests and the wild flowers; extinguish all the songbirds, but, for the love of sage and onions, spare, oh! spare those commons which afford that delicious pasture which enables you to rejoice in your roast

"Noodle Green, March, 1863."

"GOOSE."

Ornithology.

IN answer to our Correspondent Birdcatcher's inquiries, we beg to inform him that a Thrush always builds its nest in a horse's hoof, where it can without much difficulty be caught. To his second question as to the existing relationship between French and English Birds, we reply, that, a *Louis d'Or* is first cousin and not cousin German to a Jack Daw.

POLAND'S CHAIN-SHOT.

THE ring-dove swells and spurns the foe
That on her nest intrude:
The mother-hen defies the kite
That hovers o'er her brood;
The tamest beast that nature knows,
Savage at bay will stand,
'Gainst aught, how strong and fierce soe'er,
That on its young lays hand.

A mother's heart, that softest thing,
To sternest thing can grow,
By common pulses that pervade
Creation, high and low;
And who shall deem these pulses pure
In brutes their limits find,
Nor thrill where'er a mother's heart
Beats among humankind?

THE CZAR forgot that mother's rage,
When his command he gave—
"Tear Poland's son from Poland's heart,
For soldier and for slave.
The chain for those that dare hold back,
The stick for those that go—
March, conscript-dogs!" Spite of her chains,
The mother shouted "No!"

SHE leaped at her oppressor's throat,
Round his her arms she flung;
Trod underfoot, about his feet
With desperate grasp she hung,
She clutched bare blades, nor recked the blood,
That through her fingers poured;
Her manacles she gathered up
To brain the Cossack horde.

AN eye that knows no fear of death,
Hath palsied armed hand.
A nation's heart made desperate
With wrong who can withstand?
So with a heart made desperate,
And death-defying eye,
Unarmed, unaided, Poland rose,
And Russia turned to fly.

LIKE bees about a baffled bear,
Thick swarm the Kossinaires;
Their scythes' long sweep lays swathe on swathe,
In Russian line and square;
"Now ply the file on fetter-lock,
And smite the rivet through,
And loose my manacles to cram
The cannon's mouth into!"

"What if the cannon's made of tree,
With iron hooped and bound?
Of cannon-balls I have but three;
'Twill stand a triple round—
One shot for KOSCIUSKO,
For CZARTORYSKI ONE,
And one for gallant LANGIEWICZ—
And then let burst the gun!"

"And up and out, bold Kossinaires,
And on with sweep of scythe!
The dew is red, the heads are close,
The reapers brave and blythe!
And when your harvest-work is done,
And all the fields are bare,
Your mother, Poland, waits to bless
The few that home shall fare."

THERE'S not a heart, with veins that thrill
For courage or 'gainst wrong,
But beats with Poland's in accord,
And prays her arm be strong.
No nation lives—let statesmen pause,
Weigh, write, how'er they will—
But yearns to strike a stroke for thee,
The unconquered Poland still!

AND if Diplomacy must bow,
When might doth right o'erway,
Locking its tattered parchment bonds,
With conscious blush, away;

'Tis something to have dared the blow,
Though not a friend was near.
To have called out on God and Man—
God, in his time, will hear.

A NEW REBECCA WANTED.



CUSTOMED AS we are to public writing, it is with feelings of no ordinary pride and satisfaction that we seize on every chance of taking up our pen, to dwell upon the fact that this is a free country, and that Britons never, never will be slaves. Huzza! dear fellow countrymen. No continental tyrannies afflict our island home. Britannia has no heel of tyrant on her neck; and no despotism bar is there, her onward march to check. Her sons may journey to and fro in safety and at ease; and never need a passport show, the Government to please. No barriers oppose them, no octroi dues

they pay; of all the sons of freedom, who so truly free as they? Huzza! then, for Old England! the Mistress of the Sea! the Defender of all Despots, and the Home of Brave and Free!

But stop a little bit. All this hip-hip-hurrahing is very nice to listen to; but have we quite considered if there be proper grounds for it? This is a free country, is it? And we may travel without passports, may we? Don't be quite so quick, dear friends, in jumping to conclusions. Pray, where's the place in England that is free—from turnpike gates? And how far can you travel without purchasing that passport for the road—a turnpike ticket? We have no annoying octroi here in London, it is true: but the nuisance of our toll-bars is hardly less offensive. Mr. BUBBS can't drive his wife out in his one-horse shay without having to pull up and pay a toll at twenty turnpikes. And just conceive the misery of stopping in the teeth of a dust-laden Nor-Easter, with a skittish nag to manage and a pettish wife to soothe, while one fumbles in one's pocket for a latent three-penny bit!

All success, therefore, cry we, to the Toll Reform Committee, and their untiring Secretary, Mr. J. E. BRADFORD, who at present is directing their valuable exertions to remove all London toll-bars on the north side of the Thames. For that purpose a Bill is now before the Commons: and, as Mr. Punch has given his approval of it, we may expect to see it passed without unnecessary delay. But there are Vestry influences at work in opposition, and it is whispered that our old friend Cox has some notion of appearing as the member for All Vestrydom, and of doing his small possible against the passing of the Bill. If so, Cox, look out: Punch will have a word to say to you. Meanwhile, Punch would call on all true friends of Progress to help in the removal of those needless bars to progress, the London turnpike bars.

A Pretty Prospect.

THE prettiest prospect in the world—a spot that the French would call quite *riant*,—such as any devoted admirer of the beauties of nature would run any distance to see—is in Hyde Park; for what more enchanting sight would any one with a heart in his bosom ever desire to see than the Ladies (s) Mile?

WE NEVER DOUBTED IT.—CARDINAL ANTONELLI still clings to his post. He is about the last man we should ever suspect of being of a retiring disposition.

HERALDIC AND GENEALOGICAL NOTES.

BY SIR FREDERICK QUIRKE.

DE BOOTS.

ARMS.—*Argent*, Three spurs, sans leathers, *or*, on a Chevron *sable*, between Three Boots *passant*.

CREST.—Two Boot-hooks *argent*, Saltire-wise, on a Double-barrelled Bootjack *proper*.

MOTTO.—*Ou arrive pour fête*.

SEAT.—Boon Castle, Norfolk.

This ancient family traces its origin to Ceres, the goddess of harvests and fasion, the son of Jupiter and Electra.* The son of Iasion and Ceres having been transferred to the Heavens and called Bootes, the family he left behind him took the name, which it has retained with but little alteration down to the present day. The Coat of Arms was adopted by the Norman branch of the family, which, of course, "came over with the Conqueror," and still retains the name in its French form of DE BOOTS. Some genealogists assert that the founder of the English House, was merely one of WILLIAM'S Shoo-black Brigade, and that he took his name from his occupation, as many other great families have done. There is, however, a record in the Conqueror's own private diary which demolishes this theory: for he mentions a DE BOOTS as acting as his Marshal in taking the oaths which he enforced on his subjugated people. "Thys Oathe," says the King, "wass admynistred by BALMORALLE DE BOOTES, ye Mareschal, and hee didde itte on thys wyse. Hee gathryed togedder a lotte of menn all atte won tyme, and after hee had red the oathe to them, hee wold say, 'Is thys the oathe of alle ye gents?' from which saying it came to be called the Oath of Allegiance." This is a curious record of the origin of the name given to such oaths, and also proves that DE BOOTS occupied a prominent and responsible post on the Conqueror's staff. During succeeding generations this family showed extraordinary aptitude in acquiring great power and possessions. Their fame in this respect, during the wars of the Barons, gave the name of Booty to anything seized by force of arms; and hence robbers came to be called freebooters. Moreover, such was their universal success, that any undertaking ending in defeat was called a bootless one: indicating a strong belief that had a DE BOOTS been at its head, it would not have failed. They were also the inventors of that portion of a coach called after them the Boot, which they found an addition to "the carriage of the period," very necessary to hold their booty. It is considered by learned antiquarians that the boots of ordinary life must have originally taken their name from this family: it is certain that one of them gave his Christian name as well as his surname to one particular sort still known as Jack Boots.

It is a singular fact that this house has given to England some of its vernacular sayings. The common expression "like old Boots," is so generally applied to every occurrence, that it shows the universality of the faith in the extraordinary powers and genius of the family. Another expression has arisen, curiously enough, from an English form being given to their French motto. For pronounced in English,

Ou arrive pour fête, reads as
'Ow are ye're poor feet'; or, properly,
How are your poor feet,

a *vox populi* with which all are familiar. The real meaning of the motto is somewhat obscure, but it probably signifies Backward, or unwilling to feast; and implies that the bearer is more inclined for the fray than the feast, which indeed, in early times, appears to have been a characteristic of the family. The crest is also curious as representing that frequently heard of and never seen article of domestic use, a "double barrelled boot-jack." It will be observed that it possesses at each end the necessary openings for the reception of the heel, so that both boots could be pulled off at once. This might be a difficult operation to modern powers, but old paintings show that the medieval gent possessed resources in the management of his limbs, the attainment of which appears to have become one of the lost arts.

There is little more remarkable in the annals of this family, except that in the middle ages, the daughters of the house made such a sensation when "brought out," that this process, which all young ladies still have to go through, was called, making their De Boots, written in modern style, *Début*.

* This lady is celebrated in scientific circles as the inventor of electricity, which was named after her; and, in conjunction with PLATO, of electro-plating, so called after their combined names.

IN consequence of numerous applications for the Cartoon in Punch, "AT HOME AND ABROAD," the Number containing it (March 7) has been reprinted on fine paper, and may be had at the Office, Price 6d.



MASTER TOM. "Oh, don't I just wish I was a Nigger, like him."

NURSE. "What for, you naughty Boy?"

MASTER TOM. "Cause then, I should never have to be washed!"

THE MAJORITY AGAINST MR. HUBBARD.

(A Chorus for the Commons.)

Go away, wretched Clerks, who subsist by the pen,
Go, Curates, and Lawyers, and Medical Men,
Actors, Authors, and Artists; go, plague us no more
With your Income-Tax grievance: we vote you a bore.

What of loss of employment, or labour in vain
With a paralysed hand or a broken-down brain?
With your income the tax on your income will cease;
Be content, there are no shears the skinned that can fleece.

Lo, beggar, bereft, by adversity's shock,
Of the gains that accrue to your neighbour from Stock,
There that man in his carriage goes rolling away,
With a tax on his income—and you've none to pay!

Go, talk to the winds, sad professional crew;
Go, plead to the waves; ye are weak, ye are few.
With the rich and the rabble against you combined,
As remonstrance is vain, you had best be resigned.

And if your assessment were rather unfair,
It would rest with yourselves of yourselves to take care;
'Tis as easy as lying; the normal resource
Of the feeble against the exaction of force.

What you must, whilst you can, pay; when poverty comes,
Then retire to the workhouse; or die in the slums.
'Tis no business of ours that you money should save
For the widow and orphan who'll howl on your grave.

Poles and Romans, Pope and Czar.

WE congratulate MR. POPE HENNESSY on the zeal and energy wherewith he has come out as the champion of the Poles, and on the discovery, which, by his advocacy of their cause, he appears to have made, that an oppressed people has a right to cast off the yoke of a tyranny. MR. HENNESSY, now that he has taken the side of LANGBOWICZ, must of course have also espoused that of GARIBOLDI, and will henceforth recognise the right of the Roman people to choose their own Sovereign.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 23. Monday. Lords and Commons have had American debates this week, and it is convenient to Mr. Punch to bracket the same. LORD CAMPBELL, *alias* STRATHEDEN (for the reporters vary his title), to-day advocated the recognition of the Confederate States. EARL RUSSELL wished the war over, but saw nothing which England could do towards terminating it. The French attempt had failed. The cause of the North was not hopeless, though he did not believe that the Federals would finally subdue the South. Still, the North was making immense efforts, and it would be unfriendly in us now to interpose by recognition. Moreover, whenever we have interfered in a quarrel it has been on the side of liberty, and we ought to adhere to that precedent. So saith our FOREIGN SECRETARY.

MR. FORSTER, on the Friday, attacked the Government for not interfering to prevent ships of war being supplied by our builders to the Confederates, and said that we incurred great danger of war. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL argued in what PAM called an admirable speech (the House cheered this), that Government had done all that was required by the Foreign Enlistment Act. MR. THOMAS BAREING thought this speech would add to Yankee irritation. MR. BRIGHT concurred, denounced the Government, said that several ships were notoriously being built for the South, and urged PAM to talk for five minutes in a genial and friendly way, in order to please the North. MR. LAIRD showed that if we had helped the South to two ships, we had sent 350,000 rifles and quantities of other munitions of war to the North. LORD PALMERSTON said that it was the regular device of every American Party, when it was in a mess, to get up an anti-English cry, that we had done all that the law permitted, and should not go beyond it, and that the best thing the English friends of the North could do, would be to assure the latter that England had done her duty. So saith our PREMIER.

Here it may be mentioned, that MR. BRIGHT alluded, in his speech, to a meeting held the day before at the St. James's Hall, where he had been in the chair, and a crowded assembly of workmen testified the utmost sympathy with the North. This meeting is grandiloquently

described by the Yankee organ here, but shall describe itself for Mr. Punch's readers. It was chiefly composed of Trades-Union men, and when a person who had chosen to be free and act for himself ventured to speak, although on the same side as the other orators, these lovers of liberty interrupted him with cries of "He's not a Society man!" MR. BRIGHT made a fervid and eloquent speech in favour of the North, and a shoemaker came next, who abused Mr. Punch, said "that a monster in human shape had been guest of the LORD MAYOR," and that "the Devil, in the shape of the Times newspaper, was carrying out an infernal purpose." A joiner then called LORD PALMERSTON a liar, and a PROFESSOR BRESTLEY, or some such name, attacked the "wicked press," meaning the respectable journals. An address to MR. LINCOLN was agreed to, assailing the "infamous Times," the "arrogant aristocracy," the "diabolical" South, our "unscrupulous moneyocracy," and the "infamous rebellion," and terminating with some gushing bosh about the vivifying Sun of Liberty. This document is penned in *New York Herald* style, and probably owes its origin to Yankee inspiration. To this kind of meeting, and this kind of language, MR. BRIGHT referred, complacently, in the House of Commons. The North must be in a bad way when such allies are coveted.

So much for the American debates of the week, and now for pleasant matter. The DUKE OF SOMERSET is going to protect Greenwich Observatory against the railway people, which may be as well, for the slightest joggling of a telescope may occasion a blunder in the *Nautical Almanack*, and a *Great Eastern* may consequently be sent upon a rock—rather a sacrifice for the sake of enabling the servant-maids of Chatham to come and play kiss-in-the-ring in Greenwich Park.

The financial cat is to be let out of the GLADSTONIAN budget on SHAKESPEARE's birthday, in honour whereof we are probably to have *Much Ado About Nothing*, to be followed by the *Tempest*, and the *Comedy of Errors*.

Tuesday. There is a Post Office Savings' Banks Amendment Bill in hand, touching which Mr. Punch has nothing to say, except that he does not much admire the present system of acknowledging deposits by letters to the depositor. The well-known official form proclaims to

everybody on the premises that money is being saved, and by whom, or for whom, and there are heaps of reasons why this should not be. Now, as MR. BROWNING says,

"No voice but is praising this ROWLAND of OURS,"

and nobody deserves praise better than the Emancipator of Letters; and therefore Mr. Punch, eager to help SIR R. HILL to more praise, suggests a reconsideration of this check upon the receivers. All Mr. Punch's young men use the Post Office Banks, and when any one of them has saved the £30, he draws it out and gives all the rest a dinner at QUARTERMAINE'S.

An Income-Tax debate. This is a subject on which it is always difficult for Mr. Punch to speak with his usual sweet serenity, because he does consider this Tax to be outrageously wicked. But upon the present occasion his rage is redoubled, for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in defending the Tax, used an argument which may be characterised as—no, friend compositor, take the vowel initial alphabetically following next to the consonant you naturally thought we were going to want—take E, if you please, and set up the word Extraordinary. For we must be genteel, compositor, you know. MR. GLADSTONE thinks that precarious incomes ought to be taxed equally with incomes from land or the funds, because the former always increase so rapidly! There are some things which make one ask oneself whether one is in a dream. But there is something else. MR. GLADSTONE says that the "inequalities and anomalies" of the Income-Tax have this advantage, that they are "thoroughly understood," and that "the Back has in some degree adapted itself to the Burden." This, if it means anything, and it would be impolite to a great politician and orator to suppose he meant nothing, means that the Back, understanding the injustice of the Tax, is the Back of a donkey if it bears more burden than it can help. That is—the man is a fool who charges himself with more Income than is necessary to prevent a sur-charge. Alas, alas! How the having to deal with an evil thing injures one's nature. MR. GLADSTONE, the most conscientious man going, tells Mr. Punch to return an income of £10,000 a-year instead of—well, we don't mean to be much surcharged, so will only say, instead of ten times that amount. If it were not such a bother to set up Greek type, we would stick in some classical howling, but MR. GLADSTONE will please to understand that we weep over him till further notice.

A Partnership Amendment Bill, for letting in little partners with limited liability, came on for Second Reading. MR. BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, opposed it, and said that the limited liability companies had done a good deal in the way of swindling, but the SOLICITOR-GENERAL supported it, and the Second Reading was carried by 56 to 39.

Wednesday. How much more are we to hear of these Irish salmon?

"The trout and the salmon,
They play at backgammon,
In the pleasant waters of Castle Hyde."

And it would be highly convenient if they would attend to their game, and not flap about the House of Commons. We understand most things, but have really no idea what these fishes and their friends want.

Thursday. A day to be marked with a White Stone. The Vandals of the Late Eastern Counties Railway mustered for their last attack upon Finsbury Circus. But the descendants of the crusaders were in arms, and a deed of righteous vengeance was done:—

"For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in infidel blood."

The Lords cast out and rejected the Bill for destroying the pleasant quarter, and the inhabitants, though too well off to cry *Panem*! shall not cry in vain for *Circenses*—the pleasures of the Circus, agreeable walking by day, amusing instruction by night. Well done, peers of England, pillars of the State, to show regard for the piers and pillars of architecture.

The LORD CHANCELLOR has in his gift about 730 small livings, and according to the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, has to pick a new parson every ten days. The CHANCELLOR brings in a Bill enabling him to sell about 320 of these advowsons, the money to be applied in improving them, which is at first glance a little like cutting off a dog's tail and giving it to him to eat because he looks hungry, but which, on examination, will be found to be a judicious measure. The Bishops approve it.

An Irish row in the Commons touching the cads who disturbed the wedding rejoicings. All decent Irishmen are creditably anxious to prove, what indeed needs no proof, that the perpetrators of these outrages were either priest's tools or natural ruffians, and that the people of Ireland are as loyal as those of England.

Estimates have been got through to a large amount, and Government has invented a new dodge for getting votes and estimates through together, so as to defeat the criticism of the Committee—a neat device, of which we recommend the early discontinuance, or we may have something to say. A Telegraph Bill has been discussed, and it seems that companies wish for unlimited right to hang wires before your windows, or on your chimneys, or in your trees, or wherever they like, and that such powers are being pretty freely granted them.

Friday. MR. GLADSTONE has not bought the Exhibition Building for the Museum, and seems to dislike *quelque chose* in KELK's showing thereabout. Let it be noted (for more will be heard of it), that MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD thinks, and there be others of his opinion, that the notorious COMMODORE WILKES, in capturing an English steamer, the *Peterhoff*, on its way to Mexico, has been taking a WILKES and Liberty, which demands inquiry. MR. LAYARD promises it. Lastly, LORD PALMERSTON says that he is trying to help the Poles, and will say more after Easter.

The House rose for the holidays at a quarter to one on Saturday, and those who saw Oxford beat Cambridge a few hours later could hardly have taken the trouble to go to bed. We strongly object to these boat-races in the middle of the night, for what else do you call half-past nine, A.M.?

AN EXCESS OF CHARITY.

AN extensive sanitary operation, or an extraordinary act of piety, is thus recorded by the *Liverpool Mail*:—

"A Roman Catholic priest stated in the witness-box at Galway, the other day, that on one occasion, after the burial of a Protestant parishioner's child, he considered the churchyard 'defiled,' and went through the ceremony of 'purifying' the burial ground."

How? Why? Well; a burial-ground could be purified by means of a sufficiency of chloride of lime. Such purification might be required by an overcrowded place of sepulture, but the superaddition of a few pounds to a quantity of decomposing animal matter could hardly create the need of a disinfectant.

The churchyard which his Roman Catholic Reverence deemed to have been defiled by the interment of a Protestant child, must be presumed to have been one common to Catholics and Protestants. Even the most enlightened of Roman Catholics exclude the bodies of Protestants from their cemeteries. Is this reverend person, then, accustomed to purify that common burial-ground every time that it opens to admit a Protestant parishioner? If so, and the purification is effected by means of chloride of lime, he must be a good customer for that article to the druggists. But don't the Roman Catholic corpses want chloride of lime, too? Do all Papists not only die in the odour of sanctity, but also remain in that suaveolent condition?

During life, most certainly, some persons of the Romish persuasion—namely, the low Irish who crowd a very properly reserved space in most Roman Catholic chapels,—do copiously exhale an odour which may be that of sanctity, and, in the case of saints, accustomed to fast from soap-and-water, probably was; but is not the odour of cleanliness. It is an effluvia to which the aspersions of chloride of lime would be much more suitable than that of holy water.

Ah! Holy water! Was it holy water instead of chloride of lime that the Galwegian priest made use of to purify the churchyard which he supposed to have been spiritually defiled by the corporeal remains of a certain infant? The supposition is very Irish, if not very Catholic. Yet it may have been serious. To be sure there is a difficulty in exactly understanding what spiritual harm one decomposing human body can do adjoining bodies in the same state. Holy water, however, we all know, is used by the Popish priesthood in the process of exorcism. If that was the purpose for which this priest employed it on the ground—and burial-ground—above-mentioned, he might have remembered, if he had ever read, a remark which a Royal countryman of our charming PRINCESS OF WALES, is represented by a distinguished dramatist as having once addressed to a gentleman of his cloth, and way of thinking, in a churchyard. The Protestant, whose deceased child he had treated as an unhallowed thing, might have said to him, not, let us hope, prophetically:—

"I tell thee, churchly priest,
A ministering angel shall my baby be
Whilst thou liest howling."

Of course most of the preceding remarks on the apparent ignorance and fanaticism of this Irish priest are to go for nothing, if the fact is that he insulted the dead body of a child merely with a design to wound a neighbour's feelings. But if we are to give him credit for conscientious fanaticism, and truly "invincible ignorance," or for sanitary enthusiasm, we must regard the act of piety which he performed, whether in deodorising or exorcising the churchyard, as a prodigious "work of supererogation."

Flattery.

You may say of Flattery what has already been said of the Liberty of the Press; for really, with us women, it is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die.—*Lady Rochefoucauld.*

CONUNDRUM BY OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.

DIVIDE a hundred-and-fifty by nothing; add the fourteenth letter of the Alphabet, and so ends the riddle—*COLERUSO.*

JACK'S MINIATURE.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH, I've
jeat red about a noo
Man o' War's Man wot
they're Goin too Larneh
Kawld the *Miniature*
wich Konsiderin Her
sighs strikes Me his a
regul Miss Nomur.
However lett that pass
pepl now a days Give
there tshildren hod
names.—my Lanlady's
darter neerly Kil'd a
Litterman nott long ago
for makin Game ov Her
Krinolean and she's
Kawl'd *Harry Adney*! a
name i bleeve taken
From the greeshun mi-
thology and signefyin
as i hunderstand a young
Ooman wote pertiklerly
fond of a nedd and Thred.
"Well! tutchin this
here *Miniature*.—i tell u
Punch—hit won't do—
hits sakrilegus—i must
Say that too poot ion
mastes hin Her is cumin
hit rayther stiff, But i
ood git over that more

easily than i Kan over the number ov 'em 5!!! who hever before heerd ov A
man o' war's Man with 5!!! Mastes?—hit won't do—has i sed afore it seems
like a temptin' ov Hignorance for wot do We know how 5!!! Mastes will hact in
the ewent of a Hed wind and a Warr with Roosher ov meriker? i know we've got

enuff to doo when the Shota r a rattlin about like Hale to
look arter 3 lett alone 5!!!—d'pend on it *Punch* (for u know
as mutah o' nortikl msters smost as i doo), these here noo
'floating coleskuttles' as i kawls 'em will poot aend To all
C fitein and y?—cause no henemy, unless so b that he's
hintoxicated, will think o' cumin anigh 'em and then wot's
too bkum of the Hadmiralty?—wot r my Lords to doo For
a livin?—r they to b sent to grinich horsepitl and is the
fast Lord to be seen on 1 Tree Ill in the Park with A
telhiscope on eester Munday?—raser me that.—it is with
sich Feelins as these, that i hav writ sum wersen, wich iff
u improve r mutah at your sarvie.

THE BRAVE OLD OKE.

a Song to the Oke!—the brave old Oke
wot Has sarved britannyer long,
i Fear in the Downs, he'd Not now fetsh #8,
'cause Parlyment says ion his More strong,
it's no good for too Frown, or to run the Metal down
tho' it's used for A watter spout,
but Suppesin ion's rife, If kawled upon to fite,
i For the brave old Oke, will raise a shout,
then Here 's to the Oke—the brave old Oke
by Wich england's Henemies Were floor'd
and Still suriah ha, tho' the Hadmiralty
with Wood prapa dont Want to b bored.

he Seed the rare Time, wen NELSON lant To clime
as a Middy wot Did never no no Fear
wen A round canon Bawl, iff his didn't Hit at all
warnt Insulted bye land-Lubers with a Jeer
now Shiels has the sway, and worry pritty play
they make on a stormy C
but If i mayn't hoffer, it's a wacking lott we spend
shelling Out to the Hadmiralty!
then Here 's to the Oke, oteetr.

"JACK OAKUM."

A LITTLE PUFF FOR A "LITTLE PARTY."

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE been rather troubled to know how to amuse some
country friends of mine, who came up to see the Wedding (which of
course they *didn't* see), and in their excessive loyalty still linger here
in Town, in the hope of catching glimpses of the Royal happy couple.
We had seen *Lord Dundreary* for, I think, the nineteenth time; and
we had seen brave CAPTAIN FRECHTER make love to MISS BLAAUNCHE
TERRY (in a way, that nearly drove my young friend SMOBBINS to distraction);
and, for old associations, we had even spent an hour or two
in classic Drury Lane, and there had tried our very best not to be
wearied by the small-talk which really, Mr. Author, you have carried to
Extremes. 'Where are we to go next?' became at length the
question; and it devolved on me at last to put on my consider-
ing cap—that is to say, my smoking one—and decide what should be
done. Taking SMOBBINS in my confidence, I went into the lumber-
room (which, when I have friends with me I now grandly term
my 'Study'), and having lighted a cigar to assist my meditation, I
produced for the same purpose a bottle of pale ale. This soon had an
effect upon the youthful tongue of SMOBBINS, and alluding, I believe, to
the pleasant bright-eyed BLAAUNCHE, he murmured a slight compli-
ment about that 'little party.' 'Little party!' I exclaimed, 'you've
hit it, my dear boy. What can we do better than go to-night to charm-
ing Mrs. ROSELEAF's little party? 'Un—well—I don't know,' said
SMOBBINS, twiddling his young whiskers, which, like infant radishes, are
not yet long enough to pull; 'I—um—don't care much for parties; and
—um—besides we're not invited; and—er—besides you know it's
Lent; and—er—girls don't dance in Lent; and—er—and besides I
don't care much for dancing, if they did.' 'Pooh, nonsense,' I
replied, 'you needn't look so frightened; you won't have to dance.
And as for being invited, bless your heart, JOHN PARRY—that is, Mrs.
ROSELEAF, is always glad to see as many of my friends as ever I can
bring to her.'

"So that evening found us sitting at the Gallery of Illustration;
and after we, the elder ones, had had our memories refreshed by hearing
Ariel's sweet voice, now mellowed and matured, like good old generous
wine, but still as clear and full as it was—(well, how long since? for I
would not be impertinent)—and after we had seen the spirit of SIR
GRIFFITH, known as the Red-handed (and I never knew before that
spirits smoked cigars and played upon the fiddle, and if Mr. HOME
could summon spirits half as funny as SIR GRIFFITH's, I should be
more tempted to go to his *salances*); after this we found ourselves in
Mrs. ROSELEAF's presence, and, without intending the slightest dis-
respect to her, I must confess we never once ceased laughing till we

left her. Oh, that charming Mrs. ROSELEAF, with her courtesies and
Crimolins! and Oh, that little pet who *will* keep pulling Ma's bouquet!
and Oh, that tender tenor, with his chronic cold in the head! and Oh,
that fascinating Gusheress, whose ringlets are so troublesome, and *will*
get tangled in the chairs! and Oh, that matter-of-fact musician, who
serves you with a polka as stolidly as a grocer would serve a pound of
tea! Can you help imagining yourself seeing all these people? and yet,
in truth, you have before you but one gentlemanly actor, who imper-
sonates them all without a change of dress. Then, who can play such
pranks on a piano as JOHN PARRY, and who is more expressive or
more delicate in touch? Well, whomever he may imitate, he somehow
ever seems successful; but there is no fear in the world of any imitating
him: for in the peculiar line which he has made his own,

"None but himself can be his PARRYAL."

"With deep respect for talent, even in a fellow countryman, permit
me to subscribe myself yours faithfully,

"JOHN JONES."

"P.S. If JONES be too plebeian a signature to please you, you may
change it to FITZ-HARRBERT; but I myself prefer plain JONES."

DEARTH OF ARMY SURGEONS.

TO MEDICAL GENTS.—Wanted, a considerable number of Clever
Young Snobs to compete for the Commission of Surgeon in the Army,
for which there is at present, and has been for some time, an extreme
Scarcity of Eligible Candidates, owing to the circumstance that men of
education and ability sufficient to qualify them for the office, refuse to
accept it, unless upon the impossible condition of being treated as gen-
tlemen. All applicants must be Fellows of the Royal College of
Surgeons, and Doctors of Medicine who have received diplomas recog-
nised under the Medical Registration Act. In addition to their profes-
sional qualifications, they must possess a capability of being contin-
ually and contentedly Snubbed, and patiently submitting to any
amount of Insult. They will be required at the mess-table to occupy a
position subordinate to that of every combatant officer, even the
youngest Ensign, whose permission it will be necessary for them to ask
for the purpose of giving the band or the attendants any kind of order.
It will be necessary for them to be regardless of those petty annoyances
unavoidably inflicted by junior officers on their inferiors in rank, but
superiors in age and attainments. No Thin-Skinned Persons, endowed
with any Self Respect whatever, or animated in the least degree by the
Feelings of a Gentleman, need apply. For further particulars inquiry
may be made at Head Quarters.

Horse Guards, March 25, 1863. "

By ORDER.



ADVICE GRATIS.

Young Hopeful (to old Indian, whose digestion isn't first-rate). "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE—I'D RECOMMEND YOU TO GO WITH ME ACROSS COUNTRY THREE TIMES A WEEK. IT WOULD SOON PUT YOU TO RIGHTS!"

SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

DIED AT PAU, MARCH 11,
BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MARCH 25, 1863.

BLAZON another name upon the roll
Of those who for pure fame have nobly striven;
Cancel another life from off the scroll
Of lives to duty and true service given.

Such lives make up the coin of untold worth
With which our England buys the place she holds:
Now, like a prodigal, she flings them forth,
Now, miser-like, in red-taped parcels folds,

And hides away, unused, to fret and wear
With friction of the hand that counts, and rings,
But shrinks to spend, medals so fine and fair,
Till they waste down from grand to common things.

Sometimes, rare chance, this precious coin is ta'en
To purchase what no meaner wealth could buy,—
Some great renown, some conquest pure from stain,
Some sacrifice, whose lesson cannot die.

Then, and but then, we feel—whate'er our lack
In losing that which all around us craved,
That which the wealth of worlds can ne'er buy back—
What is well spent is better spent than saved.

One of these precious lives, gone to good end,
Was OUTRAM'S: from the time that he began
His soldier's service, never known to bend
From the straight course of true and noble man.

'Twas little that he fought his upward way
As one of many, knowing not of fear:

'Tis more, that poor and weak found him their stay,
That fierce tribes, at his bidding, dropped the spear.

For spade and sickle, owning him their chief,
Proving him just as generous, strong as kind:
From whom wrong suffered never lacked relief,
From whom wrong done its sure award would find.

Nor is it much that when war's work was slack,
Singly he braved the tiger in his lair,
And bleeding bore those bloody trophies back,
Which he, the winner, was the last to wear.

He faced worse foes than tigers driven to bay,
Wrong leaning upon power, injustice throned
In justice's high seat; for many a day
He fought that fight, single, unhelped, disowned,

But fearless in his faith, bearing his breast
Under the armour of a conscience pure;
True knight—with stainless shield and lance in rest,
That no gainsayer might for long endure.

What if he bore worse scars from that long fight
Than tigers' fangs or claws could leave behind?
He had done but his devoir: to uphold the right,
With health and wealth, life had been well resigned.

The strife was long, but victory was sure,
It came, and honour followed in its train.
The white face flushed, pain felt a sudden cure,
When duty bade him gird on sword again,

To strike between the living and the dead,
When England's hold on India seemed to fail
And tens 'gainst thousands stood, but no man fled,
And many felt despair, but few did quail.



GLADSTONE SALVE—FOR TENDER CONSCIENCES.

"THE INEQUALITIES AND ANOMALIES OF THE INCOME-TAX HAVE THIS ADVANTAGE; NAMELY, THAT THEY ARE UNDERSTOOD. THE BACK LEARNS TO ADAPT ITSELF TO THE BURDEN."—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons.*

THE MEANING.—"I MEAN, OF COURSE, THAT AS A MAN QUITE UNDERSTANDS THAT THE TAX IS UNEQUAL AND ANOMALOUS, HE ADAPTS THE BURDEN TO WHAT HE CONSIDERS THE POWERS OF HIS BACK."—*Literal Translation by Mr. Punch.*

Then, worthy chief of soldiers fit and proud
To follow such a lead, he clove his way
O'er the parched plains, through dust and cannon-cloud,
And, like the tigers he erst drove to bay,

Beat down and baffled that huge rebel host,
Not counting odds, and sternly hurled them back,
With set teeth and sharp steel, from post to post,
Cheering his Highland sleuth-hounds on the track.

Nor, save in toil, pre-eminence would claim,
Nor take one leaf of laurel for his own,
Giving to gallant HAVELOCK all the fame,
And holding high that worth so tardy known.

So modest and so manly to the last,
He saw the work well carried through, and when
The final fight was fought, and flung the cast
Of foiled Rebellion, he rested then

From labour and from life; both had kept time
With him from boyhood, and through manhood still;
He lived for labour, and deemed rest a crime,
So long as life found task-work to fulfil.

And then he died, and dead we laid him down,
With our departed great ones; in the grave:
Up the March sun lay a golden crown
Upon his coffin, in the Abbey nave.

And India sent her bravest and her best,
The hands that fought, the heads that thought and planned:
Grey CLEDE bent down to see his friend at rest,
KNAKE, POLLOCK, LAWRENCE, grasped each other's hand.

MACKENZIE tartans waved about the bier,
Twelve stalwart soldiers flanking either side,
Broad breasts, now knowing grief, that ne'er knew fear,
Bronzed faces, strange to tears they cannot hide.

Sleep on, brave heart, while rolling years increase
The slowly ripening harvest of thy fame;
Thy body here below is laid in peace,
In Heaven for evermore is writ thy name.

[FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.]

MR. PUNCH has received, from a thoroughly reliable source, the following probable result of another election in Greece, held in consequence of PRINCE ALFRED's inability to accept the polite invitation sent him:—

1. A Republic (*Triumvir*—MR. BRIGHT, LORD DUNDREARY, and MR. WHALLEY) . . . 0
 2. MR. BOUGICAULT (who will incorporate the "Colleen Bawn" in the Constitution, invest a few spare millions in the revival of the Isthmian Games, with sensational effects, and greatly reduced prices, and demand MR. FALCONER of the British Government) . . . 1*
 3. BISHOP COLEMAN (who after proving to his entire satisfaction that Athens never did, and does not, exist, resigns) . . . 0
 4. An Ethiopian Serenader (on this occasion, not a man and a brother, but receiving the immoral Support of Exeter 'All) . . . 0
 5. Several other people (between them) . . . 0
 6. LORD SHAFTESBURY (on the express understanding that a Greek Sunday shall commence precisely at half-past 12 on Saturday afternoon) . . . 0
 7. MR. SPURGEON (who will undertake the whole thing for £700 a year with a bonus, including his disavowing view apparatus and usual Sunday "harmony") . . . 1†
- And lastly, by universal acclamation MR. PUNCH (with unlimited powers)

85, Fleet Street, will not, however, be removed to the Areopagus. MR. PUNCH must leave this "eligible opportunity" open to some one else.

* Supposed to be his own.
† Same as No. 2.

To Members of the P. R.

P. R. (PUNCH REX) presents his compliments to the P. R. generally, and requests to be informed, whether Prize-fighters may be considered in the light of forgers, since they make coin out of their own mettle.

NEW LECTURE BY LORD DUNDREARY'S BROTHER.—SAM OR TROUT.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.



PORPHYRYGENESTIC PUNCH. See what I've found:—

ARMY EXAMINATIONS.—"HANWELL COLLEGE, Middlesex, is still retaining its high character."
—United Service Gazette.

They call it a College now. Would you like to know how its high character is retained on the establishment in consideration of so many years services? No? You shall.

Our Army examinations are conducted on the principles of the strictest neutrality and no money returned. You will find a report of our last Military Schools in the second edition of this day's curl-papers. I enclose them, labelled, "With care, this side up."

permost." As there is no charge for booking, I refuse to sign my name. Here is the extract:—

HANWELL COLLEGE.

Dated, Tuesday following (as if in a Procession).

Order of the Day.—The Examiners and two Oxford Moderators, with new wicks trimmed, were received at the door by Insurgents dancing up and retiring. They then proceeded to the Reading Room, where the Reading Biscuits held a *senior*, and after a game at football presented each of the students with a false nose, until further notice. They were then coughed down and hemmed into a corner.

The Candidates for the various prizes having been pinioned, the usual caution was given by the learned Judge, who had his mouth full of shrimps, chocolate drops, and hot potatoes.

At this point, the Bands of the Chaplain to the College broke into the room playing the Overture to RIMSKY'S "Vaporiser." The pupils were visibly affected, and for several minutes every one crawled about the floor condoling with one another secretly. The Examinations then proceeded.

QUESTIONS IN STRATEGICS.

Question 1. How do you do to-day?

Answer. M. or N. as the case may be (*dance and exit*), the prize was immediately given to this pupil, who paid dearly for it with his life, and it was then borne off in triumph by somebody else. In order to give effect to the scene, Cataracts of Shaving water were turned on in different parts of the garden, while dulcinera, in a state of asphyxia, simpered upon the hearth-rug.

QUESTIONS IN FORTIFICATIONS.

Question 1. Can you play the Boomerang with your eyelids? (*Hoar! Hoar! and cheers from the opposition*). The Candidate retired, indignantly whispering soft nothings into his left ear. The Military Authorities being now bowled out, the Navy Commissioners, riding at Anchor on magnificently caparisoned Towel-horses, made their appearance in the Gloaming.

1st Nautical Examiner (*speaking through Music*). Avast! How do you haul the mizen-main-top-gallant through the binnacle? Belay! (*Cries of shame!*) No answer having been returned, in consequence of the majority of votes, the company after partaking of peace-pudding in the coal-cellar, retired expressing themselves highly pleased with their rational and well-spent day.

Legal Queries.

WHY ought a Legal Lecture to be very comprehensive? Because it teaches what's *Tort* to a person everywhere.

Does a Vesting Order entitle you to a new coat at your tailor's? Yes, of course.

Faterfamilias writes to say, that having been asked, what was his idea of a Record of Issues, he replied by giving a list of his children. Was he right? Bah! We pity and despise him.

MISS FIFTA addresses us as Dear Mr. Punch, and intending to go to Law with some one, wishes to know how we manage to keep our own counsel. Miss, Hum! Yours, P.



ENRAGED LADY OF THE VEGETABLES (to our young friend whose Pickwick has gone out, and who proposes to light it at her lantern). "Not if I know it, young Gent; and you just walk on. My Cabbages 'll be none the better for the smell of Your'n."

A CRACK FOR A COLONEL.

COLONEL DUNNE, step forward. Salute your superior officer, GENERAL COMMANDER PUNCH; and, if you can, explain, Sir, what you meant by saying this the other evening, on occasion of the Vote for the Volunteer Service:—

"COLONEL DUNNE fully admitted the patriotism of the Volunteers, which appeared to be valued at 20s. per head. (*A Laugh.*) He believed Volunteers would be quite as ready to fight the enemies of their country as soldiers could be, but the virtues of the force were civil—not military. The great value of the movement was, that it taught the people how to assemble in masses in case of invasion. (*Hear, hear.*) In the meantime men were not made soldiers by clothing them in suits of blotting-paper, arming them with old muskets, or teaching them to take up four times as much ground as soldiers would do. (*Laughter.*)"

Is this language, Sir, becoming an officer and a gentleman? Pray, what right have you to sneer at Volunteers, holding as you do a commission from HER MAJESTY, by whom the Volunteers have been encouraged and approved? Do you pretend to know more than HER MAJESTY'S advisers (including GENERAL PUNCH), who have ever thought the movement worthy of support? It is a fool's taunt in you to jeer at the old muskets and blotting-paper uniforms with which, as you allege, our Volunteers are furnished. Pray, how long is it since the "Regulars" were similarly accoutred? and for the improvement there has been in this respect, you may mainly thank the outcry which was raised throughout the country through the influence of the Press. Now, both the country and the Press admire the Volunteers; and Army men, if they are wise (you will pardon the hypothesis that some of them may not be so), will abstain from casting ridicule upon a force which both the Country and the Press hold in respect.

Hear what a civilian has said upon the subject:—

"MR. W. WILLIAMS was astonished to hear members complain of an expenditure of £321,000 upon 160,000 men, while there were £14,000,000 asked for in connection with the maintenance of the regular Army, which numbered only 148,000 men. For his own part, he thought the Vote for the Volunteers constituted the most economical portion of the expenditure embraced in the Estimates. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Now, Colonel, is it not just possible that other civil persons may entertain this notion? And may it not just chance that if the Army choose to sneer at the bad clothes of Volunteers, the country may elect to reduce its Army Vote, and so prevent the kettle from calling the pot black?

A WRONG BY ITS RIGHT NAME.

LATELY, in the House of Commons, petitions, signed by tradesmen and others, from as many as half a dozen places, were presented, praying for the exemption from Income-Tax of all incomes up to and including £150 a-year. Even by commercial freedom of statement, tradesmen in making those returns on which their Income-Tax is to be assessed, cannot quite contrive to protect themselves from imposition.

But if these prayers for limitation of Income-Tax were granted, a gentleman with a snug little fortune of £5000 in the Three Per Cent. Consols, would be exempt from Income-Tax, whereas a curate, holding his situation at the nod of a rector, receiving an annual stipend of £80, and £70 Os. 0^d. more in alms from charitable parishioners, would be liable to that confiscation of earnings inflicted by force of Schedule D.

The consequence, therefore, of granting the request of the petitioners above referred to, would perhaps be not quite in sufficient accordance with equity and common sense.

Another petition, however, was presented on the same evening by MR. HUBBARD. Its subscribers were the President and Censors of the Royal College of Physicians; the President and Vice-Presidents of the Royal College of Surgeons, and more than 1000 physicians and surgeons practising in the Metropolis. It asked for a re-adjustment of the Income-Tax as between industrial earnings and the products of property. Now this is a demand which the Legislature might possibly concede. For the Parliamentary intellect might discover that it is reasonable, and the Parliamentary conscience might awake to the perception that it is just, and that the Act of Parliament which taxes earnings and the products of property at the same rate is an Act of Robbery. Some ticket-of-leave men reform. It is possible that Legislators, who are mostly men of property, will consent to tax the products of their own property at a rate proportionate to that which they impose on the earnings that constitute the whole property of other people. It is not likely.

Parliament enacted an Income and Property-Tax. Parliamentary men of property, and others, pay the Income-Tax only; a tax upon income the mere product of their property. Surgeons and physicians, living

on their fees, and all other people who subsist on earnings subject to taxation, pay the Property-Tax, or rather the Property and Income-Tax too; because they are taxed on an income of earnings and own no property but what they earn.

These truisms may serve to amuse the leisure of those capitalists, in and out of Parliament, who see the force of them, but feel that their own power exceeds it, and can afford to laugh at them.

Accuracy, in the mean time, requires that the Income and Property-Tax should cease to be called simply the Income-Tax. If a short popular name for it is wanted, let the name of the tax express its nature in its incidence on the people at large. Call it the Income-Theft.

ANGLE-CAN DIFFICULTIES.

IN consequence of DR. NEWMAN having lately reappeared before the public by a letter concerning the Jowettetters case, we have received many communications upon the subject which forms the heading to this paragraph. These "Angle-can," or as we may term them Fishing-can "difficulties" have been placed in the hands of a very well read-backle who has favoured us with the following notes:—A thorough knowledge of music is not absolutely necessary in playing a trout. This fish may be played in Dee but never in sea. The best Latin work on Angling is that, by CICE-RO, (hard or soft roe is not known, but he was a noble Roe-man), entitled *De Offshis*. Most military men, by which is meant the major part of them, are lovers of this sport. This remark, however, does not apply to the Guards, but only to the regiments of the line. A ram-rod is provided by Government. Any one can receive instruction in the art of angling by a professional. *Tempus fugit* is a Latin motto, and no Poet ever used "time flies" at the end of a line. All classes affect the sport. When butchers amuse themselves with this pastime, they go out fishing with a rod made of joints, and a line of mutton. All books upon angling can be obtained at Hookem's Library; but the student who looks to attain proficiency, must on no account neglect the study of Old ISAAC WALTON, whom posterity has rightly christened the judicious Hooker.

ONE FOOL MAKES MANY.



DR. BATTLEDORE'S NERVE LOZENGE, prepared from his popular remedy for nervousness. Sold in boxes, 1s. 14d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., by all respectable Chemists in the United Kingdom. "A Few Words on Nervousness," with testimonials.

We can picture to ourselves the development of a species of physical courage by a regular course with TOM SAYERS, but this nostrum for the production of moral force is something quite new. Doubtless many a nervous Paterfamilias, during the recent Garotte movement, has gone out fully armed with his lozenge and life-preserver, while the most timid of the softer sex, fortified by a judicious outlay of 1s. 14d., has boldly taken a return ticket by the Underground Line, utterly reckless of asphyxia. It is a pity that the "testimonials" alluded to are suppressed, for possibly they would furnish enough daring to produce another complete set of Champions of Christendom, while doubtless we should find, were names to be disclosed, that many a leading man owes his exalted position solely to a vigorously sustained dose of the above. A few letters expressive of satisfaction would probably cause a regular run on DR. BATTLEDORE; we offer the following as specimens to guide him in his selection:—

"SIR, "I FEEL a few lines from my pen will prove simply invaluable to you. I have much pleasure in crowning the reputation of your Lozenge with my testimony as to its efficacy. I had, in the earlier portion of my career, perhaps a foolish tendency to hang back a little, though I can assure you I was thoroughly conscious that my position was far in front; three four-and-sixpenny boxes of your remedy have quite removed this slight hesitation, and now I announce myself to the public, as I ought to have done long since, as A. I. Thanks to the tone your invention has imparted to me, I am about to enter into negotiations with the Government for the construction of a gigantic Auditorium at Trafalgar Square. The column will stand, though NELSON, for obvious reasons, will be removed. I have also in hand a sensation drama, in which the fountains will possibly be introduced. I need hardly add that I have embarked a few spare millions in the affair.

"Yours ever, "D—N B—T."

"P.S. Send me a few of your boxes, say 250."

"DEAR SIR, "The Tabernacle, or at the 'Elephant and Castle.' "CICERO, in his *Thucydides*, has said *omni ignotium*. Now if he had only had a box of your Lozenges—well, never mind CICERO, here is my testimonial to their excellence. When younger I was occasionally troubled with some scruples as to the advisability of treating sacred matters in a sportive light. After a box or two of your specific,

I found this humbug give way. I attribute the result partly to your remedy, and partly to the very great houses I have drawn weekly; the latter have stimulated me to great lengths.

"Gushingly yours,

"C. H. S—N."

"The Secretary of the Anti-Sunday Recreation Society requests that DR. BATTLEDORE will forward immediately (not by excursion train) at least half a ton for the use of the Bishops, to enable their Lordships to face the storm of ridicule they have recently raised."

Something in the style of the above would no doubt give the Lozenge a world-wide reputation, while an appeal could be made to "People about to Marry," "Readers of Five-Act Tragedies," "Husbands with Mothers-in-Law;" in fact, to all whose position demands no ordinary stock of moral courage.

A PROPOSED REFORM ACT.

BUT by bit reform may be acceptable to some timid folks, but Mr. PUNCH's noble and capacious mind repudiates such make-shifts. He desires to make a clean sweep of all kinds of offences whatsoever, and he strongly suggests to the Legislature that instead of trying to pass, with infinite clamour and confused inarticulate noises, a heap of little bills for making people good, sober, church-going, pleasant-respecting, non-garotting, frugal, and grammatical by Act of Parliament, that body should deal with such questions in a lump, and start us all fair. He recommends some such Bill as this:—

AN ACT for Improving the Public generally.

Preamble.

WHEREAS it is expedient that Every Body should behave himself properly:

BE IT ENACTED, and it is hereby Enacted by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled,

Every person shall be good.

1. THAT, from and after the first day of April, 1863, every person in HER MAJESTY'S dominions shall conduct himself with strict morality, decorum, and wisdom.

Every person who is not good shall be hanged.

2. THAT any infraction of this Act shall be treated as a capital felony, and punished accordingly.

New coinage.

3. THAT in commemoration of the New Reformation to be produced by this Act, a new coinage shall be struck, bearing on one side the effigy of Mr. PUNCH, and on the other the words *Astrea Reducit*.

End of Parliament.

4. THAT laws being unnecessary after the passing of this Act, Parliaments shall finally cease, and the New Palace shall vest in the Trustees of the British Museum.

Name of New Era.

5. THAT the New Era thus to be commenced shall bear, and be upon all occasions known by, the name of the Golden Age.

Exception.

6. THAT the provisions of this Act shall not extend to that part of the Pope's dominions called Ireland, but that district shall be handed over to the Metropolitan Police, who will not be needed in London.

Exception.

7. THAT the word "wisdom" in the first clause of this Act shall not apply to the following persons, namely, Mr. Cox, Wearers of Crinoline, Convocation, the Commissioners of the late International Exhibition, and non-subscribers to PUNCH, if any exist.

Act may not be altered.

8. THAT this Act may not be altered during the present Session, or at any time by any person whatsoever, except Mr. PUNCH.

Believe us, our Lords and Gentlemen, you will find the passing such an Act much easier than, and quite as effectual as, nine-tenths of the legislature with which you are now afflicting the public.

THE CAPABILITY OF THE CITY.

MR. NORRIS, M.P., who is also a Member of the Common Council, referring, in the latter assembly of collective wisdom, to a return, which he has moved for in the former, of the names and number of persons who were killed on the occasion of the lying in state of the Great DUKE OF WELLINGTON's mortal part, is reported to have observed that:—

"If the accidents on that occasion were of a preventible character, some blame might attach to the City Police in reference to their arrangements for the Royal reception, but if they were not preventible, then, perhaps, the City might claim to be exempted from reflection."

Perhaps, MR. NORRIS? Certainly, Sir, whether or no. The arrangements for the Royal reception plainly show that the City is incapable of reflection. What it ought to be exempted from is the trouble of making any arrangements requiring the exercise of that faculty.



[CANINE.]

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER!"

Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER! WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"

MORE BRISTOL DIAMONDS.

WELL said, old Bristol! When a man, or a city has done a good thing, why should either pretend to be unaware of the merit? It is *Mr. Punch's* unceasing consciousness of the good things he does and says which gives to his countenance that beatific expression so much admired by the lovers of the Beautiful. Thus saith Bristol, through her *Mirror*:-

"And when, at their leisure, the Prince and Princess look through the long list of cities that vied to do them honour, they will perceive that the somewhat grip but strong and sturdy old Bristol joined in the demonstration with warm heart and sound lungs. And when the Prince brings his bride into the West, where we have something to show her that nature has done for us, and something that we have done for ourselves, it shall go hard but we will let her hear something more in the same key."

On the same quay, we suppose the gallant writer meant, but we won't dispute about orthography. We did not, however, make the extract for the purpose of criticism, but because in the next paragraph there is a very decently conceived answer to diverse Frenchmen and others who have been pleased to turn up their ridiculous noses, (as pigs do in a thunderstorm) and to wonder why England delivered herself over to enthusiasm, "because a young girl came from Denmark to marry a young man in England." The French, by the way, are nice people to jeer at popular excitement, when an expected procession of ten dirty priests and seven small boys with incense pots, will keep ten thousand Frenchmen in the east wind for five hours. Here, Frenchmen, we can't be bothered with answering you, but take this from Bristol, which, as some of your better educated classes may know, is a sea-port in Yorkshire between Birkenhead and the North Foreland, where the unfortunate young poet, CHASTERTONE, was poisoned by SIR ROBERT WALFOL, by desire of old ROWLEY, otherwise CHARLES THE SECOND:-

"Let it be our answer to any one of another nation, or another time, who may wonderfully read the record of how the three kingdoms blazed out like a beacon

A WIFE AND NO ENCUMBRANCE.

WANTED, by a Philosopher, to Marry, a GOOD PLAIN GIRL, with or without Money; for choice with, to any amount. By Plain, the Advertiser does not mean Ugly, but simply middling; neither unsightly nor having any beauty to lose, and therefore likely to be little altered for the worse by time. Ugliness, however, will be no absolute disqualification; and here is an opportunity for many a young lady of ample fortune, whose hand may never hitherto have been solicited by any trustworthy suitor. The wife for the advertiser must, nevertheless, be well built, thoroughly healthy, prepared to take long walks, and, unless she bring a great addition to his pecuniary resources, to get about independent of cabs and omnibuses.

She will not need to have been much educated, if willing to learn, and capable of applying general principles to particular cases; no one who does not understand what this means need apply. Must be, or be determined to become, well versed in cookery and needle-work. Accomplishments will be acceptable, but are not expected; and good taste in matters of art, as for instance music, will be infinitely preferred to executive ability, which can seldom be maintained after marriage, and even then affords very limited amusement.

She must be prepared to live quite cheerfully without the least indulgence of vanity in case narrow circumstances forbid all gratification of that weakness. Must be disposed gladly to concur in practising economy, when required, by the retrenchment of ostentation in preference to the sacrifice of comfort. Must be resolutely set against yielding gregarious obedience to absurd or inconvenient fashions, manners, and customs. Passion for dress and finery still not in the least objected to, if quite subordinate to prudence, and aiming to excite only the admiration of her husband, and not at all to attract that of anybody else.

It is to be understood that all Relations shall be subject to summary exclusion, if troublesome. A Friendless Orphan preferred. No arrangement will be possible entailing a Mother-in-Law.

Applications, of which those only that are sufficiently promising will receive any attention, may be addressed to "EPICUREUS," *Punch's* Office, under Cover inclosing a Photograph and Two or More Postage Stamps.

QUESTION FOR ANY SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—Can a Lobster rise above its sauce?

and rang out with a chorus upon occasion of the marriage of the Prince with the Lady of Denmark. This has been no burst of folly, like that with which America was wont to hail alike a patriot, a fiddler, a dwarf, or a quack, simply in the way of sensation. There is a method in our madness, and when we deliver ourselves over to our enthusiasm, and the sky is red with our bonfires and resonant with our shouts, the world may rely upon it that we know what we are about. And in the rejoicings of the first people of the world over the wedding of our young Prince with his fair Dane, we have signified not only our love for that proud and noble pair, but also our love for our QUEEN, and for the system which she administers so well, and of which the young couple will long be more than content to be the choicest ornament."

There, take that, and trouble us no more with your Palais Royal bomb.

A CUT AT A MAN'S CHARACTER.

If New York were London, what would the reader say on reading the annexed paragraph in the *New York Herald*?

"DR. COLENSO IN HOLYWELL STREET.—A Correspondent states that, having had occasion recently to pass through Holywell Street, he observed, prominent in a bookseller's window in that infamous thoroughfare, a tract purporting to be a defence of DR. COLENSO. He adds that DR. COLENSO can boast of being the only Bishop whom Holywell Street delighteth to honour."

Probably the remark of our indignant reader would be, that the *New York Herald*, by inserting the above-quoted insinuation against BISHOP COLENSO in its columns, had blackened even them, befouled dirt itself, and surpassed the noisome of all the personalities that have ever earned JAMES GORDON BENNETT a horse-whipping. But there is no art in the slander of the *New York Herald*. It is not a religious journal. The foregoing example of sanctified innuendo is extracted from the *Record*.

EVIDENT.—The original idea that gave rise to the novel *Aurora Floyd*, was first suggested to the talented Authoress by the *Aurora Borealis*.



Old Mr. Gaffer, disappointed by his model at the eleventh hour, bravely finishes his "Old Applewoman Knitting" from himself—and a Capital piece of Painting it is.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

THE following were omitted last week at the Vote Office, by a clerk who lost the list at the Illuminations:—

LORD RAYHAM.—Bill for better defence of henpecked husbands, with claws for nagging.

SIR GEORGE GREY.—Return of all burglars transported, or half-seas over, and of stray pug-dogs, and lost parrots. (Unopposed.)

Second Reading of the Pennywise Act, with Saving Clause for Cheese-parings and Candle-ends.—**MR. WILLIAMS.**

Bill to cut down Growing Abuses, Prune Redundant Salaries, and put a Stop to Printing.

In Committee of Supply.—That all Tailors' Bills be Discharged. Provisions to be made for Supper Parties.

LORD R. MONTAGUE.—Amendments on Appropriation Bill; to appoint Select Committee on the Morality of Lent Umbrellas, and for Inquiry into Friendly Societies for the better use of Clubs in Ireland upon proper heads.

MR. NEWDEGATE.—To ask the Home Secretary if it is true that he dined with a Man with a Roman Nose, and partook of a leg of mutton with a Pope's Eye in it, while a Frenchman has taken Italy like a boot and put his foot in it.

SIR J. PAKINGTON.—That it be referred to the Small Arms Committee, to inquire if our Men-of-War are short-handed.

To be laid on the table of the House for discussion at 7 P.M., Wine Measures, Glass, Salt, Pickle, and Iron Plates Report. Sandwich Island Treaty, Coffee, and Bonded Pigtail.

MESSERS. STAPLES to appear at the Bar for the **SPEAKER'S** Orders.

Second Reading of Bills.—Grosvenor Square, Gasometer, Chemical, Guano, and Dye Works. (To be discharged.)

Hyde Park Central Brick Kiln and Gunpowder Association, with power to use the timber for charcoal.

Belgrave Square, Pork-pickling, Bone-boiling, and Odorous Catgut Manufacturing Company (Limited).

Bill to Consolidate Acts for all Theatres—referred to Members upstairs to take steps to put Rope-dancers on a better footing, and to Suspend all Acts on the Flying Trapeze.

Ground View-Stopping, Park-Spoiling, House-Tumbling, People-Bothering, and General Smashing-up Association.

Members below the gangway to keep their Seats, Vote right, and not turn round too often, or they will get Dizzy at the head, and be sent to the Country.

GLORIA MUNDI.

It really appears to us that there is a good deal of truth in the allegation advanced by the Corporation of London as one of their six excuses for the failure of their police arrangements on the 7th ultimo, that there was an "enormous increase of the number of the populace," who squeezed themselves into the narrow streets of the City, owing to the refusal of the Government to let the **LORD MAYOR** and his retinue ride at the head of the Royal procession beyond Temple Bar. It is true that the crowd expected to see the **LORD MAYOR** in all his glory, an expectation in which they were sorely disappointed, but which no doubt was an immense attraction to them. Recollect that the glory of the **LORD MAYOR**, in full blaze, is about as great as any glory which consists chiefly in laced jackets, pictorial canvas, top-knots, shoulder-knots, prancing horses, and parti-coloured servants and super-numeraries strutting, drumming, and trumpeting. The anticipation of a **LORD MAYOR'S** Show, limited to the City, no doubt contributed a multitude of admirers of pageantry to cram the City. There is nothing absurd in the civic dignitaries' estimate of the rush which the British public would probably make to stare at them, however ludicrous their splendour may appear in the sight of some who cannot, and in that of some others who can, appreciate the magnificence of a Beadle.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ONE of the chief duties falling to the lot of the **BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR** is to confirm the News arriving by the Indian Mail.

HERALDIC BEARINGS.—The income of **LORD DARNLEY** is mainly derived from a property at the Needles.

AN OPERATIC ECLOGUE.



Damas Mr. GYE.
Menelaus Mr. MAPLESON.
Palamon Mr. PUNCH.

Punch. Sing, GYE, and thou, O MAPLESON, rehearse
Thy singers' fame in smooth Virgilian verse;
While I at ease enjoy my morning smoke,
And weigh the merits of each vocal bloke.

Gye. That word sounds masculine, but *place aux dames*:
My *prime donne* sure must bear the palm.
Say who can match my charming ADELINA,
As fair *Amina*, or as sweet *Zerlina*?
All other songsters must to her give place,
For vocal sweetness and for girlish grace.
My little PATTI all the world must own
The nicest little party ever known.

Map. For me great TIETJENS deigns this year to sing,
And countless myriads to my doors will bring.
Now GRISI's gone, who is there that will dare
As *Norma* with my TIETJENS to compare?

Who in *Les Huguenots* is half so fine
As she who comes to be my *Valentine*?

Gye. TIETJENS to thee reluctantly I yield,
But hast thou e'er my sweet CARVALHO heard?
Say hast thou e'er my sweet CARVALHO heard?
My FRICCI too, who warbles like a bird?
Then for contralto parts who is there, pray,
That can compete with deep-toned DIDIER?

Map. Vain boaster, cease! I'll bet an even pony
She ne'er will hold a candle to ALBONI.

ALBONI's voice must drive all rivals crazy,—
Gye. Yes, but you must allow she's sadly lory.

Map. Then whom with my TREDELLI can you match?
And my LEMAIR?

Gye. I'm sure she's no great catch.
Map. You're very rude; but I DE RUDA boast.

Gye. I've RUDERSDOFF, who's ever at her post,
And if you come to *débütantes*, my buck,
My PAULINE LUCCA ought to bring me luck.

DEMI, I've DEMI too.

Map. My GYE, don't swear.
Gye. DEMI, I don't; I'm merely naming her.

Map. Leave we the ladies now, and say, O GYE,
With my GIUGLINI who of yours can vie?

Which of your tenors sings so sweet, so high?

Gye. As is the rose than buttercups more sweet,
So doth my MARIO your GIUGLINI beat:
As doth the lark outsoar the humble bee,
So lifts my TAMERLIK his high chest C.
He, when he tries a high-pitched note to sing,
Fills the pleased house and makes the rafters ring.

Map. My DELLE SEDIE as a bass is known;

Gye. He's not a bass: he's but a baritone.

Map. My SAWILEY is a finished singer now.

Gye. Yes, but his name is English, you'll allow.

Map. BARAGLIA, ROSSI, BERTACCHI, BETTINI,

BAGAGIOLLO, GAMBINO, ZUCCHINI,

GAMBETTI, FRICCA, SOLDI, CARANINI—

Gye. Not one of them can equal my ROMONI.

Besides I've FORMES, PHILAR, FERNEST,

CAPPONI, ZELGER, OTTY, and LUCCHEST,

CIAMPI, NAUDIE, GRAZIANI, ROSSI,

NERI-BARALDI, FAURE, and PATRONIST.

Map. My brave ROVERE I have yet to name:

Gye. My TAGLIAFICO is more known to fame.

Map. My VIALETTI too—

Gye.

Map. And my FAGOTTI—

Gye.

Map. The skilled ARDITI will conduct my band,

Who are well practised to obey his hand,

Start at his nod, and come at his command.

Gye. As doth the column in Trafalgar Square,

O'er top the fountains feebly squirting there:

So COSTA doth all rivals far excel.

COSTA, whose praise no pen can fairly tell,

COSTA, on whom I ever have relied,

COSTA, my friend, my hope, my joy, my pride!

Punch. Contend no more, who can the loudest aqual,

But send me every night a box or stall:

Thus I the palm of merit may award.

Meanwhile, let's liquor. Both I look toward!

PAM'S INCUBUS ON ITALY.

WHAT a wonderful difference there is between Scotland and Ireland! After dinner, at Edinburgh, in acknowledging the toast of his health, our illustrious PAM took occasion to say:—

"We have recently given our moral influence to the Italians who were struggling for freedom. There is unfortunately an incubus which weighs on part of that beautiful and noble land, on the part which ought to be the capital of the kingdom."

It was unnecessary for the noble speaker to explain to an intelligent audience that the incubus to which he alluded was the Old Man of the See called St. Peter's. The first of European statesmen then proceeded to make, for the benefit of those who are keeping the Incubus on its place on Italy's bosom, the remarks which are thus reported:—

"I cannot believe that error and wrong can be everlasting. I cannot but believe that truth and justice must in the end prevail; and, therefore, much as I lament the shorn position of the Italian kingdom, I cannot but believe that a brighter time is in store for it, and that a time will come when all those who are concerned in regulating its destinies will feel that it is for their advantage, as well as for the advantage of the Italians, that Italy should be in full possession of its capital. (Great cheering, the whole company rising to their feet and joining in the expression of approval of the sentiments expressed by the noble Viscount.)"

Suppose the assembly to which PAM addressed the foregoing utterance of aspirations for Italian liberty, instead of having been composed of Edinburgh citizens, had consisted of certain other subjects of HER MAJESTY, who call themselves hereditary bondsmen, and do, in fact inherit bondage under the incubus which LORD PALMERSTON mentioned. Wouldn't they have started to their feet too; but with shouts how different from hip, hip, hooray! Immense and hideous would have been the howling of the yahoos. As it is, no doubt, they will howl frightfully enough when the eloquence above transcribed is repeated to them.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is represented by MR. KINGLAKE to derive political inspirations from Havana cigars. He had better put our PREMIER's hint, to "all those who are concerned in regulating the destinies" of Italy, in his pipe, and smoke it.

In the meanwhile, the Romans, and rest of the Italians, between them, might do something towards making PAM's prophecy, touching the rightful capital of Italy, come true. Why don't they concur in a formal protest, to be published in the face of Europe, against the election, by a constituency of Cardinals, of any successor to the present Incubus; of any new Incubus in a Triple Hat, to squat on their country's breast, when the Incubus which now squats there shall have been gathered to its predecessors?

JUDGES OF MUSIC.



position we can, of course, very naturally account for the absence of the public from other parts of the house besides the stage.

Clerk of Arraigns. EFFIE DEANS!
Effie. Here.

(Chord.)

[CLERK reads the indictment, during which the fiddles play a pianissimo tremolosissimo movement.]

Clerk (recitative). Prisoner at the bar (trrrrrum—chord on double bass), how say you (trrrrrum trrrrrum trrrrrum), are you guilty (trrrrrum) or not guilty? (trrrrrum).

Prisoner (catching the idea, hitting upon the note and continuing the recitative). Not guilty! (Trum trum!)

[Arpeggio movement, while the COUNSEL for the PROSECUTION obliges his Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury with an Aria.]

And so on. This of course gives any stranger an excellent idea of either the Scotch, Irish, or English mode of conducting a trial.

Is not Mr. Next-door-to-all-the-parksicault's idea worth some further consideration? Why should not the Prosecution and the Defence be each a medley of popular tunes? Might not a reluctant witness pleasantly refresh his memory by listening to the Judge's bell-like notes? To what a splendid quartette we might be treated by the four Judges sitting in banco, with banjo, accordion, bones and tambourine complete!

How appropriately could the learned Judge address the twelve intelligent gentlemen in this strain:—

"Sally come up."

Shall I sum up,
And shall I come down
With points of Law the most profound,
A puzzling case to you 'twill sound;
So shall I sum up the riddle?

Then for the defence, the well-known air of "Billy Taylor" would form an admirable vehicle for the address:—

Song.—Counsel for the Defence.

Air—"Billy Taylor."

May it please you, my Lud—hem!—gentlemen of the Jury,
In all my professional experience, I say,
I never knew so harrowing a tale, I do assure ye,
As that of my poor client whom I represent to-day.

(Applying his handkerchief to his eye.) Tiddy fol de iddy fol de ido rido.

Jurymen (turning to one another doubtfully.) Tiddy fol de iddy fol de ido rido.

Counsel (appealingly.) Tiddy fol de iddy fol de ido rido.

Every one in Court (except the Judge, who keeps time with his feet.) Tiddy fol de iddy fol de ido day.

The witnesses might select for their evidence such tunes as "We met," "When first I saw sweet Peggy," both of which could be given by way of detailing individual reminiscences.

The Jury on answering to their names, should sing LOCKE's music in *Macbeth*, where Hecate summons the spirits. "Here!" "Here!" "Here!" "Here!" would come in capitally. When unanimous in their verdict of "Guilty," the cheerful eleven led, by their foreman could jovially announce their opinion to the Court, thus:—

Chorus!

*All (singing and shaking their heads seriously). For He's (alluding to the Prisoner) a jolly bad fellow,
For He's a jolly bad fellow,
For He's a jolly bad fellow!*

(Bowing to the Judge.) And so say all of us.
It's a way we have on the Jury, &c. &c.,
When the verdict we have found.

These hints are equally applicable to the Vice-Chancellors' Courts. We now offer plans for the further simplification and ornamentation of Chancery Practice; LORD WESTBURY will, we are sure, catch the notion 'at once, and then it is for the virtuous Chancellor to correct his Vices.

A NASTY TEAM TO DRIVE.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE A. D.—B.—I.

It's very hard, and so it is,

To handle such a team,
Three blind 'uns and a bolter, whips
Used troublesome to deem,
In days before your four-in-hands
Had knuckled down to steam.

But what was such a team to that,
As I have got to tool?
With BESTINCK, for off-whacker there,
As stubborn as a mule—
A kicker when his blood is up,
A biter when he's cool.

And with him, for near-whacker, think
What NEWDEGATE's to steer;
His anti-papal blinkers may
Swell-dragmen's notions queer;
But bless you, if you took 'em off,
Dooce knows how high he'd rear.

Look at them leaders—DERBY allies,
And MALMESBURY he jibs;
And both on 'em they lashes out
At one another's ribs—
They'd kill each other if they warn't
Poled off at separate cribs.

There we go—each a different way—
That's the way to get 'ome!
BESTINCK to bolt down each old road
Pulls till he's all a foam,
And blest if NEWDEGATE don't think
That all roads leads to Rome.

It's easy games to list a chap
Up on the drivin' seat,
And clap the ribbons in his 'ands,
And tog him nice and neat,
To give the drag a lick of paint,
And ciphers all complete.

But paint and ciphers, coats of arms,
And plated 'arness gay,
They ain't the style o' thing that makes
A coachin' business pay,
It's how you horses the concern,
And keeps your time o' day.

But here we're horsed with lame and blind
With rearer, roarer, bolter,
Or country bred 'uns, only fit
To tug at a plough-coulter,
And then we works the rough old roads,
And ain't each rut a jolter!

Through quarrollin' with old BOB PEEL
I left the old yard, d'ye see,
And a fool I was to join the Op-
Position Companie!
For I don't like them I'm working for,
And blest if they like me.

Curious Fact in Natural History.

THE existence of Sea Horses has long been denied by naturalists. They may now be seen on the coast of England, having been tamed by the breakers on the shore.



First Juvenile. "MY WORD, FRED. ISN'T BESSIE TRAVERS A STUNNING GIRL?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, FOR MY PART, I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT CHITS. NOW THE MOTHER'S A FINE WOMAN, IF YOU LIKE. SHE'S MORE IN MY WAY!"

HAWBUCK'S EASTER HOLIDAY.

As I was a gwion up yander
Where the lambs has'd zo lovely to hear,
As they arter the old ewes did wander,
There come by a young Volunteer.
I says to un, I says:—"Easter Monday,
Bist thee gwion to that there Review?"
"Ees, I be," a says, "ca'st'n't spare one day
From thy labour and toil, and come too?"

"Well, what is the doouns at Brighton
Expected," I says, "for to be?
Is there gwion to be any ahm-fightun,
Or what else as a feller med zee?"
Says he: "What the newspapers mentions
Is all as we've got to goo by;
So you, as to present intentions,
Knows jest as much on 'um as I."

Says I:—"You've ben marchun and drillun
So long now, you bairn't, I suppose,
Your friends in no danger o' killun,
When you blazes at makebelieve foes.
In case you was firun a volley,
And I was a gaapun at you,
Meddn't I be sarved out for my folly,
With a ramrod your gizzard shot droo?"

"Yaa, not thee," I says, "thee cosn't never
Droo thy gizzard no ramrod has shot;
There bairn't no fear o' that whatsomedever,
Any more nor o' Gunpowder Plot.
Them as will come too close to our muzzles,
Now and then gets a crack wi' a wad;
A feller's head their stupidness puzzles:
But we ain't a got no awkward squad."

"Well," I says, "'tis a pleasant excursion,
And a dull life's all work and no play.
Now and then we requires some diversion;
And we don't kill a pig every day."
So I made up my mind to gie over
The care of the sheep and the swine,
And for one day to turn a wild rover,
In a trip on the Zouthern quoaast line.

No money nor time I begridges
Spent on zeeun o' them Volunteers;
For when I be told how steam bridges
The Channel, they quiets my fears.
It give me a gurt satisfaction
To zee sitch a gallant turn out;
And all their mancovers in action
Would be just as productive, no doubt.

Comeun back in the train all delighted
Wi' the scene we had witnessed that day,
Beun mostly a bit double-sighted,
Rule Britannier we zung all the way.
I got home wi' no ramrod abidun
In my gizzard, or hole in my skin,
There was nothun but good cheer inzide un,
And the few quarts o' beer I zucked in.

St. James's to Wit!

Is case any more tickot-of-leave men try to get presented at Court,
would it not be fitting (supposing them to have been thieves) that they
should be presented by the Groom of the Stole?

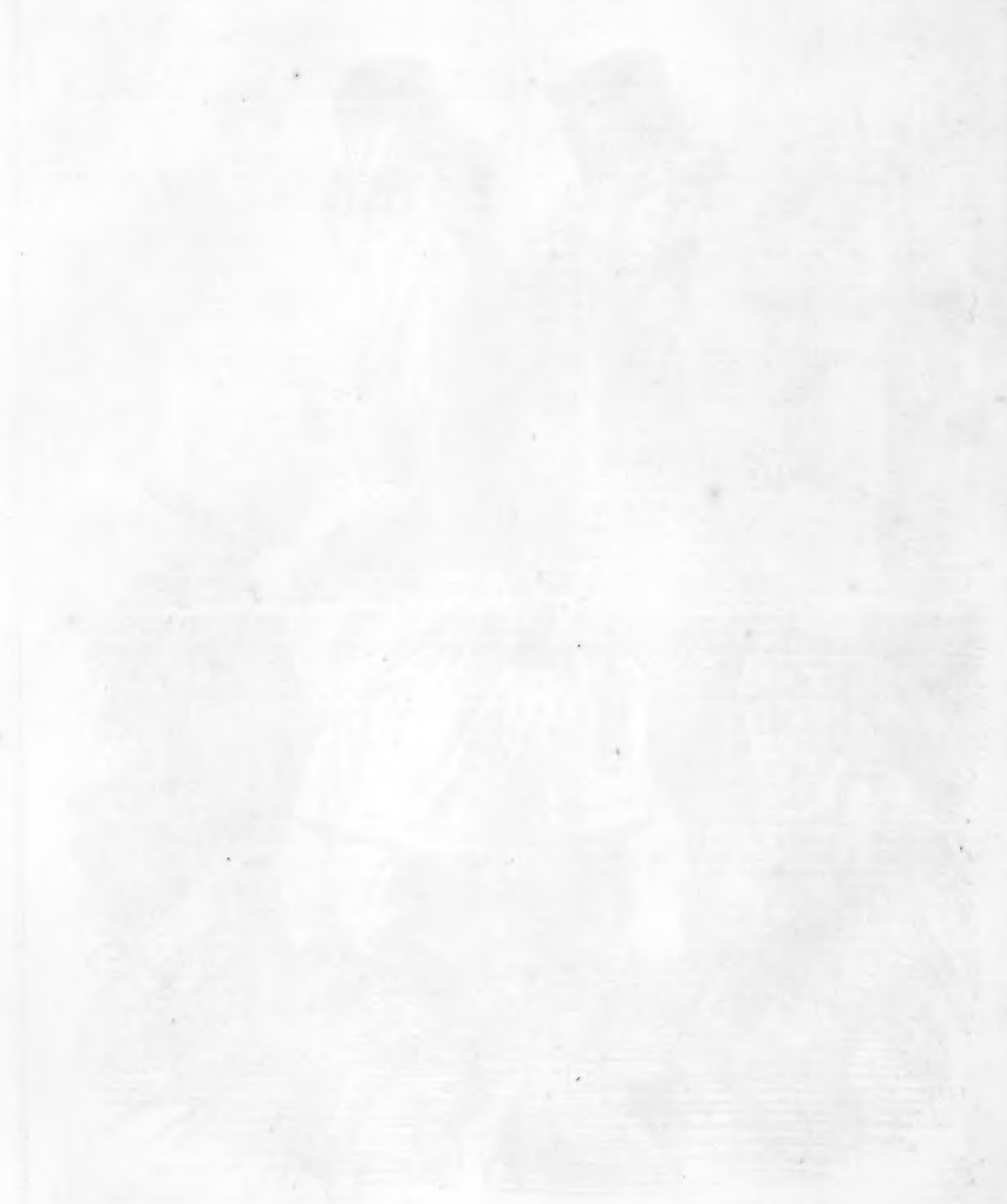
CONUNDRUM FOR THE MAIDS OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

WHY is a thickly sugared apple-pie like a lover? Because it's a
sweet-tart.



THE CITY POLICE.

MAGOG. "I SAY, BROTHER GOG, THEY SEEM TO THINK WE AIN'T NO SORT O' USE."



THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND IN PROSE.

(To CARDINAL WISEMAN.)



MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL,—I am, as it were, a young man from the country, but you don't get over me. Not that I mean for a moment to insinuate that you, personally, are capable of trying to humbug your humble servant, or would be if you thought you saw anything green in his eye. On the contrary, it is not your Eminence but his Impudence—the Impudence of an anonymous correspondent—that has been guilty of making so audacious and so desperate an attempt at imposition. Yes, my Lord Cardinal, somebody with subtlety only inferior to his brass has actually been trying to palm off upon Me a Hoax at Your expense. The would-be deceiver has forwarded me the annexed certificate surmounted by your Eminence's coat-of-arms and motto:—

"WE hereby approve of this Translation of 'THE GLORIES OF MARY,' and cordially recommend it to the Faithful.

✠ NICHOLAS CARD. WISEMAN,

"Archbishop of Westminster."

'Given at Westminster on the Feast of Saint Alphonsus de Liguori, A.D. 1862."

The leaf whereon these words are printed came to me pinned to an alleged extract from the work named in them—a sort of book which I never read, engrossed as I necessarily am in acquiring useful knowledge. By affixing your name and mark to this production, my crafty correspondent seeks to make me imagine that you have pronounced it to be "the cheese" of which he sends me a taste. Could he find, besides, no more suitable name than that of our lovely PRINCESS OF WALES to adorn a tale as comical as that of the Sea Serpent? I am, then, invited to believe that your Eminence has endorsed the ensuing fudge:—

THE ANIMATED HEAD.

"FATHER EUSEBIUS NIKENBERG says that in a city of Aragon, there was a beautiful young lady of noble birth, named ALEXANDRA, who was courted by two young men. Out of jealousy, they one day fought, and both were killed. Their enraged relatives considering the young lady as the cause of this sad event, murdered her, cut off her head, and threw it into a well. Some days afterwards, St. Dominic passing by the spot, went to the well, and cried out, 'ALEXANDRA, come forth!' In an instant the head of the murdered woman came up, and remained on the edge of the well, and entreated the Saint to hear her confession."

There is no incident in the life of MR. HOMS, nor in the adventures of *Baron Munchausen*, to compare with this incident in the life or in the death, or between the death and the life of ALEXANDRA OF ARAGON.

In dreams we often accept the wildest impossibilities without surprise. Saints, however, are accustomed to visions, in which they do not lose their heads, or fancy that they are addressed by those which have been chopped off the trunks of other people. St. Dominic, even if perchance he had dreamt that the severed head of ALEXANDRA had accosted him on the edge of a well, would surely have been somewhat queered; whereas, when it actually invited him, wide awake, to confess her, he never expressed the slightest wonder; but, according to the fable which your Eminence is shamefully asserted to have fathered—

"The Saint did so, and in the presence of an immense concourse of people, drawn there by the wonderful event, gave her communion. He then commanded her to say for what reason she had received so great a grace. ALEXANDRA replied, that when her head was cut off, she was in mortal sin; but that on account of the rosary she was in the habit of saying in her honour, the most Blessed Virgin had kept her alive. The animated head remained for two days on the edge of the well, so as to be seen by all, and after that the soul went to purgatory."

Did it? I wonder where the narrator of such fiction as the preceding, and following, expects to go to:—

"A fortnight afterward, ALEXANDRA appeared, beautiful and shining like a star, to St. Dominic, and said—that the rosary recited for the souls in purgatory, is one of the greatest reliefs that they meet with in their torments; and that, as soon as ever they get to heaven, they pray earnestly for those who have performed this devotion for them. As soon as she had said this, St. Dominic saw her happy soul ascend, with the greatest joy, to the kingdom of the blessed."—*Glories of Mary*, pp. 106, 107.

Wicked wags should send stories of this kind not to me, but to the *Spiritual Magazine*, shouldn't they? However, I don't care. As I said before, I am a young man, &c. But I think it too bad to represent your Eminence as responsible for the circulation of such rubbish.

If you have really stamped *The Glories of Mary* with your approval, though, I suppose that collection of stories occupies, in the sanctified lore of Catholicism, a place corresponding to that held by *Grimm's Goblins* and *Peter Wilkins* in the unhallowed literature of heretics. These nursery romances are in prose. Have you any versified—such for example as *Giles Scroggins's Ghost* or *Billy Fife*? But whether you believe such legends as those or no, believe me, your Eminence's

Old Friend,

PUNCH.

P.S. Wouldn't it be as well to alter *Glories of Mary* to *Stories for Mary*? Or better still, as precluding all possible misconstruction or offence, *Stories for Susan*.

OUR NATIONAL AND DOMESTIC DEFENDERS.

ATTENTION, good countrymen, please,
And allow me to sing you a song
In honour of HARPER TWELVETREES,
And in praise of SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Our ARMSTRONG great guns doth contrive,
To carry large bolts and big bombs;
In case of invasion, to drive
In the sides of the best ship that comes.

Our TWELVETREES invents deadly paste,
Wherewith we vile insects destroy,
That invade our provisions and waste,
Or our persons infest and annoy.

From Yankees, and Russians, and French,
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG defends England's shore,
Any crew in salt water he'll drench
With one shot from his long rifled bore.

From vermin, our beds and our boards
Are delivered by HARPER TWELVETREES;
With whose poison we flummox the hordes
Of beetles, of bugs, and of fleas.

A RAGGED UNIVERSITY.

THE flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze is matchless; but the nearest pattern to it is that of the vestment undermentioned in a report of LORD PALMERSTON's inauguration as Lord Rector of Glasgow:—

"His Lordship proceeded to the room set apart for robing, and there put on the ancient official robe of the Lord Rector. It is embroidered in gold in the front, and having a small square cape of black velvet, with gold fringe, and is the same one which has been worn for many years past. It may be described as decidedly 'shabby' in its appearance; but the authorities have decided that a robe which has been worn by so many great men possesses more than sufficient virtue to outweigh any unsatisfactory outward appearance."

However, CAMPBELL's "meteor flag of England" is an abstract ideal flag, which cannot be the worse for wear, except as a quotation; whereas the official robe of the Lord Rector of Glasgow is in that state into which when flags have gotten they are either burnt, or, if memorable, hung up in the hall of some appropriate institution, such as Greenwich Hospital. The authorities of Glasgow University had better have the ancient robe of their Lord Rector set up in a glass case, with a sufficiency of camphor, to sweeten it, and give him a new one. A shabby robe is unbecoming when the wearer is the poorest of Professors in any University, except a possible Professor of Fireworks; who might think fit to figure in a garb suitable to Guy Fawkes. Political economy is a peculiarly Scottish science, of which, however, the chair does not need to be filled by a lecturer whose exterior seems meant for an illustration of pecuniary parsimony. The only Professor of any one of the higher branches of learning who could, with any degree of propriety, be required to appear in a habit that must be included under the denomination of old clo', is a Professor of Hebrew.

The Superintendent of Lincoln.

WE know who, according to a popular proverb, looks over our Lincoln. If the act of vengeance, which has flooded a territory as large as Scotland with the waters of the Mississippi, was authorised by the President of the United States, there can be no doubt that the same personage also, with a superintending eye, looks over ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OLD ENGLISH SPORT (lately revised by the Antiquarian Society).—Dancing on the Green in somebody's eye.

STARTLING DISCOVERY OF A GREAT CRINOLINE CONSPIRACY.

(From the Barrel Organ of the Licensed Wits.)

WE stop the Press to insert a communication from a correspondent whose high position, while it affords him peculiar facilities for obtaining an insight into the arcana of courts and coteries, renders superfluous those guarantees of good faith which are usually demanded from casual contributors. After certain flattering remarks which are too personal to permit of publication, he proceeds as follows:—

For some years past, not only Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but also that fifth quarter of the habitable globe commonly known as Australasia, have been astounded by the stupendous machinery imported into the feminine tiring-room, and which, we believe, is politely termed Crinoline. Vague rumours have from time to time been circulated as to the utilitarian ends which those formidable combinations of buckram and steel were intended to embrace. Cynical sneers and benevolent badinage have failed to stem the torrent of fashionable folly, and at length a mode which originally confined to Imperial circles betrayed merely a slight mental aberration of no importance to society at large, has become nearly co-extensive with the Universe, embracing as it now does, almost all the heavenly bodies.

Concealment generally implies a guilty consciousness. Sagacious observers have long suspected that in the amplitude of robe which is so repugnant to the principles of progress there was more than met the superficial eye. Still no one breathed a whisper that an organised attack upon the citadels by which masculine authority is fortified, was contemplated by the weaker vessels either at home or abroad. Such, however, is the fact. Without wishing to trifle with those convulsions which this declaration is calculated to arouse in every manly bosom, we are at present only at liberty to state, that on a certain day in this present year, the supporters of Crinoline throughout the United Kingdom, will rise simultaneously, and suddenly clapping over the heads of the Lords of the Creation, as so many monster extinguishers, the hideous hoops so long carried about and purposely secured from observation, will then detain their captives in "durance vile" until certain promises and concessions have been duly signed, sealed, and executed.

P.S. We again stop the Press to announce that we are now, through the courtesy of a gentleman of long standing at the Bar of the Pickled Porcupine, enabled *pro bono Publico* (as old HOMER would say) to supply the hiatus in the preceding paragraph. The first of April then was the day appointed for the uprising of the Crinoline Insurgents, but disunion amongst the leaders has delayed the movement. Although our information at present stops here, we hope, in a Second Edition to state the precise time at which the total eclipse of Man's supremacy is expected to take place.

TALES OF MY GRANDFATHER!

Supposed to be spoken by an old gentleman to his grandsons.

Time, after dinner, A.D. 1913.

N.B. It must be borne in mind that "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and "Time works wonders."

I Got that wine—ah! yes—it was in Eighteen sixty-three, You can't buy such port now-a-days; I've had it, let me see, Just fifty years. Eh? what was that? Oh, "Going to the play;" Ah! you don't see an actor now: 'twas not so in my day. How elegant was FALCONER! no acting! quite himself! he Was second but to ROMER, who drew tears at the Adelphi. What's there to equal,—if my information's not erroneous,—The *Hamlet* of JOE ROBINS backed by young CHARLES KEAN's *Polonius*? Another glass. Hey? "London changed?" not for the better, though, You should have known it as it was some fifty years ago, 'Twas very different then; you now have lost the old land-marks, There was a Lambeth Theatre that abutted all the Parks, A curious sight! Eh? "Singers?" you have not one now but squalls, I wish you'd heard the voices that enriched our music-halls In Oxford Street, at Pimlico, in Holborn, and at Hackney. "Tenors?" you've none can rival the "Inimitable MACKNEY." How he delighted us young lads the while we sat at supper! "And Poets!" can you show a genius like our TUPPER? "Where are his Sonnets," do ye ask? he seldom wrote in rhyme, They're lost. He was not for an age, or any length of time. I've one rare Ode of his, 'tis dated "sixty-three;" I might Read it to you; what, won't you stay? Well, my dear boys, good night.

AMENDMENT BY MR. HUBBARD.—That henceforth the Income-Tax paid by authors shall be called the Pen-and-income Tax.

A CLERICAL BLONDIN.

It is gratifying to see the agility with which DR. PUSEY, at his years, comes out upon the High Church rope, so to speak, and tumbles thereon, flings somersets, and stands upon his head. Besides attempting, as it were, to wheel off PROFESSOR JOWETT, he has, according to the *London Review*, been distinguishing himself by a professional exhibition in the University Council at Oxford; moving an absurd amendment to that part of the loyal motion for a congratulatory address to the PRINCE OF WALES which was to have felicitated his Royal Highness on having married a Protestant Princess. For this droll proceeding the Doctor's most sage reason is thus stated by the *Review*:

"Our readers will be surprised to hear that his objection was that the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, being a Dane, could not properly be called a Protestant. He argued that Denmark was given up to Rationalism, and on that ground the obnoxious word was left out by a large majority."

It must be admitted that DR. PUSEY's argument touching Rationalism evinces the very reverse of rationality. A popular adage declares, that it takes a wise man to make a fool; that is, to make a fool of himself designedly. Let us hope that DR. PUSEY knew what use he was making of his wisdom when he moved, if he moved, the amendment impugning the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA's Protestantism. Another common proverb appears to have been verified on that occasion. We are told that DR. PUSEY's amendment was carried by a large majority. The old saying is, that one fool makes many. However, PUSEY's pranks may be tolerated when they are harmless.

RHYMES FOR THE VERY YOUNG.

In order that the Juvenile portion of the Community may not be entirely ignorant of the current works of Fiction, Nursery Rhymes with a purpose might be easily introduced into the upper regions of every establishment.

The Secret.

Ding Dong Bell,
Talboys in the well.
Who put him in?
Lady Audley's been.
Who pulled him out?
Marks, Strong and Stout.

The Popular Authoress.

There was a Young Woman,
And, what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But paper, pens, ink.
Paper, pens, ink, was the chief of her diet,
And now this Young Woman will never be quiet.

The Sensation Novel.

Conyers and Mellish were two pretty men,
And Miss Floyd lived in dread of the first of these, when
Up jumped the *Softy*, shot James on the sly,
So *Aurora* could no more commit bi-ga-my.

DISCORD IN DENMARK.

ANY news from Denmark just now is of interest, and among other intelligence we learn from the *Danmark*, a Copenhagen journal, that in Schleswig, or South Jutland, the German language is slowly supplanting the Danish, a fact which all true Danes are invited to deplore. Among other curious statements in this "language-limit" matter, as the Danish writer calls it, we are informed that:—

"In civil process either party can use what language they will, and the Court answers in the same. In criminal process the defendant may choose his own language, and is answered in the same."

If this be read without relation to the context, what a scene of jaw and jangle must the Courts of Denmark be! Clearly, whatever be the "language-limit" there, the limits of good language will speedily be passed. Parties to a civil action are often far from civil in the language they employ, and if they are allowed to "use what language they will," their remarks upon each other will become still more uncivil than at present they have been. Fancy, too, the Court having to "answer in the same!" How ultra-Naggletonian will the conversation grow! Then, too, the Court must have a marvellous acquaintance with thieves' latin, if criminals be suffered to "choose their own language," and the judges be required to answer in the same. Judging from our own Police Courts and Assize cases, we should fear the language chosen must be very far from choice; and the trial of a pickpocket must now and then descend into a mere slanging match between him and the Court.

PITY A POOR DUKE!



ILL the kind reader, heave a sigh and drop a tear for a poor Duke, whose miserable existence is thus pictured by a writer in the *Journal de la Vienne*!

"Everybody knows that from time immemorial there have been no wolves in England, the race having been destroyed; but there are too many in Fottou. The Duke of Beaufort, an English sportsman, has just passed through Paris with a pack of 200 dogs, intended to destroy these wild beasts, which are the terror of shepherds and of the inhabitants of lonely dwellings. It may be said of this poor Duke that he is a sportsman by profession. He has inherited a rental of 1,000,000 fr. on condition that he shall always maintain three packs of hounds, and shall hunt six days in the week. Another clause in the will binds him to expend 200,000 fr. a year on his hunting establishment. These are collaterals always on the watch, who would cause the Duke to be reviled in case the conditions were not executed. These noble eccentricities are to be found only in England."

If this account be true (and everybody knows how truthful foreign writers are when England is their theme), what a pitiable life the DUKE OF BEAUFORT must be leading! The fate of the Wild Huntsman cannot have been worse than his, condemned, as he would seem to be, perpetually to hunt. The picture of Actæon torn to pieces by his dogs, is brought before our mind by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S plight. Imagine a man having to hunt six days a week from year's end to year's end, for such appears to be the fate of this miserable Duke. What labour of Hercules can be well compared to his? And just conceive the added misery of having a pack of hungry relatives (called otherwise "collaterals") ever yelping at his heels,

and on the watch to seize the property which has been cruelly bequeathed him on the terrible condition of hunting every day, except Sundays through the year. When fox-hunting is over, he is forced to go abroad and take to hunting wolves; for unless he hunts six days a week his fortune will be forfeited. Well, Cockneys as we are, we cannot be too thankful we weren't born a noble sportsman, if the life of one entails such interminable labour. We have heard of fine estates going to the dogs; but never have we known the phrase so fully carried out as in the pitiable case of the wretched DUKE OF BEAUFORT as pictured by a writer in a truthful foreign print.

DOMESTIC.

We take the following from an Irish print:—

GOVERNESS (Nursery).—A Lady is anxious to obtain a situation as above for a young Lady, a Protestant, who has lived with her; she will undertake the entire care and management of children, instruct them in English, and cut out and make their clothes. Address, &c.

There is surely some mistake in the heading of this notice. For "Governess" read "Nurse-maid," or else "Plain Needlewoman." What mockery too is that of calling the poor girl here recommended a "young lady," when she is announced to do a servant's duties! Of course we do not mean to say that any woman is degraded by making children's clothes, or that it is a work which a young lady should not do. But we like to hear things called by their right names; and when a lady is required to cut out children's dresses, she should not be called a "Governess," we fancy, but a dressmaker.

Sentiment for North and South.

A SPEEDY end to this fratricidal war, and a fast arrival to the Millennium and reign of universal peace; when we shall see baby-shows of little children a playin' with rattle-snakes.

TAXES ON FOLLY.

A DEPUTATION waited on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at his Office in Downing Street, on Saturday evening, for the purpose of urging upon HER MAJESTY'S Government the recognition of a system of taxation, of which no reasonable person could consistently complain.

The Deputation was introduced with much ceremony by Mr. WILKINS, M.P. Among those present we observed Mr. COX, M.P. The learned gentleman appeared, however, to be merely watching the proceedings, and although evidently interested, took no part in the discussion, which was of a very animated nature.

MR. HANDY MANN, having been chosen spokesman, stated briefly the object which the Tax Reform Association had in view, and whose opinions both from men and women of intelligence had met with considerable support. It would be in the recollection of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that some years ago an agitation was commenced to repeal the odious taxes on knowledge. Happily that agitation, after tremendous struggles, had been crowned with signal success. The deficit in the revenue, occasioned by the remissions referred to, it was now proposed to supply by a Folly Tax.

MR. GLADSTONE, smiling, thought it rather hard to ask Parliament to impose duties, which might fall heavily on itself. How did the Association intend to initiate their fiscal reforms?

MR. HANDY MANN replied that they proposed to head the tariff with a "hoop-duty." (Laughter.) He had called a Meeting at his own residence of his housemaids, cook and kitchen-maid. They informed him that they had adopted the incumbency in question purely out of compliment to their superiors, and were quite willing to surrender, only they would like some Marchioness of distinction to sanction such a deviation from the orthodox line of beauty.

MR. GLADSTONE expressed his surprise at this announcement. He had always understood that the watchword of those who on this point were ostensibly steeled against remonstrance was "Death but no surrender!"

MR. HANDY MANN stated in explanation, that he never took any domestic into his service who did not confess to thirty-five.

After some desultory conversation, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER inquired if the deputation could furnish him with any data by which he might estimate the amount that a moderate hoop-duty would produce.

MR. HANDY MANN answered in the affirmative; he had calculated that it would be equivalent to the duty on tobacco, for which he proposed that it should be substituted.

MR. GLADSTONE suggested that that would be robbing Peter to pay Paul, considering out of whose pockets the tax would ultimately come.

MR. SLIGH CARD begged to remark that no cautious man now invested his happiness in any lady after a competent surveyor had reported her doubly-hazardous.

MR. GLADSTONE must be pardoned for saying that it required consideration before replacing the duty on smoke by a virtual tax on fire. The legislature, however, had laid down regulations as to petroleum and gunpowder, and it was intended next Session to introduce a Bill to prevent more than a certain amount of feminine sweetness from being kept in any combustible building, not specially registered for that purpose.

The Deputation having expressed their entire approval of such a precautionary measure, thanked the Honourable Gentleman for his courteous attention, and withdrew.

Medical Paradox.

A HIGHLY respectable gentleman who, at six o'clock on the morning of the first instant, was much too fat, was observed, three hours afterwards, to lean against a lamp-post.

ANTIQUARIAN.—A very old book may be described as in the dog's ear and yellow leaf of its existence.



A DELICATE HINT.

BOBBIE. "Ah! when Bobbie's a Big Boy, and Papa's a Little Boy, Bobbie'll ask Papa if he'll take some more Jam!"

SOLDIERS TO SPARE FOR THE UNION.

THE Dublin Correspondent of a daily contemporary transmits the subjoined intelligence, which is extremely gratifying:—

"FEDERAL ENLISTMENT."

"Most of the provincial journals received to-day give credence to the rumour that Federal recruiting agents are busy in certain parts of Ireland. 'There is no doubt,' says one journal, 'that very large numbers of young men have left Ireland within the last few months for America, and that they joined the Federal army immediately on arrival. It is believed that they were "engaged" and supplied with money at this side of the Atlantic. Several others speak in the same terms, and, curiously enough, the loudest in calling for the interference of the Government are those that have before now wished for the day when Ireland's rights would be secured for her by American cannon.'"

In this, America's hour of need, no true Englishman will grudge her any assistance that she can derive from the largest number of gallant Irish lads that her recruiting-agents may succeed in inducing to enlist themselves, for pecuniary considerations, under the star-spangled banner. On the contrary, every loyal British subject will rejoice in the information that the self-devotion of those fine young fellows, which constitutes them food for Confederate powder, is vainly objected to by those who would like to see American cannon employed in vindicating Irish rights. These patriots are naturally very much disgusted that Irishmen, instead of reserving themselves to co-operate with that artillery in operation for that purpose, surrender their valuable lives to be sacrificed in assisting it to subjugate Southern rebels. The brave boys, who fight and fall in battle against Confederate Secession, might, if they would only stay at home, live to fight another day on the side of Irish revolt. Now they immolate themselves on the altar of American Union, to the advantage of the United Kingdom.

Take them, JONATHAN; take as many as you can get; and welcome. We do not forget that you grudged us a few recruits in our struggle against the Russian old Nick; but we forgive the unfriendliness with which you behaved to us then. Now you are in a fix, we return you good for evil. Carry away as many Irish recruits as you can hire with the price of blood.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

WHEN DE JONES suddenly gives up his carriage and pair, and does the Park honestly in a neat though decided "fly," we admire his laudable determination to retrench, though perhaps we may treat him with a somewhat less familiar nod as he passes us while we are lounging about with FITZBOODLE. Yet we are always ready to regard these little changes from a highly moral point of view, and it is really with much sympathy we read the following:—

"RECALL OF THE GREEK MINISTER.—The Greek Government have recalled M. TATCOURI, their minister here, and have abolished the Greek legation in London. M. TATCOURI goes back to Greece this week. It is stated that this step arises from a desire for economy, and that the other missions at the principal capitals of Europe are also abolished."

Now this is decidedly candid if nothing else, and suggests a picture of wholesome economy at Athens that is absolutely startling. Such a beginning as this will probably end in a budget, which would be covered by a ten-pound note, and royalty may doubtless be produced at a figure that would prove shabby remuneration for a stage Prince. As the appeal to everybody "just to try" the throne of Greece has succeeded in turning up a customer, we would strongly recommend a reasonable contract with some recognised costumier. Perhaps this may serve as a hint:—

TERME, CASH.	£	s.	d.
An Imitation Crown	0	4	2
One Undress ditto	0	1	10
A Servicable Gingham Umbrella	0	3	9
A Complete Suit of Coronation Robes, Alpaca linings, &c.	3	3	0
Ditto, ditto, Calico, for daily use	1	18	6
A Substantial best japanned Sceptre	0	0	9½
A Dress Shirt (with movable front), for state occasions	0	3	3
A Great Seal	0	0	6
A Stick of Wax for ditto	0	0	1½
A dozen Paper Collars (reduced)	0	0	4½
A Sword and a pair of Galoches	0	5	4
An Ultimatum and a bottle of Hair Oil	0	0	7

£0 2 3½

LATEST FASHION FOR EVENING COSTUME.—The Close of the day."



Our friend Browne, the fashionable Portrait Painter, occupies this Hansom, going to dine in Carlton Gardens, April 7th—it was annoying under these circumstances, to meet Stodge, who was taking his Pictures to the Academy on the top of a Bus, and to be violently recognised by that low Bohemian all the way down Piccadilly.

PUNCH AND THE PUNSTERS.

AS ALEXANDER wept that there were no more worlds to conquer, so Punch may one day shed a tear that there are no more jokes to make. But at present Punch feels certainly far more disposed to weep at the prospect of hard labour which every post entails on him by bringing a fresh myriad of jocular conceits. With the exception of our butterman, no one knows what weakly puns are daily poured into our letter-box, in the hope of being placed in the immortal type of Punch. To show what wretched rubbish is thus shot upon our premises, we select for this week's pillory a leash of the last riddles which have ruffled the composure of our well-balanced mind. By way of a beginning, reader, what d'ye think of this?—

Q. If the Statue of JENNER had been set up crooked, which month in the Calendar would it have resembled?

A. Jenner-awry.

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind. Take a nip of brandy, reader; and when you think your nerves will bear it, gulp down riddle No. 2:—

Q. Why are flatterers like persons who are tired of seeing their uncle's sisters?

A. Because they are sick-of-aunts.

After this, perhaps you'll say, the force of folly can no further go. Can't it? wait a moment. You are not afraid of fainting, are you? Then how do you like this?—

Q. If little WILLY's father were to treat him to the play, why would the money so expended be like a part of Islington?

A. Because it's Spent-on-Will.

THE NATAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(Second Instalment.)

NATAL to MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR PRINCE LEE, You scold poor me,
But this is clear, as you must see.
"The hare," says MOSES, "chews the end."
"It don't," says OWEN. Now, my Lad? N.

MANCHESTER to NATAL.

MY DEAR NATAL, Your letter's quite
Worthy the way you think and write.
You snap a word, which may not mean
The beast the Hebrew called unclean.
But I have far too much to do
To waste my time in smashing you. M.

CANTERBURY to HIS CLERGY.

BELOVED BRETHREN, Spare your bile:

COLEMAN's book is purile.
So trite his views, that, as you know,
They were demolished years ago:
They can't seduce good folks, like us,
Though they may make the wicked worse.
As certain advertisers do,
"Try our South African," cry you.
I can't, for clerical Red Tape
Sends him for trial to the Cape.
But, for his unbelieving biases,
I do prohibit him my diocese.
And thank you for the note you've signed,
The which I take uncommon kind. C.

No Water-Babies.

MR. PUNCH, whose Puseyite tendencies are known, is delighted to learn that the clergy of his persuasion have resolved to refuse to christen any baby who shall so far set at naught the commands of the Church as to be born in Lent. The new little Princess, bless her, is safe, not having arrived till Easter, so his clergy are spared the unpleasant necessity of again insulting the Head of the Church on a matter of observance, but babies who have so far forgotten themselves as to come and make people happy during a time of penance, will be strictly anonymous to the end of their days.

THE CHAIRMAN OF CHRISTENDOM.

ONE of REUTEN's telegrams, the other day, after stating that the Pope, on Easter Sunday, gave his benediction *arbi et orbi*, delivered the ambiguous announcement that:—

"His Holiness was cheered."

How? Are we to understand merely that the Holy Father was greeted with shouts of "Viva!" and "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" or something else as well? Cheered. Nice ears are often pained by vulgar persons who say "cheer" when they mean "chair." Was it one of these wretches who worked the telegraph which transmitted the foregoing message, and, when he made it represent that the Successor of St. Peter was cheered, did he mean, in truth, to intimate that he was chaired; that is to say, carried on men's shoulders in St. Peter's Chair, as it may be believed that the early Christians used to carry St. Peter, and as British street-boys undoubtedly do carry GUY FAWKES?

Original Anecdote.

THE prettiest of all the young ladies in the refreshment place in the station at Peterborough made a clever remark to Mr. Punch the other night. He was affably taking a Bath Bun or two, and waiting for the bell to ring, and of course was in improving conversation with the fair attendants. "My friend, LORD PALMERSTON, has had a good time of it in Scotland," said Mr. Punch. "Yes, Sir," said the young lady, "and he has praised the people there so much, that I think he should in future be called LORD BUTTER-SCOTCH." She pointed her words by handing to Mr. Punch a packet of the delicate confectionery so named, and he was so overcome by his feelings that he went off without paying.

A MOST SERIOUS NUISANCE.



is indeed a 'joy' for a long time, if not 'for ever.' For what would become of the noble drama of our country—what would become of the cheerfulness of the country, if we had upon the throne a serious Sovereign?

There is, however, one Estate of the Realm which, if unhappily it got to be "serious," would do much more to make this country miserable than the First possibly could. For the First Estate can do no wrong; cannot, however serious it may be, commit such an odious act of hypocritical or fanatical tyranny, as the Bill abovenamed (which has actually been read once) will be, should it become law. That other Estate did, once upon a time, get

our sapient legislator, Mr. SOMES, Member for Kingston-upon-Hull, and mover of the Sabbatarian Hypocrites' and Teetotal Humbugs' Stale Beer Bill, should have attended the dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund on Saturday last; for then he would have had the advantage of hearing BUCKSTONE deliver the following observations, calculated to make the long ears of any sanctimonious ass tingle. MR. BUCKSTONE had been speaking of the encouragement given to actors by HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES; and went on to say:—

"Is there not hope in knowing that he, like his illustrious and lamented father, is fond of the drama? So is our QUEEN, his much beloved mother, whom at no distant date we get trust and pray to see amongst us. So was his great-grandfather, GEORGE THE THIRD, fond of the play; and to see the Prince like them, and following their example,

to be "serious," and we know what a world it then soon made of what had theretofore been merry England. May we never be afflicted with a serious House of Commons! Heaven defend us from legislators, the majority of them partly consisting of sour, ignorant, stupid, obstinate, unreasoning, imperious Puritans, and, for the rest, of an officious dictatorial beardedness, and a crew of canting, snuffling, cogging, dissembling knaves; altogether a set of detestable killjoys, like those who are even now trying to poison the delight and abridge the liberty of the people of England by enacting Sabbatarian laws! May our freedom never lie at the mercy of another Barbones' Parliament with a SOMES for Leader!

ON A LATE ACCIDENT.

GLADSTONE tumbled off his horse,
Riding lately in the Rotten,
Were he hurt, we'd weep, of course,
But we trust the shock 's forgotten.

GLADSTONE's horse was once a man,
Who of Income-Tax had done,
Changed his taste from bread to bran,
By what 's called metempsychosis.

GLADSTONE, please to take the hint,
From the Tax some figures lop, or
Punch may shortly have to print
"GLADSTONE came another cropper."

Pedestrianism.—Unexampled Match.

In the neighbourhood of the old Green Lanes, a large crowd was the other day assembled to see a middle-aged gentleman running his eye over a garden. It was most exciting.

PERVERSION IN THE NAVY.—A Skipper is reported to have joined the "Jumpers." The younger members of this sect are called the Baby-jumpers.

A REGULAR "BANG-UP" CONCERN.—A Powder Mill.

A COMPARATIVE PLEA FOR PUGILISM.

"MR. PUNCH,—Let me commend to your notice the following paragraph extracted from a newspaper:—

"THE FORTHCOMING PRIZE FIGHT.—Last night there was a great gathering of the patrons of 'the noble art of self-defence' at the George and Dragon, Beech Street, Barbican. It was a business meeting, and £50 aside was staked as an earnest of the forthcoming fight between HEENAN and KING. Much interest appears to be excited in the event."

"Here then, indignantly exclaims the reader, over whose mind benevolence and the other moral sentiments predominate, are arrangements for a brutal, disgusting, demoralising exhibition, made under the eyes of the Government, and the noses of the Police, in a low pothouse!

"Sir, I have yet to learn that the George and Dragon, Beech Street, Barbican, is a low pothouse. For aught I know it is a very respectable public-house. Very probably, however, it does not quite come up in style and standing to the London Tavern, or to such an establishment as MAURICE'S Hotel. But allow me to say, saving the presence of their reverences and worships, and the opinion of the vast majority of the better classes, that I can't see why the preliminaries of such an affair as the intended contest between MR. KING and MR. HEENAN should be incapable of being settled, and should not be customarily settled, at the very highest class of public-houses.

"A prize-fight, certainly, is a demoralising, disgusting, brutal exhibition in a very great measure. But the greatness of that measure is considerably in proportion to the number of blackguards comprised amongst the spectators. If these comprehended several Peers, Members of the House of Commons, Clergymen, inclusive now and then of a Bishop, and other gentlemen, altogether constituting an assembly wherein the blackguards, to wit, sharpers, thimble-riggers, pickpockets, and roughs, would be in a small minority, then, I say the magnitude of the measure in which a prize-fight is brutal, demoralising, and disgusting, would be greatly reduced. It would be reduced to the spectacle of some confusion of features and bleeding of the nose, with perhaps, occasionally, the casualty of a broken bone. Fatal results would be

almost precluded by the regulations to which the combat would be subjected in deference to the humanity of the lookers-on.

"If a prize-fight is a disgusting, demoralising, brutal exhibition, what is a battle? What are the effects produced upon the human countenance by the human fist to those produced upon the human skull, the human shins, the human viscera, by cannon-balls, rifle-bullets, and bayonets? If a battle is something else than a disgusting, &c., exhibition, so is a prize-fight. Wouldn't the British nation send its armies to slaughter for the sake of preserving a little commerce? Why, then, shouldn't two men fight for £50 and upwards, or downwards, a-side? For they don't try to kill each other, and a bout at fisticuffs is merely a struggle attended by risk of life.

"Isn't pugilism rather the reverse of demoralising in so far as it encourages the use of the fist instead of the knife?

"Fox-hunting is surely a pastime anything but brutal, disgusting, or demoralising. But what do you say to a gentleman flung headforemost over a 'bullfincher'? Think of his eyes and limbs; and consider whether they may not sustain worse consequences than any the most 'nasty' punishment that MR. HEENAN and MR. KING are likely to inflict upon each other.

"If the prize of pugilism is a sordid pecuniary consideration; if prize-fighting occasions gambling, and largely cultivates the low propensity of acquisitiveness, so does horse-racing. Suppose you were to render horse-racing illegal. Suppose the Derby had to be run on the sly. Wouldn't it, in no very long time, come to be attended almost exclusively by rascals and blacklegs? And wouldn't Settling Day, and turf business in general, be speedily transferred from an aristocratic TATTERSALL'S to some unspeakable crib in the slums?

"If the foregoing considerations, designed to show that something is to be said for the free exercise of what is allowed to be the noble art of self-defence, are quite ridiculous, at least your gentle readers will have had a laugh at the absurd sophistry of your wrong-headed correspondent, whose intelligence is perhaps of a somewhat too dense

"CONSISTENCY."

"Altera Partis Place, 10th after All Fools' Day, 1863."

AT HOME WITH THE SPIRITS.

(By a Competent and Candid Observer.)

We sat about the table,
In a still and solemn ring,
Prepared to swallow spirits,
Raps, Hands, or anything—
We were not of the sceptics,
Who scorn on mysteries fling.

Closely we screened the fire-light;
The curtains close we drew.
If the candles had been lighted
We felt they would burn blue,
As when lights are set to spirits,
They invariably do.

There was a Medium present,
But his name I will not tell,
Lest the unbelieving scoffer
Our *séances* call a sell;
But I feel profound conviction,
That a lie he'd soon tell.

So long as there was daylight,
The spirits kept aloof:
Though frequently requested
To put us to the proof
To tap us neath the table,
Or to float us to the roof.

But as daylight drew to glossing
Betwixt the dark and light,
We were conscious of a feeling,
Half hope and half afright—
As if spirits were about us,
Though yet denied to sight.

We had talked of ghosts and goblins,
In all ages, faiths and lands,
Of spirit-haunted houses,
Strange sounds and shadowy hands,
Of sigils and of pentacles,
Crystals and magic wands.

And as the darkness deepened
And twilight vanished day—
Till what you saw or saw not,
'Twas difficult to say,
And your neighbour's face loomed dimly,
And his voice seemed far away—

Our feelings waxed more eery,
And a casual finger-tap,
Seemed to vibrate through the system,
Like a sudden thunder-clap,
And at this awful moment
We heard—distinctly—"Rap!"

"Rap! Rap!" above the ceiling—
"Rap! Rap!" beneath the floor!
"Rap! Rap!" outside the window!
"Rap! Rap!" inside the door,

Till it seemed the force of Rapping
Could really do no more.

"Are there spirits here?" awe-stricken,
Spoke the Medium—and lo!
"Yes"—"yes"—was rapped on all sides,
And the table to and fro,
Heaved as a great ship heaved,
When stormy winds do blow.

It was awful in the darkness,
To know those spirits near;
The loud and lusty rappings
Of their airy hands to hear,
And we all expressed a longing
For something to appear!

Sudden from out the darkness,
On the right or left hand side,
Arose above the table,
At the Medium's command,
A white something, and we knew it
Was a shrouded spirit-hand!

It moved along the table,
It wavered to and fro,
It tickled those who asked it,
And all present seemed to know
That hand—the hand of some one
Departed long ago!

One knew it was her father's,
By wristband, form, and growth;
One that it was her mother's,
Was ready to make oath,
And I my affidavit,
Will take that it was both.

I may not tell how sweetly
The accordion it played;
How strangely-knotted handkerchiefs,
Upon our knees it laid,
In the dark beneath the table,
How to and fro it strayed.

Nor let the scoffing sceptic
Say, darkness served as frame
To a conjuror's apparatus,
Or helped a trickster's game;
Our Medium strove by candle
And touch such doubt to shame.

He bade us ope the shutters,
The candles kindle bright,
But the spirits rapped, requesting
Decrease of earthly light;
He begged us grasp—the spirits
Rapped, "Squeeze us not so tight."

And when the hands had finished
With their mysterious play,

The candid Medium told us
To look another way—
For he felt towards the ceiling
Borne by the spirits' away.

We looked away, obedient,
And lo, from out the gloom,
We heard his voice above us,
And far off in the room,
Proclaim "I am uplifted,"
Sceptic—remember HOME!

And some are sure they saw him,
Float through the darkened air,
And others felt his bootkins,
Light on their shoulders bear,
And that he had been flying
We heard him say, we swear!

Then he bade the lamps be lighted,
And—sceptics to appeal—
We found him calmly seated
Where the spirits let him fall,
And his name upon the ceiling
Pencilled was read by all!

I who have seen these marvels,
I who these raps have heard,
Shall I misdoubt my senses,
Because it seems absurd,
That spirits should take sights at us,
Or a man fly like a bird?

I sat there in the darkness,
I saw the lights put out;
Felt tables move, heard spirits
Their messages rap out,
And heard the Medium from mid air
Speaking, rebuke my doubt!

With all this proof conclusive,
Can candid souls remain,
Still crushed beneath the burden
Of bigot reason's chain,
Nor to the mighty Medium
Bow, of believing fain?

What WILLIAM HOWITT vouches
And SAMUEL CARTER HALL,
And SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,
Is surely proved for all—
Though BREWSTER be uncandid
And FARADAY be small.

What if these modern miracles
In darkness still confide?
What if the names of witnesses
Beneath initials hide?
The eye of faith is single;
The throat of faith is wide!

GLASGOW CANNIBALS.

We thought that the Scotch had given over Cannibalism, and that one "Christian o' the cleik," mentioned by SIR WALTER, was the last Scottish gentleman who adhered to the custom of eating other Scottish gentlemen. It seems, however, at all events by implication, that even in Glasgow (which is now the capital of Scotland) the practice is still pursued, although the writer of the following passage in the *Glasgow Herald* very properly treats the habit as one not suited to the best society:—

"But the dinner! say, there's the rub! for who would dine on belled potatoes and a Glasgow Magistrate at home, when he could feast on the fat things of many lands in the Queen's Rooms, and at the expense of the Queen Insurance Company?"

Mr. Punch owns himself as much surprised as a gentleman ought to be at anything. He is well acquainted with Glasgow, and has met many of its excellent Magistrates, but though he emphatically admits that they were all nice men, in a social sense, it did not occur to him that they were liable to be eaten by their fellow-citizens. Municipal authorities are generally supposed to be good, rather at, than on, a plate; but it would seem that Glasgow, viewed from a Magistrate's point of

sight, is "not where he eats, but where he is eaten." And devoured with potatoes, too. But perhaps this is complimentary, and implies that the worthy Magistrates are regarded as the salt of the earth. We sincerely hope that the Glasgow kitchens, far and away the greatest invention of the day, will gradually tend to wean the Glaswegian public from this objectionable practice. For ourselves, sooner than eat a Magistrate, we would live on herrings all our days, and that's just an awfu' word for one of our appetite to say.

Little Polish Waxlights.

THE Government of Vienna liberally winks at the transmission, through Austrian Custom-houses, to Cracow, of cases containing articles which resemble wax tapers, are said to be candles intended for the use of churches, and correspond exactly in length to Minié rifles. These commodities are probably designed for the service of the altar of Freedom, which is a holy purpose; but if they are not holy candles, at any rate they are not wicked.

A REAL HENRAIST TO DR. COLENSO.—"First Catch your Hare."



SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PERFECTLY COMPETENT TO HEAR THE CHILDREN THEIR LESSONS, SHOULD THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL ANY DAY?"

Candidate for Situation. "HON, YES, MAM! THE FAMILY I WERE WITH, SAID I HADN'T OUGHTER BE ANTHINK BUT A NURSERY GUVNESS!"

MACBETH IN THE KITCHEN.

SCENE—Somewhere in Scotland. Anything but a "Dark Cave," and if you like a guess, we should say the place might be exactly opposite Iron Steeple, Glasgow. A Cauldron, inscribed "Cooking for the Working Classes."

Enter Three Witches, but of the Lancashire Witch type.

1st Witch. Three times thrice the clock hath struck.

2nd Witch. Then the breakfast hour is come.

3rd Witch. Glasgow cries—"Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go,

In the best materials throw.

Porridge, that itself alone

Were a feast for any one,

Jolly thick, and such a lot,

Boil thou first 't the charmed pot."

All. Bubble, bubble, food 's worth trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch. Coffee, clear and not opaque,

Boil, the workman's thirst to slake;

Bowl of Milk, to mend his prog,

Is he not a lucky dog?

All. Bubble, bubble, food 's worth trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3rd Witch. Hunger, though 'twere that of wolf,

Die in this Cocaigian gulf.

Roll—no better feeds the Park—

Butter worthy of remark—

Such a breakfast offers auld Tron

Such the ingredients of our cauldron.

2nd Witch. Let the price be understood,

THREEPENCE buys this breakfast good.

Enter PUNCH.

O, well done! I commend your pains,
The Scotch were always famed for brains,
And my old friend JOHN BULL I'll bring,
So show him how to do the thing,
Explaining all that you put in.

1st Witch. By my suet, flour, and plums,
Something English this way comes,
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter JOHN BULL.

John. How now, you sonsie, saucy, cheery girls,
What is 't you do?

All. Indeed, without an aim
You've hit the mark, so please to mark the game.
We're going to do a dinner.

John. Do it, pray,
That is a thing exactly in my way.

1st Witch. Ay, laddie, ay, and you can do it fine,
But it's at twenty times the price of mine.
You cannot do it cheap.

John. No, lassie, no.

Teach me but that, my girls, and—

1st Witch. Show!!

2nd Witch.

3rd Witch.

Show!

Show!

[An Apparition of a Bowl of Broth, or Soup, rises.

John. What stunning stuff. It quite regales my nose,
'Tis worthy of the board of LORD MAYOR ROSE.

[An Apparition of a Plate of Beef, Hot or Cold, rises.

John. The man who wants aught better than that beef,
Is a fastidious and unwholesome thief.

[An Apparition of a Plate of Potatoes rises.



THE SCOTCH WITCHES' CAULDRON.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the best materials throw—
Porridge, that itself alone
Were a feast for any one.

2nd Witch. Coffee, clear and not opaque,
Boil, the workman's thirst to slake;
Bowl of Milk, to meet his growl,
Is he not a lucky dog?

3rd Witch. Roll—no better feeds the Park—
Butter worthy of remark—
Such a breakfast offers mild Yron
Such the ingredients of our cauldron.



THE SCOTTISH WARRIORS, CARRINGTON.

John. A Cook, with mealy globes like those before her,
Need never utter *Spero Meliora*.

[*An Apparition of a Plum Pudding rises.*]

John. I can no more. My own, my native dish!
What more could epicures for dinner wish?

All. Epicures, why bless your heart,

That's our workman's dinner *carle*.

John. I conjure you by that which you profess,

Tell me the price of all this banquet.

Let *Witch*,

Guess!

John. I can't. Slap-bangs perchance might make pretence

To give some such repast for eighteen-pence.

But then the soup is slop, the meat is sodden—

All. Price, FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY!

John.

Revenge for Flodden!

[*He embraces the three young Ladies.*]

Lassies, you'll find this precedent of yours

Not lost upon us "English Epicures."

And we will see what London skill can do

To give our workmen decent eating too.

With cheap, good food their honest frames we'll nourish.

England's your debtor, girls. "Let Glasgow flourish!"

A SONG FROM THE QUAKER CITY.

In the sublime words of Columbin's National Anthem:—

"Boston is a pretty place,
And so is Philadelphia."

Yes, Philadelphia is a pretty place, too. Philadelphia, as everybody knows, being interpreted, means the City of Brotherly Love. A pretty City of Brotherly Love that must be, at which the amiable song below quoted has been published, and is a favourite piece. This composition is described on the back of its cover as "the popular naval ballad sung by J. H. RAINTER at SANFORD'S New Opera House; words by D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON; music by JAMES W. PORTER." A brave song this for the Quaker City! The title of it is "O, Give us a Navy of Iron," and the first verse ensueth:—

"Oh, give us a Navy of Iron,
And to man it our Yankee Lads;
And we'll conquer the world's broad ocean,
With our Navy of Iron-clads."

A Navy of Iron to conquer the world's broad ocean is surely a fine thing to sing for with popular applause in the City of the Society of Friends. But, to be sure, it may be said, that drab is one colour with fustian. The Pennsylvania TYRTEUS proceeds:—

"Then adieu to BRITANNIA'S power,
We'll crush it wherever we please;
The Lion shall yield to the Eagle,
And Columbia shall rule the seas."

Festus censures Columbas. So to render it, the Doves are annoyed at having been criticised instead of having been cracked up. Therefore these Doves of Columbia have resolved themselves into a collective Eagle, to which the Lion must yield, when they shall have crushed BRITANNIA'S power by means of the Navy of Iron that they are singing for. Very good. Now then, Philadelphia Pegasus! Go ahead, old hoss:—

"Old England the foe of our fathers,
The foe of their children to-day,
Is gloating in hopes that our union
In darkness is passing away.
But Treason shall die in its season,
And stronger than ever before,
We'll turn on the jealous old tyrant,
And punish JOHN BULL at his door. (Chorus)"

To punish JOHN BULL at his door with a Navy of Iron; that is, to burn, sink, and destroy his shipping, and to bombard his ports, because he merely gloated over the expected dissolution of the American Union, is rather severe, though. After all, the jealous old tyrant preserved a strict neutrality between the Union's belligerent parts. The mighty might be merciful. And see how mighty we are told the singers for a Navy of Iron expect to be when they get it—and don't they wish they may:—

"And where in this wide world a nation,
That could cope with our Iron Jacks?
We would sweep all their seas and harbours,
Of their Warriors and Merrimacs.
Then give us a Navy of Iron,
And we'll fling our flag to the breeze,
And prove to the despots of Europe,
That freedom must reign on the seas. (Chorus)"

Not freedom of thought, however: for nobody must dare to gloat over any anticipated disaster to the United States. But what manner of vessels does the poet mean by our *Merrimacs*? Does he not even know to whom the *Merrimac* belonged, and can it be that he is, after

all, not a genuine Yankee, but a self-expatriated exile of Erin, too thoroughly maddened by the wrongs which he imagines to have been inflicted on his country by the Government of QUEEN VICTORIA to mind whether he writes nonsense or no? If a native American, he may belong to a certain class of Know-Nothings from which the poor Irish Yahoo, at least, is not excluded.

Brag being a game which two can play at, may we venture to submit to the good taste of sensible Americans the subjoined doggerel, composed in humble imitation of the foregoing poetry?—

Oh, yes! got a Navy of Iron,
And to man it your rowdy cads;
But invade not the public ocean
With your Knave of Iron-clads.
And provoke not BRITANNIA'S power;
Our Armstrongs will crack you *deu* flous:
The Lion will grapple the Eagle,
If Columbia molest the seas.

You Yankees, who broke with our fathers,
And rail at their children to-day,
Secession, that founded your Union,
Is wasting that Union away.
Now Treason revives in its names;
You're served as you served us before;
For now Uncle SAM's the old tyrant:
Revolt has come home to your door.

Before you defy all the nations
To contend with your Iron Jacks,
You should sweep from your seas and harbours,
Alabamas and *Merrimacs*.
Go, get you a Navy of Iron,
Whilst you sing your brag to the breeze,
Amusing the despots of Europe,
And drive CAPTAIN SEMMES from the seas.

Here you have TYRTEUS against TYRTEUS. Greek meets Greek, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Saxon. Which of our two poets is the greater fool?

CRIBBAGE.

MR. FULLON, author of "*The Man of the World*," which somebody has read, charged MISS BRADDON, authoress of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," which everybody has read, with plagiarising expressions from his novel. The *Critic* has shown how authors in describing one kind of individuals must use identical terms. For instance:—

MISS BRADDON.	SIR WALTER SCOTT.	MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
" <i>Lady Audley</i> is a young and beautiful woman, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a power of attracting the affection of those about her."	" <i>Ross Bradwardine</i> is a young and beautiful woman, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a power of attracting the affection of those about her."	" <i>Dora</i> is a young and beautiful woman, with fair hair, and blue eyes, and a power of attracting the affection of those about her."

The fault evidently lies with the authors. This we will maintain. As long as writers will describe fair-haired, dark-haired, girls or men, of amiable or demoniac temperament, so long must they continue to use the same words and phrases. Invent a new temperament, discover a new colour for hair, and the necessity vanishes. In short let us have a novelty. We strike our foreheads, our fine eye rolls wildly in a divine tooseydoosey, we seize our pen and give to the novel-reading public a creation, which no SIR WALTER DICKENS, CHARLES SCOTT, or SHAKESPEARE BULWER has, up to this moment, hit upon. Our aim, mind, is to describe such temperaments and features as shall hitherto have escaped all commonplace pens. With one dash we strike out the old lines, and now proceed to strike out a new line for ourselves:—

"*The Lady Parrovaria*."—(this must be fresh.)—"The *Lady Parrovaria* had long tresses of bright green hair, that attracted the attention of all who knew her. Her lips were of chrome yellow, and slightly open disclosed two rows of pink teeth that would have delighted a Monophysite. Her finely chiselled eye, open from ten till four, Sundays excepted, was a mixture of bright purple, toned down with gamboge, and no one who caught a glance of either lovely orb could say but that it was just as he had long ago expected, and what he had remarked from the very first."

Nothing old, no plagiarism here. Of course not. Now for a new thing in temperaments:—

"She was a strange, nay a fearful woman, yet gentle as the weasel or the hooded shrimp. Ever angry and violent in her tone, gestures, and general demeanour, she never for one instant lost that calm gooseberrylike deportment, that won for her the endearing love of her venerable, but equally unexpected, Grandfather."

We will proceed no further, as it is going too far to walk into FULLON. In original conceptions like the above there can be no plagiarism.

GEOGRAPHICAL OBSERVATION (by a Fellow).—Homburg is the place where they held the Court of *Trente-et-quarante*.



SMALL-BIRD MURDER.

Portraits of the Three Members of the "Shipley Sparrow Club," who received Prizes for having destroyed the largest numbers among 3,999 Sparrows, and 3,262 other birds killed during the past year.

See Times, 14th March, 1863.

LES MISÉRABLES.

THERE are many other miserable people in the world besides those whom VICTOR HUGO has so cleverly been picturing.

How miserable, for instance, are the eleven hungry guests who by a stupid social rule are kept waiting for their dinner because the twelfth—the snob—is late!

How miserable is the man who having to take his wife and her two aunts to the Opera, finds himself condemned to a back corner in the box!

How miserable is he who, having his mauve trousers on, has to ride inside an omnibus, where each crinoline that enters leaves a mud mark on his knees!

How miserable is he who, when about to pop the question in the tenderest of whispers, hears a barrel-organ squeaking the doleful air *Love Not!*

How miserable is he who, being told "you see your dinner," eats two helpings of tough mutton and then smells a smell of stuffing and sees brought in a fine goose!

But, as a climax of misfortune, what a miserable wretch must that man feel himself to be who, by some unlucky accident, passes a whole week without a sight at *Punch!*

The Roman Question.

Latest from Rome.—Why is ELLEN's Mother's Sister like a distinguished Cardinal? Because she's Aunt o' Nelly.

MY LORDS AT SHEFFIELD.

"EXTREMELY proper, and I will go too," was Mr. Punch's remark, when he heard that the Lords of the Admiralty, and a great lot of scientific Swells had accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Sheffield, Mr. JOHN BROWN, to visit his enormous works, and see how he makes the armour for our ships of war.

"I will go too," he repeated, seizing a large portmanteau and flinging in a shoe, a bottle of Macassar oil, a tooth-brush, a Cyclopaedia, a collar, a flask of whiskey, and anything else that happened to lie within reach of his hand.

"Go to," echoed Mrs. Punch, Shakspearially, "and do for goodness sake let that trunk alone. I will see to the packing. Go and smoke till you are told that a cab is at the door."

Obedience is always a virtue, sometimes a pleasure. Upon this occasion it was both, and Mr. Punch meditated complacently upon the subject until he reached Sheffield by the Great Northern line, the finest travelling in England, by the bye, and sixty miles an hour may be considered almost as fast as it is necessary for a gentleman to go on most errands of this life.

Seven deputations were waiting to receive him. Chiefly noticeable were MESSRS. ROEBUCK and HADFIELD, the Members for Sheffield, who came to ask him whether he would like to convene a meeting on any subject, adding, as a treat and an incitement, that they would both speak at it.

"Bother," said Mr. Punch, epigrammatically, walking into the exceedingly comfortable hotel at the Sheffield station. To fling himself into an arm-chair in the name of the room forgotten, but there's the Battle of the Standard in it—to swallow a bottle or so of exceedingly cool and pleasant Hock, to come out and smile affably at a very pretty face which he beheld through a glass, to address the countless thousands who had assembled around the door, and to drive away towards the Mayor's manufactory was the work of a moment. Not so the getting along the road to the place, and whatever Duke, or Municipality, or Readle, or whoever it is that ought to make this road decent, and don't, is hereby informed that Mr. Punch is excessively displeased. He was jolted to that extent that when he reached the Atlas works, he was too exhausted to enter until a bottle of Champagne had been administered to him. Then he went in.

After walking through several miles of vast buildings, filled with machinery colossal enough to have delighted GARGANTUA, Mr. Punch suddenly came upon the whole party, Lords of the Admiralty, learned Coven, managers of the works, ladies, (PAM praised the beauty of the Sheffield ladies, and though from his position he could by no means see them when he was doing it, that makes the compliment only the more graceful) the Mayor, aldermen, and other notabilities of Sheffield, and a mass of sturdy, stalwart, grimy giants, who might have been Cyclops, only they weren't. Wheels were growling, fires were roaring, chains were clanking, beams were banging, and the noise was something appalling, yet through it all the silver sound of Mr. Punch's utterance was heard like a bell. He borrowed words from his friend FECHTER, and simply remarked,

"I am here."

"And you are welcome indeed," said the Mayor, grasping his illustrious visitor's hand.

"I know it," said Mr. Punch. "Could I have something to drink, for nothing has passed my lips to-day, except coffee and epigrams."

"Could you?" said the Mayor, radiant with hospitality and kindness. In a beautiful silver goblet by BENVENUTO CELLINI or somebody else, there was instantly tendered to Mr. Punch a draught of delightfully cooled Moselle, in which he drank to his host, to the DUKE or SOMERSET, and the ladies.

"Now," said Mr. Punch, "let the ceremonial proceed. SOMERSET, my boy, do you think you understand anything about the process?"

"Well, yes," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "I think I do. You see they make it hot, and then—"

"Make what hot? Brandy-and-water? That reminds me that I should like a little, for I am far from well."

"I mean the iron," said the Duke, when Mr. Punch had finished the liquid that was tendered to him as he spoke.

"Well, why didn't you say the iron—didn't you like to speak ironically?"

It is well that Mr. BROWN has built his works strongly, for a shout like that which followed would have brought down any light erection.

"Well, Duke, they make the iron hot, and do they strike while the iron is hot?"

"I hope we shall have no more strikes here," said Mr. HADFIELD, who, with his colleague had, unknown to Mr. Punch, been clinging behind his carriage all the way to the works.

"A very proper remark, HADFIELD," said Mr. Punch, "and for fear you should make any more like it, take this sixpence, go to an hotel which you will find near the Post Office, order a White Lady, and stop there drinking it till I send for you."

"O, thank you," said Mr. HADFIELD, as he withdrew, delighted.

"Now, Duke, go on with your metallurgical lecture, and mind your eye, as Dr. PRACY is standing within earshot."

"Well," said the Duke, "they take it out of the furnace, and roll it between these rollers, and that is all."

"Not quite," said the Mayor, with a quiet look at Mr. Punch, "but his Grace is not altogether an unintelligent observer. Here comes a plate."

The brawny giants suddenly drew open the door of a vast furnace, and you had an idea that a large piece of the blazing sun had got in there by accident, and it was about as possible to look in the face of the fire as of Phœbus. Then, tugged forth by the giants, out came a huge slab of red-hot metal, just the thing for a dining-table in Pandemonium, and it was received upon a mighty iron truck, and hurried along to the jaws of the rolling machine. As it was drawn fiercely into the mill, a volcano broke out, and the air was filled with a shower of fire-spangles of the largest construction, and eminently calculated to make holes in your garments. But the sight was so fascinating that nobody, save the ladies, thought of clothes. The monster slab was so mercilessly taken in hand by the mighty wheels, and was hurled backwards and forwards, under terrific pressure, and so squeezed and rolled and consolidated, that when at length it was flung, exhausted as it were, upon the iron floor beyond, Mr. Punch, was reminded of the way in which he has dealt with, improved, and educated the public mind for the last twenty years. What Mr. JOHN BROWN's rollers do for that rough plate, Mr. Punch's stern wisdom has done and means to do for the imperfect but improvable public.

"It is a grand sight," said Mr. Punch, "and you ought to be proud of your work and your works, Mr. MAYOR, and you ought to give me something to drink, after all that heat."

It was Clare, this time, of a noble vintage, that cooled the heroic throat of the great instructor.

Then Mr. BROWN showed unto us how the said plate was finished, and specially guided us to a long row of apparently self-acting tables, on which the plates were laid, and fastened, and a horrible Procrustean operation silently began, for certain planes were adjusted, and the motion was given, and the plate was sheared and trimmed as if it had been made of chalk, save that curled ringlets of metal fell right and left, like Mr. Punch's hyacinthine locks when he submits them to Mr. SHAMCONVULSION, in the Burlington Arcade. Also we beheld a mighty traveller, not a biped bookmaker, but a machine, high in air, which took up the monstrous plates and flew away with them, depositing them in railway carts, to be delivered at Chatham and Woolwich.

"And that's the way I propose to defend the British Navy," said the DUKE OF SOMERSET, looking as if he had done it all.

"With my assistance, of course," said LORD CLARENCE PAGET.

"And ours," said ever so many junior Lords of Admiralty.

"Mr. MAYOR," said Mr. Punch, "it makes me thirsty to hear these aristocratic muffs going on in this manner. Thank you, Mr. MAYOR," he continued, as a crystal chalice, filled with priceless Burgundy, whose fragrance even overpowered the odour of the furnaces, was placed in his hands. "Your health, Mr. MAYOR. I hear you have spent £100,000 in this single part of your works in six months, and that you are going to build hugely in addition. Sir, I suppose that we, the nation, shall have to pay you a trifle for what you manufacture?"

Mr. BROWN smiled, as if he thought that just possible.

"Sir," continued Mr. Punch, "I rejoice thereat. I don't care what these things cost. I consider them the cheap defence of nations, at least of our nation, which is the only one I care a red cent about. These things will make war as nearly impossible as anything in this mad world can be, and therefore, Mr. BROWN, I hope that you will go on making them until further notice."

"All right, Sir," said the Mayor. "Now I should like to show you the Bessemer process for making steel."

"I will not move a step until I have had something to drink," said Mr. Punch.

But here, with one wild, yet sweet scream, all the ladies rushed upon Mr. Punch, and, declaring that the dear old darling had had quite as much as was good for him until lunch time, hurried him away to the Botanic Gardens, and kept him there, making him garlands of the choicest flowers from the conservatory, until the carriage arrived to bear him off to the Mayor's banquet. He has no very distinct recollection of the rest of the day, but he could not have been deprived of his senses, for he is informed that he did nothing but laugh at the Lords of the Admiralty, for not allowing the manufacturers to complete their work, but risking the spoiling the wonderful and costly plates by bending them into shape at the dockyard. Probably this ridiculous arrangement will have been terminated by Mr. Punch's incessant derision above chronicled.

CAUTION TO A SPIRIT-RAPPER.—"Come now, mind—No Hoel taps!"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



AT we be permitted to include under this heading the Shadows cast both by coming and Past Events; what has been and what is to be? We cannot pledge ourselves to the accuracy of each separate *adit*: but we will guarantee, that, the news contained in this article, shall be the newest and the most interesting of the kind, and neither slightly hinted at, nor badly to be met with in any Newspaper, daily or weekly, or in any periodical whatever, excepting always our own ably conducted Journal. As "things

not generally known," we give the following intelligence:—

Mr. B. WEBSTER, the wonderful *Soffy*, has kindly offered to rebuild St. Paul's at his own cost. The Dean and Chapter have already commenced pulling down the dome, but it is not yet definitely settled whether or no they will accept the generous proposal.

During the past week several changes have been effected in the clocks of the Metropolis: among others we are soon to lose (The Clock at Somerset House, it was going a few days ago).

There is no truth whatever in the report that Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS refused the Crown of Greece. We are authorised to say, that it was never even offered to him. While upon Theatrical matters, we feel that we are committing no breach of confidence in mentioning that the Duke's Motto is still being performed at the Lyceum. The Public are not perhaps aware that in the event of the Romanoff Dynasty coming to an end, Mr. PAUL BEDFORD is Heir Presumptive to the Throne of All the Russias. At the beginning of the week a splendid Pigeon-match came off in the neighbourhood of the Clubs. Mr. MUFF is reported to have been a considerable loser. We heard a capital story of Mr. DISRAELI the other day, but have forgotten it. A tradesman, with his little bill, having called upon Mr. HOME, the celebrated Medium, believes that he saw him go up in the air: he is positive that Mr. HOME did not "come down," although he waited a considerable time in the passage. A Sparring Match, a contest at Racing in Sacks, and climbing greased poles, is announced to come off shortly between The Hours of Six and Seven. It is looked forward to with great interest.

On the other evening a well-known Charitable Lady gave a feast of Crumpets to all the London Raga-muffins. Deer Stalking in the Lowther Arcade commences in a few weeks. Trolling for pickles will be later in the season than usual.

HUMILITY IN HIGH STYLE.

On Maundy Thursday, according to the *Times*, the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA washed the feet of four-and-twenty old men and women. The POPE also annually washes the feet of a number of men corresponding to that of the Apostles. If his Holiness and their Majesties were consistent Quakers, and, as such, accustomed constantly, and not merely once a-year, to render their fellow-creatures the fraternal service in question, the profoundest respect would be due to a sincere, if literal, observance of a precept pronounced and exemplified by the highest authority. But as such is not understood to be the habitual practice either of POPE PIUS or of FRANCIS-JOSEPH and the partner of his greatness, we would venture to ask a question which we must insist on considering neither impertinent nor irreverent. Did the feet, which these exalted Personages condescended to wash, really want washing?

Perhaps we might be allowed further to inquire, whether, after his Holiness and their Majesties had duly washed the feet of a dozen or thirteen persons each, they also vouchsafed to cut their toenails?

We pause for a satisfactory reply, and, not receiving one, shall be inclined to regard the papal and imperial custom of ceremoniously washing the feet of poor people, as a piece of solemn affectation, appealing only to that popular sympathy which asks, "How's your poor feet?"



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, isn't it A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK?"
Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THEN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SAY *M'S* DRINK!"

A PRIVATE VIEW.

We have lately made the round of the Studios, and can confidently prophesy all sorts of things about the Royal Academy; but we shan't do anything of the sort.

We commenced our inspection about Luncheon Time, and at that joyous hour found MR. MILLAIS drawing a cork in his very best style. He executed a little out for us off a small joint, and showed us a charming salad, in oil. We couldn't see his paintings clearly, so he offered us a glass; or, *vice versa*, he offered us a glass and then we couldn't see his picture clearly. We know that it was one or the other: probably the other. We were very much pleased, and were, in fact, carried away with delight: at all events we have no distinct idea of leaving the Studio, and yet we found ourselves the next morning reposing, "like a warrior taking his rest," with his, we mean our, boots on. Perhaps MR. HOMER may account for this phenomenon.

The next day we were up and at 'em again. MR. WALKER, who rose to receive us, from which we infer that he is a rising young Artist, was interrupted, by our entrance, in painting a figure of *Blind Hooker*, a most touching subject. MR. WALKER it seems expected our visit as he said that he had been looking out for us in his celebrated Dictionary. We encouraged the performance, and gracefully withdrew. MR. DOUGLASS, on our arrival, was just finishing his picture, and was engaged in laying in some dinner. Here we managed to show our taste, and then proceeded to MR. SHERWOOD WESTMACOTT, the talented Sculptor, whom we found chiselling a high figure out of a block. We believe it was a likeness of MR. CHIP-FENDALE of the Haymarket. We apologised and withdrew. MR. REDGRAVE has *The Blackleg*, for his picture. MR. CALDERON, "*The Witches in Macbeth*" dancing, as may be imagined, round the Cauldron. We saw at a glance that MR. HUGHES was painting lambs. SIR EDWIN LANDSEER gave us *The Old Duck*, with all his wonted power. We were highly gratified with the production of MR. MARKS, painted for St. Luke's. Choosing the popular *Aurora Floyd* whence to take an idea, MR. HARDY has done well in painting *Mr. Saffy*. The above information may be implicitly trusted, if substantially correct and particularly accurate.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PASSPORTS.

THE passport system certainly is dying out by slow degrees: but there are still some countries where it is not yet extinct, and for the benefit of those who travel there, we would suggest that photographs be used henceforth as passports. Every traveller should have his *carte de visite* taken and attested as his likeness before he starts from home: and the production of this portrait should be an open sesame at any frontier gate. Pen and ink descriptions are usually so vague that they scarcely ever serve to identify a person: and what is said about one's "age," or one's "stature" in a passport is not merely not flattering, but often strangely incorrect. A photograph of course would give a far more faithful picture, and one that might at any rate more easily be recognised than any written catalogue of one's features, age, and height. The sole objection seems to be, that men changing their appearance by wearing cut-throat collars in place of ancient stick-ups, or by suddenly indulging in the growth of long cat's whiskers or a beard or a moustache, of course would have to sit for a new portrait when they did so, as the old one would no longer bear the least likeness to life. In the latter case, indeed, they would have to be re-photographed a dozen times a month, if they would have their passport represent the truth. JONES who lets his upper lip remain unshaven for a day or two is but little like the JONES who used to shave it every morning: and his expression of disgust, when the hairs come thin and straggling and of brilliant brickdust hue, imparts a strangely altered look to his fine face.

Answer to a Correspondent.

"DUST," as you rightly suppose, means "Money." "Biting the Dust" is a ceremony sometimes observed by suspicious tradesmen in order to ascertain the goodness of the coin.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The next appointment to a Bishopric will, we are happy to say, give us an instance of the Right man in the Right place. We may safely announce that, a Fish Ordinary will be nominated to any vacant See.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

Butler (reads). "LATEST FROM AMERIKA! 'TIS IS RUMOURD THAT MR. LINCOLN IS ABOUT TO RE-EMPLOY THE BRUTAL BUTLER TO BE THE TERROR OF THE LADIES OF NEW HORELAHS."

2nd Housemaid. "LOH, MR. BINS! IF MR. LINCOLN'S BUTLER IS THE TERROR OF THE LADIES—HE MUST BE VERY HUNLIES YOU!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 13, *Monday.* Parliament re-assembled, and the proceedings deserved and shall obtain no attention.

Tuesday. The House of Commons rose, on the motion of MR. WALPOLE, seconded by LORD PALMERSTON, and supported by MR. DISRAELI, as a tribute of respect to the memory of SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Secretary at War, whose sudden decease had occurred on the preceding day.

Wednesday. SIR MORTON PETO brought on the Burials Bill for Second Reading. Its object was to allow Dissenting ministers of all denominations to bury persons in the churchyards of the Established Church, with whatever ceremonial the relatives might desire. LORD ROBERT CECIL resisted the Bill. MR. GLADSTONE saw objections to it, but supported it. MR. HARDY expressed a strange terror lest Dissenters should come into churchyards and sing "most objectionable hymns." Considering that nearly all the good hymns to be found in Church of England "Collections" are from the pens of DODDRIDGE, WATTS, WESLEY, MONTGOMERY, and other celebrated Divines of the Church of England, the objection—as SIR ROUNDELL PALMER must feel—has a peculiar value. SIR JOHN TRELAHNY opposed the Bill, because if Dissenters were admitted to the churchyards, he would have a weaker case against church-rates, which is also a peculiar argument. MR. DISRAELI stood up for the Church, which he said had fallen on stormy times, but still was a Pharoah, an illustration which may be thought to make light of the subject. The House rejected the Bill by a very large majority, 221 to 96.

Thursday. The Lords had a Greek debate. LORD MALMESBURY politely said, that PRINCE ALFRED had been put forward as a Dummy, and his Lordship imputed to the Government the having proposed

HARD LABOUR IN HIGH LIFE.

How doth the ever busy PAM
Employ each leisure hour
In journeying from town to town,
Like bee from flower to flower!
How cleverly his tale he'll tell
Where'er a speech he makes,
Showing how England must excel
While his advice she takes!

While others waste their leisure hours,
Or idly mischief brew,
PAM actively the country scours,
In quest of hearers new.
Thus in hard work his holiday
Is virtuously passed;
But let us hope a Peerage may
Be his reward at last.

HOMAGE TO BUTLER!

INTELLIGENCE from New York, dated April 3rd, has delighted the partisans of the North with the statement that—

"A large ovation was given last night by the Loyal League and the citizens to GENERAL BUTLER, at the Academy of Music."

GENERAL BUTLER might have had an appropriate reception at the New York Academy of Music, but it is to be feared that he did not. We believe we may safely say that his entrance on the scene of harmony was unaccompanied by the *Rogues' March*. Neither can we entertain the pleasing idea that he received an ovation in any proper sense of the word. There is no reason to suppose that his admirers gave him an egging.

Speaking by the Letter.

It is admitted that the City Police is deficient in numbers. As an "H" is proverbially difficult to meet with near the Mansion House, and in fact can but seldom be found in its proper place, would it not be better, instead of creating a new division, to arrange so that we may hear more of that letter. It is to be regretted, that for want of a good understanding, the H's are as frequently off duty in the City as the R's are at the West End.

PRINCE WILLIAM without the consent of the Court of Denmark. He also strongly objected to the surrender of the Ionian Isles. LORD RUSSELL defended himself satisfactorily, but LORD DERBY did not think so, and accused him of rashness. Finally, LORD GRANVILLE, closely cross-questioned, gave a reply which LORD CHELMSFORD, with a judicial instinct, declared to be "a direct answer," as to the consent of the KING OF DENMARK, and Greece was dropped.

Another spoke was put in the wheels of the railway carriages that are to run over London. A Committee of Lords is to consider which of the Bills can be proceeded with this Session without interfering with a future plan of comprehensive character. By the way, the astronomers at Greenwich announce that their telescopes will be shaken by the proposed cutting through the Park, so we presume that the deer will not be scared by the whistle. We feel inclined to treat ourselves to a whitebait dinner in honour of PROFESSOR AIREY, and perhaps he might like to pay MR. QUARTERMAIN'S bill for the same.

This was Budget Night in the Commons. Some apprehension had been felt, or at least expressed, that MR. GLADSTONE'S recent accident might induce him to postpone the financial statement, for the right honourable gentleman's face was said to be "slightly discoloured," and it would have been unpleasant to let this Budget be handed down to posterity as the Black-Eye Budget. But we rejoice to say that our friend was all right, and came out with a three-hours speech, of pleasing elaboration and unbroken eloquence. He let three cats and several kittens out of the bag.

He has got a surplus of £3,741,000.

1. Tobacco has been attended to.
2. He equalises the duty on coffee and chicory.
3. Clubs are to take out liquor licences.
4. Certain beer licences to be charged like spirit licences.
5. Anybody shall sell any quantity of beer.
6. Omnibus and stage-coach duty to be re-arranged.
7. Railway-Excursion exemption from duty to be abolished.

8. Irish Charitable Legacies to be taxed.
9. Charities and Corporation Trusts to pay Income-Tax.
All these changes will bring up the surplus to £3,874,000.
10. He abolishes his own little charges on parcels and bills of lading.
11. He relieves Minor Incomes from some Income-Tax.
12. He takes off Five-Pence from the Tea-Tax, henceforth to be One Shilling.
13. He takes off Two-Pence from the Income-Tax, henceforth to be Seven-Pence.

All these changes will get rid of £3,343,000 of Surplus.

This is the Budget for 1863. Mr. PUNCH will discuss the items in Committee, but will here remark, that in regard to No. 1, he is told that his cigars will not be any cheaper, and, therefore, he intends to take to Cavendish, and if it does his constitution any harm, the fault is Mr. GLADSTONE'S. As to No. 2, he has nothing to say, always taking beer at breakfast. On No. 3 he would remark, that inasmuch as LORD PUNCH, member of a Club, buys for the Club a bottle of gin, to be sold, by four-penny instalments, to LORD PUNCH himself, he cannot see the sense of charging him for a licence to treat himself. Mr. GLADSTONE was eager to explain that there was to be no surveillance of Clubs, no policeman coming into the smoking-room, or any intrusion of that sort; but we suspect that this deep-minded Machiavel is only trying to get in the thin end of the wedge, and one of these days will propose to tax Club-stories, bow-window scandals, short whist, sherry-and-bitters, and the *Charivari*, in which case he will hear the cry "Clubs! Clubs!" in the old sense. As a meeting of the Committees of about three of the London Clubs would put Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry, or any other, out of office in a week, it behoves him to mind what he is about. Nos. 4 and 5, if they are intended to promote the sale of better beer than can now be obtained, may pass with plaudit. No. 6 we don't care a farthing about, but omnibus reform is a large subject, and as long as the women cling to the present system of dress, we rather rejoice in their discomfort, and shall not exert ourselves to improve our busses. No. 7. Mr. GLADSTONE clearly dislikes the excursion system, and though he says it is not for the House to put it down, he would like to do so. No. 8. Evidently right, because SCULLY abused it. No. 9. Clearly right, though it may not appear so at first sight. The CHANCELLOR'S sketch of trustees feasting at the expense of a charity, under boards blazoned with golden tributes to benefactors, and England taxed to keep up an establishment to regulate charities, was highly artistic. No. 10. He sacrificed his children at the altar of Commerce in a graceful way, and some people's apologies for doing wrong are more pleasant than other people's ungracious way of doing right. No. 11. This is a Cat, and a fine cat with a long tail, who deserves a collar. The hardship of the tax on incomes between £100 and £200 is to be reduced, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S pity for that class was amusingly touching, for, said he, "they can't make false returns." No. 12. Another Cat who should purr on many a poor person's hearth-rug while the cat-lap goes round. The only thing is that the grocer never do make the reduction, but always tell Mr. PUNCH some rigmarole about these alterations really making no difference in "good" articles. However, Mr. GREGSON, M.P. for Lancaster, and a great India and China merchant, actually handed to Mr. GLADSTONE two penny packets of tea, which he showed to the House, in proof that a great deal more tea may henceforth be had for a penny than heretofore, and we hope that purchasers will enforce this fact upon the attention of the grocer. No. 13. If, instead of Two-Pence, the reduction had been Nine-Pence, Mr. PUNCH would have thrown himself into Mr. GLADSTONE'S arms, and wept with joy and gladness, but Two-Pence is better than nothing.

These remarks embody all the sense that could be uttered in reference to the new Budget. There was a debate, however. MR. WHITE, of Brighton, was pleased about the tea, and complained that "ladies were very stingy with the article, spooning it out as carefully as if it were a luxury," and he hoped to see the tea-chest banish the tea-caddy. The principle of economy and honesty is much more deeply rooted in the feminine than in the masculine bosom. "We cannot afford it," says a remonstrating wife. "Have it first, and afford it afterwards," says a less scrupulous husband. This every sensible man knows, and it is contested only by brainless snobs who take in dead old joke-books for anti-matrimonial facetiae; and MR. WHITE, who is not brainless—nor voiceless—ought not to object to the frugality which is not parsimony. We hope that whoever makes his tea will give him nothing but tea of the second cup order for a month. MR. CRAWFORD liked the budget as a whole. MR. SCULLY abused England, never knew a time when Ireland was more rancorous against us, and warned us that the American Eagle might one day come to avenge the wrongs of Ireland. One can't argue with an idiot; but his constituents should be disfranchised for being fools. After some other talk, of no great mark, the chieftory resolution was agreed to, and we hope that the PRINCES ALFRED and LOUIS OF HESSE were pleased with what they heard of the evening's proceedings.

Friday. Two Judges in the Ionian Isles have been removed from office. LORD CHELMSFORD thought that this was wrong, and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said that it was right. As we have nearly got

rid of the islands, the making a fuss about what is done there is like a lodger who has given notice to quit insisting on the house being papered and all the black beetles caught.

MR. CORDEN is going to press upon the House the necessity of helping the Federals as much as possible by carrying out the Foreign Enlistment Act with the utmost stringency. In the meantime the American Minister here is good enough to take our commercial marine in hand, and, at his pleasure, to grant England a permit to trade with Mexico. Is there anything else that MR. ADAMS would like to do in the interest of MR. LINCOLN? Will he continue to allow the publication of any of our newspapers which do not represent the Federals as gaining three victories per week?

Harbours of Refuge, Sewage, and Electric Light were among the topics discussed at the Friday *conversations*. SIR S. NORTHCOTE, for the Opposition, signified that MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget was satisfactory, and the epigram of the night was LORD PALMERSTON'S, who said, in reference to somebody's inquiries, that "it was quite possible that a question might not be indiscreet, though it might be very indiscreet to give an answer to it." He added that it was a very fit thing to "evade" an answer to an indiscreet question. There are various ways of evading an answer; but perhaps the celebrated mode adopted by the historic boatswain was the best. This gallant officer quipped himself on having gracefully obeyed his captain's instructions to give some pestering ladies an evasive answer, when they came alongside, and asked where the said captain was. "He's gone to blazes, and you may go after him."

DOGGED CONDUCT.

MR. G. WILLIAMS, of Gorgate Hall, has been distinguishing himself; witness the following:—

"AN ODD PRESENT FOR THE PRINCESS.—MR. G. WILLIAMS, of Gorgate Hall, has forwarded to Sandringham a terrier puppy for Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES. LIEUTENANT GENERAL KNOLLYS has acknowledged the offering as follows:— 'Sandringham, April 1. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KNOLLYS presents his compliments to Mr. WILLIAMS, and has been directed by the PRINCE OF WALES to thank him for the terrier puppy he has been so obliging as to send for the acceptance of the Princess. MR. WILLIAMS may rest assured, perhaps, that it is not the general rule of the Royal Family to receive presents when they have not had the pleasure of being acquainted with the donor personally; but on the present occasion His Royal Highness has been pleased to make an exception, and, on the part of the PRINCESS OF WALES, again to thank MR. WILLIAMS for his courteous present.'"

The animal was doubtless presented upon the principle of love me love my dog. A cat may look at a king, and by parity of reasoning, a terrier puppy may stare at a Princess, but we never heard that its owner was on that account to be admitted to any courtly privileges. Did he send a copy of verses with it, a few lines of appropriate dog-rel? Who is MR. G. WILLIAMS, of Gorgate Hall? Is he the owner of the mansion, or a tenant to the manor born? We trust that it was his own terrier puppy which his loyalty prompted him to offer for the acceptance of the PRINCESS. The name is darkly suggestive; often, at some transpontine place of amusement, where legitimate melodrama scorns the ordinarily accepted use of the letters "H" and "V" we have heard Virtue, or rather Virtue, indignantly denounce the wicked conspirators as "Willins." Was it for this reason that that master of the English language, GENERAL KNOLLYS, hesitated to accept the courteous present—this one saved out of the—

"Litters puppes"

that met a watery grave—lest perchance the donor should belong to a band of Willins—Willins, too, of the deepest dye? We cannot offer any certain opinion. The puppy, the dog-child, is at Sandringham; and it is not for us to give forth a dog-ma as to the origin of the gift.

Something Fabuleus.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.—MR. WILLIAM COX to ask the HOME SECRETARY if he really expects with the assistance of an old MAYNE and a secondhand tale, he shall succeed in intimidating the Citizens of London out of some of their privileges, and whether the notion was borrowed from *Æsop* the historian, or any other man. (We strongly recommend Mr. COX to be very careful in putting this question, as its termination is not free from difficulty. If the expression "*Æsop* th' is Tory an" be used, some new Member may look for the individual referred to on the benches of the Opposition.)

How to Cure Hams and Butlers.

BUTLER threatens England with war. If we have it, and catch him, we shall hand him over to MR. DAVIS. A certain King of Egypt, having anger against a chief butler and a chief baker, did ultimately forgive the former and hang the latter. We should not wonder if KING DAVIS, for a change, should hang the Chief, BUTLER—and we are sure we shouldn't care.

A LIFT FOR THE LIFEBOATS.



AN THE LIFEBOAT!" is a popular vocal exhortation, and we have recently received a song to the same tune in the shape of a report of the National Lifeboat Institution; wherein, among other facts of interest, we learn that:—

"The Lifeboats of the Institution during the year 1862, saved 358 persons from wrecked ships, nearly the whole of them under circumstances of imminent peril, when no other description of boat could have performed the service, including the crews of twenty-one vessels also safely brought into port through the help of the Lifeboats during the same period."

We are moreover told that since the year 1824, when the Lifeboat Institution was first brought into existence, nearly

thirteen thousand persons have been saved "by its Lifeboats or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards."

Thirteen thousand five in less than forty years is a sufficient proof, we fancy, that the Lifeboat Institution is an eminently saving one. But careful as it is to save as much as possible and spend as little as it can, the funds which are subscribed barely cover its expenses, and help is, therefore, needful to keep it well afloat. For this purpose MESSRS. WILKINS or any other bankers will "thankfully receive" any cheques that may be sent to them; or if you prefer it, reader, you can call yourself and pay your money to the Secretary, at the office, 14, John Street, Adelphi, W.C. Every cheque sent in is a help to keep the Lifeboat Institution above water; and each sovereign subscribed is so to speak a portion of the purchase-money paid for saving a man's life. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease may thus in purse, if not in person, lend assistance at a shipwreck; and while sitting over their wine while the stormy winds do blow, may feel a pleasure in reflecting that the money they have paid to the Lifeboat Institution is possibly at that moment bringing safety to the shipwrecked and life to a dear friend or a beloved relative.

PRIME MINISTERS.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM dreadfully—oh so dreadfully shocked. Happening quite accidentally to cast my eye over the profane columns of a daily Newspaper, I came across the following sentence:—

"Fangsticker, a rare good-looking Kingston colt, with Parsons up in Mr. Sewster's bone and white the first time this season, is sure to be heard of again, unless I am very much mistaken. A better-looking lot than those that ran for the Northamptonshire Stakes have seldom been seen at the post for that handicap."

"I could read no further. No wonder that Young Men, Members of the Learned Anniversaries as The Archbishop of Canterbury or somebody equally Reverent complains, will not go into the Church. It's enough to startle one, it is, to read of 'Parsons' being 'up in Mr. Sewster's blue and white'; pretty figures they must have cut, indeed, dressed up like a parcel of Stage players and Tom fods, when they ought to have been as LORD NELSON said in his shroud, 'doing their Duty.' And then to think of praising these misguided Clergymen as 'a better looking lot' than usual! 'Running for Northamptonshire Stakes' too! Stakes, indeed! and running for them, too! a mere excuse to give the Gormongers, as the French say, an appetite. I shall instantly write to Mr. WASTON of Knightsbridge, who will very soon make a LIDDELL disturbance about this matter. I pay my pew-rates and Cu-rates, and may justly complain. And I therefore sign myself, Yrs truly and, resigning myself to circumstances, am

"Yours, deeply grieved,

"THE MOURNING HER."

IMPORTANT FROM LORD AND LADY DUNDREARY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I THINK—at least I don't think—but look here. When a fellah has made an important invention; no, you don't make an invention, because you find it out, but we'll say an invention; well, it seems to me a fellah ought not to keep it to himself if it can't do any good to him to keep it, but reveal it, as it were, in the most generous and uncomprehensive manner—that's not right—uncompromising manner; we'll say, for the good of other fellahs. Well, look here. Collars—you know, which you put round your neck in the morning. Well, what do they starch them for in that manner, at least the button-holes? Why, it's most irritable—well, irritating. (Look here, GEORGINA will stand over me, and keep my style from staggering about, she says, as if a stile could stagger about—ridiculous; and wouldn't you come a cropper if you tried to get over it?) I say that starching the button-holes to that extent is irritating; you can't get the collar buttoned, and you break your nails, specially your thumb nails, in the most aggravating and unhandsome way. Now, don't say it's nothing to break your nails. It's not nothing not to be able to do a fellah's collars; destroys his self-respect, has to ask his wife to do it, and break her nails, too; and is that to love, honour, and cherish, I ask you that as a man and a member of the Church of England? But there's more. A fellah creature's life might hang on your nail. Suppose you take your walks abroad in the Park, and see a fellah hanging himself up by a tree. Out comes your knife, and down you cut him; give him some tin and a tract, and he lives good and happy ever afterwards. But suppose when a fellah pulls out his knife his nail's broke, and he can't open his knife. There is a situation, and the poor fellah's executed because a fool of a washerwoman would starch the other fellah's button-holes.

"Well, old fellah, I have discovered a dodge to do the washerwoman. Don't mean to cheat them, quite the reverse; and GEORGINA looks over the books regularly every Monday morning, and if a handkerchief is missing, don't she come down like thunder and lightning on the woman (I say, I wrote this when her back was turned, and now she wants it scratched out, as if it wasn't a credit to her to look after the house)—let's see. Well, as I was saying, I have found a way to save your nails. This is it. Just take the collar, don't you see, and dip just the tips, where the holes are, into water for half a minute. Softens the starch, my dear fellah, you button the thing limp and easy, and it's dry in a minute, and all serene, and your nails are safe, and you can

open your knife. GEORGINA sends her love, and says I ought to be ashamed of myself for writing about such nonsense, but that as I will write, she has made my letter as straightforward as my circumstances—thing nature will permit. Like her impertinence, ain't it, but she ain't half a bad one.

"Ever yours, my dear fellah,

"In the Country, somewhere."

"DUNDREARY."

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE following information has not been published in any paper:—Several new books will be forthcoming during the ensuing week. Among those of special domestic interest may be named the Butcher's Book, the Baker's Book, and many others of a similar character. The Common Councilmen have magnanimously given up the right of shooting in Cheapside during the season. They have been in possession of this privilege since the time of WILLIAM RUTUA. There will in future be no half price to the gallery of the House of Commons. The Inns of Court Volunteers will be as usual reviewed by MR. TOOLE, MR. BEN. WEBSTER'S kind permission having been obtained. There will be a short but lively ballet by the Benchers of the Middle Temple in their beautiful gardens every afternoon at 4 o'clock, weather permitting. The veteran MR. GREEN, of Evans's, has been engaged for a series of lectures on the microscope, which he will deliver from one of his own celebrated balloons. Great excitement prevails in the cricketing world in consequence of the great match at Single Wicket between MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE and a novice, on which occasion MR. M. P. TURVER, we hear, has kindly consented to take the chair and sing several of his most popular melodies during the repast. MR. COMPTON has with much deliberation expressed his opinion on American affairs; he is reported to have uttered these memorable words, "Hum! ha! yes! precisely;" and, as far as he goes, we perfectly agree with him.

City Intelligence (not Easily Discoverable).

It is rumoured that SIR RICHARD MAYNE entertains the notion that if he can get into the City he will find there a bed of Roses. Very likely—and no doubt before he obtains possession of it, LORD MAYOR ROSE will so arrange the thorns that SIR RICHARD will find himself well received at all points.



A SKETCH AT A STEEPLE-CHACE.—THE BROOK JUMP.

Bumpkin, No. 1. "WA-AT—ARE THEY A QWOANG TO JOOMP THIS?"

Bumpkin, No. 2. "YA-AS!"

Bumpkin, No. 1. "THEN, I'D RAYTHER WALK THREW!"

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

BORN 1806.

DIED MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1863.

SCHOLAR and Statesman, two lives' toil he pressed,
Into one honest, upright, useful life;
With his wide wisdom's mildness tempering strife,
Nor save in change of labour taking rest.

In books he sought earth's grey experience stored,
He helped its application in affairs;
Nor found with office-toils and party-care
His manly scholarship in discord.

Such two-fold lives, such doubly-gifted men,
Are rare as precious; happy is the land
That can the calm and thoughtful eye command,
Which gathers past and present in its ken.

But rarer still to find one wielding power
O'er books and business, simple as a child,
Open to sound advising, humble, mild,
And prompt to weigh the problem of the hour.

It will be long before his place is filled,
His colleagues' country's loss in him supplied;
Longer, alas, before her tears are dried,
Who shared that blameless life, leaned on that heart unchilled.

Change of Name.

By way of marking his appreciation of DR. COLENSO's last Hare-retical objection, the BISHOP OF OXFORD has determined upon calling his Episcopal Residence, Chew-the-Cud-desdon Palace.

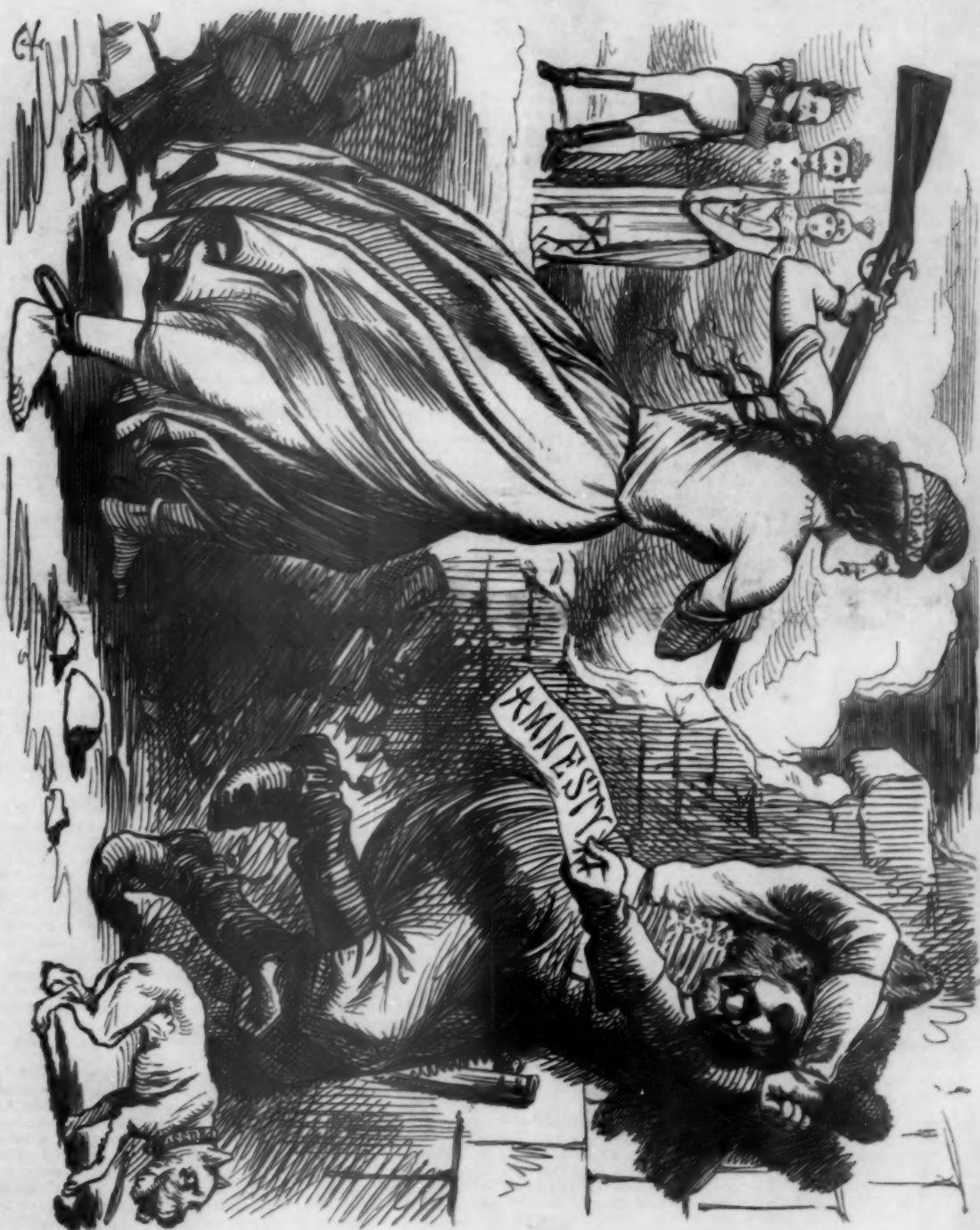
THE CHIEF CAUSE OF CELIBACY.

MR. CORDEN, in a lately published letter on a social subject of grave interest, states that "each census discloses a greater disparity between the sexes," and he mentions, as a fact ascertained, that there are, in this kingdom, more than half a million of females in excess of males. He considers this disproportion of the sexes owing in a great measure to emigration, and the number of men sent abroad in the army and other public employments, but partly also to other causes which could not be discussed within the compass of a letter. Does MR. CORDEN mean Crinoline? It certainly would be impossible to comprise Crinoline within the compass of any letter but a round robin, of the dimensions of King Arthur's Table; a document which should be immediately drawn up and signed by all parents who want to get rid of their daughters, and by every philanthropist who believes that any disadvantage to society results from the preponderance of its feminine over its masculine proportion.

Men who would marry if they prudently could, require, on the part of their wives, a small waste, however strongly they may object to tight lacing. Now, if a man in narrow circumstances is fool enough to marry, his means are slender, whereas his wife's waste, in the article of superfluous drapery, is great. Thus man and wife are more than one flesh of ordinary magnitude; they are, as it were, one *Falstaff*. Crinoline alone has grown out of all measure and all compass by which the expenditure of moderately opulent couples ought to be limited. The maxim, "What is enough for one is enough for two," may be true enough as regards the quantity of food and extent of house-room sufficient for conjugal happiness; but, in the matter of petticoats, if economy is necessary, it ought to be agreed that what is called enough for one shall be less than what is really enough for twenty.

FACT FOR THE FACULTY.—A bilious Tax-gatherer stayed at home last quarter-day, as he said that his head was going round.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—April 25, 1863.



THE AMNESTY.

Russia, "THOUGH I HAVE BURNED YOUR HOUSE AND MURDERED YOUR CHILDREN, LEAVE OFF HITTING ME AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU!"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



DEAR PUNCH, In these milk-and-water days, when critics dip their pens in honey, and write upon a roseleaf, it is refreshing, for a change, to come across a bit of plain blunt disagreeable truth, blurted out in ink that has still a little gall in it. Such a scrap I find in the *Saturday Review*, and at the risk of being thought a brute, I venture to repeat it:—

"We don't see why absurd compliments should be paid. Actresses do not, as a rule walk, or pronounce their words, or smile, or speak, as ladies do. They may be very near it, but they do not hit the mark, unless with occasional exceptions. The whole of the genteel life of the stage in our opinion wants a

thorough revolution. It is absurdly conventional. It affects to represent the manners of English ladies and gentlemen, and it no more represents them than it does the manners of the ancient Egyptians."

"I can fancy what a flutter such plain words as these would cause in any green-room where they have chance to penetrate. 'Not ladies!' cries Miss FLOUNCEINGTON. 'Not ladies! Well, I'm sure! What does the creature mean! He's certainly no gentleman, is he, Mrs. BOWCKER?' And that lady, very likely, would indulge in a stage faint, at the hint that it was possible that some one thought her not quite capable of acting like a lady. Now leaving others to debate the justice of the words I have been bold enough to quote, will these ladies kindly suffer me to wish for their own sakes that they would learn to bear a word of censure without wincing at it. Confectionery criticism may be more pleasing to their taste, but it is, after all, a sadly enervating diet. A bitter word or two in very many cases is a salutary tonic; and, if judiciously prescribed, such tonics might do much to put new strength into the stage.

"One heard it said awhile ago that burlesques were dying out, but there have been more produced this Easter than for many an Easter past, and however much some people may grumble at the increase, the public as a rule seems rather to be pleased by it. As was the case at Christmas, the Olympic piece is best, being noteworthy especially for not having nigger songs in it. Nor are one's ears too much tormented by that torturing of words which with burlesque writers far too often serves for wit. A good pun I enjoy, and always like to laugh at; but I cannot see the fun of stringing words together so that they may sound like other words, to which they bear no semblance in any form of sense. Fairy tales have well nigh been burlesqued to death; but by choosing for a subject *Acis and Galatea*, there is the benefit somewhat of novelty and the advantage too of having HANDEL ready to one's hand. Of course one cannot quite expect to hear a Philharmonic faithfulness of voice in a burlesque, but the Olympic troupe of singers do their best to sing the music as it should be sung, and don't give themselves more airs than are actually given them. Mr. ATKINS is assuredly no STAUBIGL in voice, but his height in that respect corresponds with his high figure, and he may certainly be said to rise with the occasion, considering the altitude he reaches in his boots, whilst Miss HUGHES' singing might have done for the original *Galatea*. How old stagers, who remember the *Acis* of MACREARY's time must feel their memory refreshed by the sight of dear Mr. CLARKSON STANFIELD's big wave that nightly breaks and surges again on the shore of the Olympic, just as five-and-twenty years ago it did at Drury Lane!

"While speaking of burlesques I cannot leave the death of Mr. ROGERS without notice, or forget to think how many of us are sorry to lose one who has so often made us laugh. His quaint eccentric humour will not be soon replaced; and, broad as was his line of acting, to his merit he it said, that he seldom stooped to coarseness, or sinned against good taste. The last part that he played I cannot say I liked, because I thought the subject quite unfit to be burlesqued. The trial of a mother for murdering her child is, to my mind, not exactly a thing to be made fun of; and although the parody is delicately done, I think it a mistake that it was done at all. Because a play adapted from SIR WALTER SCOTT succeeds, it is thought that a burlesque of it will be sure to draw. I rather question this myself, and though I cannot say I much admire 'Sensation' dramas, I have

certainly less wish to pay another visit to the *Jessie* of St. James's than I have again to journey to see the lass at Astley's—a hundred million pardons! I mean the Royal Westminster—although the latter may not be much nearer to my residence, which you know is 'near the Parks.'

"Lovers of good acting must be glad once more to see Mr. WEBSTER on his stage, though they might perhaps have wished to see him in a better piece. It is difficult of course to make an interesting drama out of such sensation novels as *Aurora Floyd*, but Mr. WEBSTER's *Sally* is a character well worth seeing, and, like that of Mr. BELMORE, forms the one redeeming feature of the piece. Whatever Mr. WEBSTER does, he always does at his best; and this patient persevering endeavour to succeed is certain of securing a success.

"Of course you saw *Lord Dundreary* the last time he appeared, which, wanting only four, was his Four Hundredth night! How long is it since a play, with no sensational attractions, has been made to run so long? I hope, when Mr. SOTHERS comes again to make us laugh, that he will show us he can do so in other characters as well as that which he has made his own. From the glimpses we had of him in an afterpiece or two, we may believe he can act well in many light and pleasant parts. Did you see him play the lover in the *Little Treasure*? and did you not admire as well the pretty childish innocence and grace of Miss E. TARRY, who came out in that piece? She seemed to me to show more promise than is commonly observable among our debutantes, and I trust she won't be spoiled by acting in burlesque. I saw Miss WILSON not long since in this pleasant little piece, and I was glad to find her tongue untainted by the slang which in her burlesquing she has rightly to emit. When her present *Trilby* is over, I hope she will resume her more lady-like demeanour, which with a West End audience ought surely to attract.

"The *Battle of the Operas* has begun again this year, and each general brings a most imposing force into the field. Well, there is a good deal of noise made; but after all it is a very peaceful conflict. The musical 'world is wide,' but with two such operas there is 'room for us all;' and so I wish success to both, *fortenque GYE-an fortenuque MAPLESON*.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

QUACK!

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SEND my complaint to you because all the Ladies say you're such a Duck. I am a Duck myself. A member of the Amphibious family in St. James's Park. Please Mr. P. I hardly like addressing you by your respected initial, as it reminds me of a certain green vegetable which—but that's how they serve me—As I was saying, please Mr. P. they (I don't know who 'they' are, but they're Authorities of some kind), have been spoiling the Ornamental Water under pretence of clearing the basin, which, if I may be allowed the expression, is a base sin on their part, and we, the Ducks, do not know what to do or where to go:

"Where they goes or how they fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

"I'm a bit of a Quack, may be, but I'm sure that this sort of thing isn't good for our health, and St. James's Park does not look like the same place. If you hear that we're getting on swimmingly don't believe it. No more do nursery-maids and children throw bread and biscuit unto us. What! are we little gobblers to be reduced to a mere pond? Or perhaps to an enclosure on dry land, like that miserable;

"Gobbler there was who lived in a stall:"

"But no doubt you'll say a good word for us, as quack, I mean as quick, as possible. If you do this I'll tell all my friends to take a copy of your paper; I myself will put my name down for four, as I don't mind giving a bob to save a duck. I seal this with the aid of a friendly Cygnet, and am,

"Yours truly, THE DUCK O'DIAMONDS."

Mr. Cox's Contribution to Science.

MR. GLAISHER wrote to the papers, saying that he was going up in a balloon on Saturday, and requesting gentlemen to observe the altitude and azimuth of the balloon every five minutes. We hear that Mr. COX, M.P., in the most obliging manner wrote on Monday to say that he had observed the attitude of the balloon, and that it was quite upright, but he thought the azimuth must have fallen off, or perhaps was not taken up, being too heavy; at all events neither he, nor any of his clerks, could see it.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The other day a middle-aged gentleman, while walking across the bridge over the Serpentine, fell in with somebody else. Their names have not as yet transpired.

OFFICIAL.—A Government servant who lately "threw up" his appointment, has "caught it" from his employers.



ENVY.

"Ah, well! I said Pride 'ud 'ave a Fall. It was Shee-roots, and Shee-roots, all day long durin' th' Exhibition with them there 'Ansome's—but now is come down to a 'inch and a 'arf of Clay."

HOW TO SAVE CONSCIENCE MONEY.

In an article very justly arguing that the Income-Confiniscation ought to be remitted before the Malt Tax is reduced, the *Post* makes the following remarkable observation:—

"Habit leads a man to consider four shillings a pound a legitimate price for tea, but habit has never yet, and probably never will, reconcile a man to the idea that only nineteen shillings and threepence out of every sovereign which is paid to him is all which he is properly entitled to call his own."

This is quite true. Nobody has ever been, or ever will be, reconciled by habit to the idea of deducting ninepence out of every sovereign which he receives, and laying that money by in order to pay up the annual sum total as due for his Income-Tax. It is, however, too much to be feared that the habit of putting that idea into practice is by no means so general as it ought to be. No doubt the Income-Tax is, as far as Schedule D goes, a monstrous extortion. Still, its victims are bound to submit to it, and surrender their incomes to its entire incidence and operation. If, for instance, your income is above £200, no matter though you derive it from a source which will expire in twelve months, you should punctually pay sevenpence (reduced by Mr. GLADSTONE from ninepence) Income-Tax out of every pound of it. And besides that, you should deduct the same sum out of every pound you may casually receive, and put it by at the time, for fear you should forget it. This is what you ought to do, though you may see the work-house looming in the distance, as scrupulously as you could if you were in the place of your neighbour possessed of property securing him affluence for life, and his children a handsome inheritance after him. Because Government imposes a tax regardless of equity, that is no reason why, in paying it, you should disregard arithmetic. Let your conscientiousness shame the dishonesty of the State; and when, after having seen better days, you shall be receiving parish relief, send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a penny postage stamp as conscience money for Income-Tax forgotten when you were liable thereto.

THE "HOME" CIRCUIT.—A Spiritualist circle of folly and deception, at which lies are rapped out by the dozen all round.

THE VULGAREST OF ALL VULGAR FRACTIONS.—Breaking the Peace.

THE NAGGLETONS AND THE BISHOP.

Evening. The children have just gone up to bed. Now, to reveal a secret which we cannot keep any longer, MRS. NAGGLETON literally "spoke by the card" when—but you'll see.

Mr. Naggleton (as the door closes). Good night. (After a pause.) Bless 'em, they are very good children, after all.

Mrs. Naggleton (coldly). After all what?

Mr. N. (laughs). A phrase. Before all, if you like it better.

Mrs. N. My liking is of no consequence, but I thought that perhaps you had been nursing up some charge against the poor things.

Mr. N. Nonsense.

[Begins to read DR. COLENSO.

Mrs. N. However, you may well say, "after all." Considering what their father's favourite studies are, and that his conduct is of a piece with them; it is wonderful that the children's characters are not deteriorated by his example.

Mr. N. What's up now, in the name of everything that's detestable?

Mrs. N. You are polite, HENRY, as well as elegant in your language.

Mr. N. I'm neither the one nor the other, and don't mean to be. What are you talking about?

Mrs. N. It is a common practice with culpability to affect indignation.

Mr. N. Confoundedly sententious you are, MARIA. If you have nothing pleasanter to say, perhaps you will let me enjoy my evening in reading.

Mrs. N. O, you have so many ways of enjoying your evenings.

Mr. N. Have I? Spending 'em here doesn't seem likely to be one.

Mrs. N. I am aware that you think so, HENRY. An opera-house is perhaps a more pleasant place for a father and a husband.

Mr. N. Well, that's grateful. As if you didn't make me go to the opera.

Mrs. N. I make you! O, HENRY!

Mr. N. Why, I swear that you gave me no peace till I got you the

box; you reminded me of it at half a dozen breakfasts, and even set the child to play one of MISS PYKE's songs on the pianoforte, that you might have an additional poke at me.

Mrs. N. What a mean mind you must have to fancy such things.

Mr. N. Fancy—well, when a woman says to her daughter, "I think, love, that you are playing it too fast, but as your papa will not allow me to hear the opera, I cannot be sure," there's not much room for fancy as to what she means.

Mrs. N. One is never safe with you, HENRY. A little playful badinage, which in good society is a lady's privilege, and which a gentleman always receives kindly and in the nicest sense, your cynical nature turns into sarcasm, or hidden meaning.

Mr. N. Thank you, my dear, but I am not exactly a fool, and I know the difference in tone between playfulness and petulance. The tone is everything.

Mrs. N. I congratulate you on your musical knowledge. Your frequent visits to the opera do you good.

Mr. N. Frequent visits! COLENSO's rather hard nuts to crack, MARIA, but he's easy to your riddles.

Mrs. N. I request that you will not name that atheistic, immoral, and I believe improper book to me, however much I may be compelled to see its influence upon you.

Mr. N. As you haven't read a line of it, and couldn't understand one if you had, I say nothing at your ridiculous language about one of your Bishops—

Mrs. N. My bishops! Everybody knows that a Colonial bishop is nobody, a mere emigrant travelling missionary.

Mr. N. One PAUL was, I think, open to the same objection.

Mrs. N. If you are going to be downright profane, you had better say so, HENRY, and I will go up-stairs and sit in the cold, rather than hear you.

Mr. N. But I'm not —(sotto voce) in spite of the temptation.

Mrs. N. What a lady is not intended to hear, she does not hear.

Mr. N. I am aware of that theory of moral acoustics, my dear. I will

only venture to ask you what you happen to mean—if anything, which isn't always the case—by the influence of this book upon me?

Mrs. N. Ask your own conscience.

Mr. N. It is as mute as a dumb-bell on a dumb-waiter.

Mrs. N. If a wretched joke is enough for you, we will drop the subject.

Mr. N. We will not. For once, if you please, I request to know what you mean? Don't begin beating about the bush again, but tell me in two words.

Mrs. N. (radiant). I can do that, though they may be unpleasant.

Mr. N. Then I am sure you will. Let me hear them.

Mrs. N. WASHINGTON TUBS.

Mr. N. My dear MARIA. You have an aunt at DR. TUKE'S Asylum, and a grandfather who would have been looked after if he hadn't been poor, and so it's in the family, but you are breaking out in a fresh place. Are you cranky, or is this another bit of—what did you call it—spiteful badinage?

[*Mrs. N. smiles, makes no reply, but throws a small oblong yellow card towards Mr. N. It falls on the rug, but he can see printed in capital letters the words just before proclaimed by his partner.*

Mr. N. There are the words, certainly. Does it mean spirit-rapping?

Mrs. N. In a sense, yes, HENRY. For it means imposture.

Mr. N. (helplessly). Washing Tubs mean imposture. Try HARPER TWELVEPENCE'S Powder.

Mrs. N. You act well, HENRY, but you have been watching much acting. You need not carry it on, however, as I know all. Had you not better take up that return check?

Mr. N. (the inmost recesses of his dark heart suddenly illuminated as by MR. WAY'S galvanic light). Return check?

Mrs. N. Yes, HENRY. Now, do not attempt to delude me. I could not know there were such things, or that words, selected at random, were printed on them, and changed every night to prevent cheating by the class (pointedly) who haunt the plebeian part of the theatre. But it has been explained to me, so spare equivocation.

Mr. N. O! (Feebly). So that's a return check, is it. Dear me. Quite a curiosity of literature. Let us frame and glaze it.

Mrs. N. I pity you. I pity you sincerely, HENRY NAGGLETON.

Mr. N. (who has not decided on his line of action). Do you, my dear? I'm sure it's very good of you; and pity, as SHAKESPEARE says, is akin to love.

Mrs. N. Love! I have striven to fulfil my conjugal vow—you do not know how I have striven, HENRY—

Mr. N. I can testify, my dear, to a good deal of strife.

Mrs. N. But it is a hard task to maintain love and honour where one witnesses fraud and falsehood.

Mr. N. (roused him). MRS. NAGGLETON, place a guard upon your expressions, or you may be sorry for it. I see what you have been driving at all this time. You have been, as you said of me, nursing up a charge for more than a fortnight, instead of bringing it out at once, as a loving and affectionate wife would have done, and been too glad to have an explanation.

Mrs. N. (sternly). Yes, if she could have believed it.

Mr. N. Believe this, or don't, it's the last word I shall condescend to say. You have been searching my pockets and found that card—

Mrs. N. SARAH found it in brushing your waistcoat.

Mr. N. When?

Mrs. N. Never mind. I don't choose to be catechised.

Mr. N. It is more than a week ago, for I've been wearing the waistcoat it was found in ever since Sunday.

Mrs. N. I am glad you don't deny that the card is a check. I was prepared to hear you say, with a hypocritical laugh, that it was a new kind of advertisement.

Mr. N. (wishes he had thought of it). Suppose I had.

Mrs. N. Then I should have been prepared to name the theatre it came from, and the night it was issued.

Mr. N. (furious). So, Madam! You take pains to get up a case against your husband? And pray who may have been your accomplice in this domestic treachery?

Mrs. N. Your accomplice in your own treachery, HENRY. Your friend, MR. WYNDHAM WARHAM, your idol, and patron. You see how much your public-house friends are to be depended on.

Mr. N. WARHAM told you I had been with him to the Gallery! WARHAM told you that was the return card!

Mrs. N. There! (Plays a second card on the first.) There's his own, taken at the same time as yours. He gave it me. Does that satisfy you?

Mr. N. He's a double-faced humbug, and I'll never go to the "Flips" again till he's expelled.

Mrs. N. (secretly crumpling as having brought down two birds with one stone). That is your own business, not mine. It is only my business to show that I am not to be befooled. Something told me that you had some reason for not caring about getting that box for me, but little did I think that you had left me solitary here while you had been to the theatre. I remember as if it were yesterday that you said, "O, do you want to go, I don't hear that opera's up to the mark"—you were

handing me a piece of haddock, and your eyes were on mine as you performed that falsehood. HENRY, I shall never see your eyes again without thinking of haddocks.

Mr. N. (recovering his temper and some of his sense, and resolved to laugh it off). Haddocks—well, my dear, I admit that the thing looks a little fishy, but it can be explained in a minute, and then you'll see that there's not much to complain of.

Mrs. N. Do I ever complain? Never, now. Those days are gone.

Mr. N. Don't be silly. You complain a great deal, and so you ought if you've anything really to complain of, only you haven't. See here. It was the "Flips" night, and you were not solitary, for you know I was going to be out, and MRS. BALTIMORE was here. It so happened that there was nobody at the Club meeting but that inf— that inferior beast, WARHAM and myself, so we thought we'd look into the theatre, and not being dressed, of course went up-stairs. We didn't stay long, and I came home. I should have told you all about it, but you were in an atrocious temper, because MRS. BALTIMORE had got leave to keep a footman.

Mrs. N. That is right. Charge it on me.

Mr. N. So I do. Somehow there was no opportunity of mentioning it in the morning, and the longer a thing is kept back the less chance one finds of telling it, so I didn't tell you. It's not often I go anywhere without you, and I suppose I have a right to go to the theatre if I like?

Mrs. N. Such are the morals learned from atheistic books. You scoffed at MR. SKOTCHLEY'S advice to you not to read DR. COLESSO, but MR. SKOTCHLEY knew the calibre of your mind, and that it was sure to be injured by such a work. Now you avow your conduct to have been deceitful and cowardly. I forgive you, HENRY, but I should hope that you can never forgive yourself. (Exit.)

[*Mr. N. uses language which we are sure the BISHOP OF NATAL would be the first person to reprehend, and which we have not the most remote intension of reporting. He then descends to the dining-room, to mix himself a large tumbler of brandy-and-water, and to mature a scheme for the utter discomfiture of MR. WYNDHAM WARHAM.*

THE UGLIEST SIGHT IN EUROPE

THE subjoined passage, extracted from a City Article in the Times, is recommended to the consideration of Parliament:—

"A large deputation of the inhabitants of Ludgate Hill and its vicinity has waited on the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, to ascertain if there is any possibility of the Government preventing the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway from making the proposed Bridge over Ludgate Hill, a nuisance which, in front of St. Paul's, would constitute a national disgrace far worse than that of the hideous construction which has already been allowed to spoil the Southwark approach to London Bridge. Unfortunately, the unanimous feeling of the residents, as well as the public upon the matter, was not discovered until after the passing of the Bill, which now gives the Company power to take their own course, and to disregard any opposition."

The late MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL used to boast that he could drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament. If ever there was an Act of Parliament through which it was desirable that a coach-and-six should be driven, such an Act is this for throwing a frightful railway-bridge over the Ludgate Hill carriage-way. It must surely be safer, if not easier, to drive a coach with any number of horses through an Act of Parliament than to drive a pony-phæton under a viaduct over which a train is rushing and roaring above a crowded thoroughfare. Parliament, in the interest of railway companies, perpetually sanctions the violation of the most sacred rights of individuals for the benefit of the public. It might just as well, and a great deal better, gratify the public at the expense of a railway company. Why should it not summarily repeal the permission, which, during the sleep or absence of every one of its Members endowed with any eye that can feel an eyesore, or indeed with any sensibility above that of a hog, it has given a society of sordid money-grubbers to perpetuate an atrocious Vandalism? The interposition of an unsightly screen on Ludgate Hill, beneath the eye and St. Paul's, is a brutality which will take its place among the ridiculous wonders of the world. It will render us deservedly the laughing-stock of Europe. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was made for the public, and not the public for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The Legislature has stultified itself; very well: let it destitute itself; if necessary, by making the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway an example to all railways, teaching them to mind how they contrive surreptitiously to procure any Bill empowering them to perpetrate a monstrous public nuisance. Would not that nuisance be indictable as such by any neighbouring resident, whose comfort it would destroy?

Tore George!

Historical.—It is a curious fact that the son of GEORGE THE THIRD was at once both GEORGE THE FOURTH and GEORGE THE FURST.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER—HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.



PRIVATE GAWKY HAVING TO ATTEND JUDGING DISTANCE DRILL AT 7.30 A.M., SEES HIS ALARM FOR 6.30, AND IS DISTURBED ACCORDINGLY.



AS HE APPEARED AT 6.55.



SO THAT HE IS OBLIGED, AFTER A HASTY TOILET, TO MAKE A HURRIED BREAKFAST.



AND BEING VERY LATE, SETS OFF AT THE DOUBLE.



PUTS THE STEAM ON,



AND CATCHES THE EARLY 'BUS.



ARRIVED AT THE DRILL GROUND HE DESCENDS, AND DEDAINING TO STOP THE VEHICLE,



IS WHIRLED OFF HIS FEET!



AND HIS RIFLE IS SNATCHED FROM HIS GRASP BY THE OFF HIND WHEEL. (To be continued.)



PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy. "Ah—YOU AND MRS. DRONE ARE COMING TO SEE US NEXT WEEK IN THE COUNTRY."

Mr. Drone. "ARE WE?—WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF IT."

Boy. "OH, YES—BECAUSE I HEARD PAPA SAY TO MAMMA, THAT THEY HAD SOME TIRESOME PEOPLE COMING, AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK ALL THE BORNS AT ONCE."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 20, Monday. MRS. BRITANNIA, M'm, your Government is partially re-arranged. Allow Mr. PUNCH to introduce the new SECRETARY-FOR-WAR. The inferior is presented to the superior, but then the gentleman is presented to the lady, which complicates the matter. Of course the governor is greater than the governed, but how about the gender question? We'll say EARL DE GREY AND RIFON, MRS. BRITANNIA: MRS. BRITANNIA, EARL DE GREY AND RIFON. A very superior kind of young man, M'm, born 1827—you knew him as LORD GODERICH. Two of his respected names are SAMUEL ROBINSON. He was Under-Secretary-for-War last week. The *Spectator* (a very well written paper, M'm) calls him the real Commander-in-Chief of the Volunteers. He will do your work excellently; but it is rather a bore that the political heads of both Army and Navy should be in the Senate and not in Congress. Pass on, GOODY, my boy. Now, LORD HARTINGTON. This is LORD HARTINGTON, M'm, eldest son of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, and an M.A., and M.P. for North Lancashire, also a Captain, two Majors, and a Deputy-Lieutenant. He has been to America lately, this young gentleman, M'm, and the ladies admired him, as we hope you will do. He is your Under-Secretary-at-War. Pass on, my Hearty. Now, MR. JAMES STANSFELD. This is a Radical, MRS. B., and M.P. for Halifax, so the old Conservative, PAM, is no bigot, you see. MR. STANSFELD is the new Lord of Admiralty, and the *Daily Telegraph*, in an honourable tribute to the new man, says that there is nobody in the Commons who excels him in clearness of intellect, purity of mind, and singleness of purpose, so that he must much resemble Mr. PUNCH. These are the changes, MRS. BRITANNIA, and the arrangement seems as good as circumstances will permit. Now, nobleman and gentlemen, to your desks—STANBY, no, you go and get re-elected. By the way, M'm, you won't think the worse of our young friend, JAMES, but very much the reverse, that he is the

NO PROPHET BUT PUNCH!

HERE we are—there you go—what do you say now? Who prophesied for the Two Thousand Guineas except PUNCH, or at least, who prophesied right but your Old Original Predictor and Vaticinator. Yah! He's not one of the lying advertising humbugs, who, after a race, announce that they "sent the winner," when the scamps never did anything of the kind. He boldly proclaimed the name of the winning horse a week before the race. Who but he could have published this?

PROPHECY FOR THE GUINEAS.

You want to know the winning horse,
And where to put your pony,
There's only one can win, of course;
They call him Maccaroni.

There! And who won? Why, CHALLENGER or Maccaroni. Of course. Yah, again! We don't want any of your winnings, we have enough money of our own, but you won't be fools enough to go to any of the prophets after this. Yes, you will, for you are born idiots.

Cultus of the Bull in Egypt.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Alexandria thus writes:—

"No SOLEMAN has visited Egypt since SELIM THE FIRST conquered the country in 1517, and some old-fashioned Moslems here and in Cairo think it so wonderful that the representative of the Prophet should leave his capital, that they believe the end of the world is coming, and have made their wills, forgetting how useless such a proceeding would be if the foreboding came true."

No, no; the Mahometans who made their wills because they thought the end of the world was coming were not old-fashioned disciples of the Prophet. There can be no doubt that they were Irish renegades.

Memory.

WITH many persons, Memory is no better than the Art of Forgetting—the more especially when it relates to umbrellas, books, calls, favours, or kindnesses that have to be returned. In all these cases the power of remembrance extends no farther than the faculty of remembering not to remember.

COCKNEY SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—It is expected that the rain will lay the dust against next Monday.

son-in-law of the excellent MR. ASHURST, the invaluable friend of GARIBALDI.

LORD ELPHINSTONE, born 1828, and a Commander R.N., somehow managed to let his ship come to grief on a shoal. Whereby he himself came to grief on the Admiralty, which wiggled him uncommon, and so severely that his friends thought they would make an outcry in the Lords. Perhaps, on the whole, they had better have let matters alone, for the Protector SOMERSET is not exactly the man to receive a remonstrance without immediately proceeding to aggravate any offence he may have given, and he came down upon the peccant sailor with renewed vigour. We are bound to say that the answer was that LORD ELPHINSTONE had a pilot on board, and the old salt, HARDWICK, declared that a captain who should take the ship out of the hands of a pilot, under the circumstances, would deserve to be "broke." We don't fracture Lords, and indeed the Duke was rather amusing in his frankness, and said that it was not likely that he should exceed in severity in the case of one who had such influential friends. So had the offender been only plain CAPTAIN ELPHINSTONE, it would have been wry times for him. The Admiralty offered him a court-martial, but he was advised to be content with the wiggling. We presume that the pilot has long since been executed.

The Commons had an odd debate. Our goals are very full of wicked Roman Catholics, and it is not unreasonably argued that those evil persons are in especial need of spiritual teaching. Of course, they won't listen to Protestant clergymen, and it is proposed to send them advisers whom they will listen to; namely, priests. The Protestant party do not like this plan; first, because it is giving Catholicism a triumph, and secondly, because the teaching will comprise what Protestantism rejects. The Bill was fought, but common-sense triumphed over MR. NEWDEGATE, who found MR. DISRAELI and MR. HERLEY dead against him, and the Bill, which is really a necessary police measure, was carried.

Tuesday. MR. ROEBUCK gave notice that when the Income-Tax resolution came on, he should move that the Tax on precarious should be lower than that on permanent incomes. He did so, later, and MR. GLADSTONE opened the flood-gates of sophistry to their widest yawn to prove that two and two make five, but popular instinct is in favour of MR. ROEBUCK'S resolution.

Certainly, SIR CHARLES WOOD, pay the travelling expenses of those gallant sergeants of the 78th Highlanders, who, as you truly say, paid a touching tribute to their old commander, SIR JAMES OUTRAM, in volunteering to bear him to his grave. They never thought about the money, and that is the more reason why you should send it to the brave fellows.

LORD PALMERSTON spoke strongly in reference to the Polish Amnesty, and "hoped" that the largest interpretation was to be put upon it, adding, that the Russians in Poland had committed so many acts of "ferocious violence, that there is a great arrear of mercy and indulgence necessary to set the Russian Government right with public opinion in Europe." (*Cheers.*) We should think there *were* cheers.

Then came forth St. George, whose name is GREY, to do battle with the giant Gog and Magog. He moved for leave to bring in his Bill for Amalgamating the Police of the City with that of the Metropolis. SIDNEY, Alderman, threw himself into the fray with a courage worthy his namesake, PHILIP ALGERNON, who, as most vestrymen know, wrote *Arcadia*, was tried for the Rye-house plot, was wounded at Zutphen in 1586, and was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1683. The fury with which our friend of the teapots charged the Government was equalled only by the savageness with which he trampled on the H's which he dropped. The LORD MAYOR ROSE also acquitted him as became a dynastic descendant of LORD MAYOR WALWORTH. Other champions fought for the preservation of the City prerogative, and on the other side LORD A. PAGET made one of those jolly speeches for which he is celebrated, and earnestly begged that his supporting the Bill might not prevent his being frequently asked to civic dinners. Leave was given to bring in the Bill, but it will be fought at every stage. The best thing of the night was the taunt flung at SIR GEORGE, that he meddled with police only instead of tackling the whole Corporation and reforming it.

Wednesday. A Bill was read a Second Time, which we hope will be read a Third Time and passed, because it is a just Bill. It is a measure for limiting the liability of hotel-keepers to make good losses sustained under their roof. We have not the slightest objection to their being liable, if they have fair play, for they ought to have no servants of dubious character, and we ought to be able to take our ease in our inn. But it is a little too much for a half-tipsy guest to throw a roll of bank-notes under the bed, or into a chimney vase, and go to sleep, utterly forgetful where he put them, and next day call on the landlord to pay the alleged amount. Also it is a little too much for an effeminate swell to litter his tables with the contents of his jewel-box, and walk languidly out, leaving his door open, and then to come down on the hotel-keeper for eighty guineas for some bit of diamond foolery that another guest, of dishonest character, has seen and annexed. The proposed rule is that the hotel-keeper shall be answerable only to the extent of £20, except for what has been confided to his safe keeping. The figure is perhaps too low. We wear a watch which we certainly should not part with to any landlord at night, and which we value at £217 15s. 6d., its intrinsic value being the fraction, and the balance in the estimate arising from the fact, that we picked a gentleman's pocket of the article on the very day that our JUDITH had consented to become *Mrs. Punch*. Other gentlemen may have watches of an expensive character, which they may have purchased from our friend MR. BENNETT of Cornhill (our eye, that's a Puff), or elsewhere. But that there should be a limitation of liability is certain, and the ingenious rascality which at present is exercised in obtaining compensation for fictitious losses should receive a hint to employ itself in some other direction. The House divided, in rather large numbers, and the Second Reading was carried only by 36 in a house of 306, which shows that a good many territorial landlords have no sympathy for the landlords of the hostelry.

Thursday. The Evil Smells Bill went through Committee, and LORD DERBY showed his astuteness by compelling the omission of a clause which would have enabled a rich man, by appeals, to weary and starve out those who sought to protect their noses.

The first public act of the new SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR WAS to move the Second Reading of a Bill abolishing the SECRETARY-AT-WAR, who is practically a myth. EARL GREY disapproved of everything in a general way, but would not oppose this shadowy suicide.

An American debate followed, and EARL RUSSELL made a good speech, saying that he was acting with the utmost caution in reference to the proceedings of the Yankee cruisers, but that he was calling MR. SEWARD to account for what was illegal, and also for the conduct of MR. ADAMS in granting gracious protection to certain English vessels, thereby implying that others were liable to be seized.

The Commons had also a debate on the same serious subject, and MR. ROEBUCK burst out with a fierce condemnation of the Federals, whom he declared "unfit for the government of themselves, and for the courtesies and the community of the civilised World." He said that

they had "humiliated" the people of England, that their governors were "insolent" people, and that our commerce "ought not to be subject to the overbearing domination and insolence of a race like that." MR. ROEBUCK, then, speaking for the people of England, announced "that he was prepared for war." MR. CRAWFORD said that he felt dislike and disgust at such language. Ministerial explanations, similar to EARL RUSSELL'S were given. MR. MALINS "was himself humiliated every morning,"—he did not mention at what o'clock, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE characterised the debate raised by the "two warlike lawyers" as mischievous, and professed his confidence in LORD PALMERSTON, who was not at present prepared to state what decision he had come to with respect to the conduct of the Americans.

The sum of £50,000 was then voted as a present to HER MAJESTY in aid of the fund for erecting a Cross in memory of the late PRINCE CONSORT, and the sum of £85,000 as prize money to the Soldiers and Sailors who were in the expedition to Kertch and Yenikale, during the Crimean war, and as this operation took place in May, 1855, the respected authorities cannot justly be accused of precipitancy in handing over the hard-earned cash—which under the circumstances MR. CHARLES READS would call Very Hard Cash.

Friday. Recording the proceedings in the Commons on Wednesday, February 18, *Mr. Punch* had the honour to observe "MR. HADFIELD just squeezed in an Abolition of Church-maintaining Oaths Bill. It will not pass." To-night it was cast out, by the Lords, by 69 to 57. When was *Mr. Punch* wrong? The Lords were, however, in insisting on retaining a useless ceremony.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL stated that merchant-vessels had no right to defend themselves by force of arms, and if they did so, and were taken, they became liable to condemnation. So GUSZLING JACK, GORGING JIMMY, and LITTLE BILLIE must restrain their valour the next time they sail from Bristol city with beef, captain's biscuit, and pickled pork.

Ha! HENRY to the rescue of Gog and Magog. He means to fight the Bill for turning a Peeler into an Amalgam.

MR. GLADSTONE has converted himself once more on a budget question, and the Vans that crawl to Hampton Court are not to be taxed to please the Omnibus-owners.

MR. STIRLING brought up the case of JESSIE M'LAUGHLAN, and urged that the commutation of the sentence threw an unjust slur upon the character of the elder MR. FLEMING. SIR GEORGE GREY defended himself, and said that the circumstances which came out after the trial, though they did not criminate MR. FLEMING, justified the remission, which he declared, and some Scottish Members denied, to have been called for by public opinion in the North.

More American debating, MR. CORDEN strong for helping the Federals by rigid enforcement of the law, (MR. HORSMAN earnestly complaining of the seizure of the *Alexandra*, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL defending that course, MR. HORSMAN delivering a slashing anti-American speech, and MR. MOSCKTON MILNES urging that it was not for England, powerful, prosperous, and armed to the teeth, to court war with a nation in an agony for existence. This was a generous utterance by a large-hearted man, but if even a poor patient in a sick bed hits out viciously, the most humane doctor calls for the strait-waistcoat.

SOMETHING FOR MR. SOMES.

THE Sunday Bill of MR. SOMES,
Will be no boon to workmen's spouses,
Their husbands drunk in private homes,
Because shut out of public-houses.

And if a beer-shop is a curse,
Than beer there is an evil greater:
You'll drive men farther to do worse,
My Sabbatarian Legislator.

No; lure them from the coarse carouse;
'Of bars to better pastime free 'em;
And don't shut up the Public House;
But open Gallery and Museum.

Domestic Tragedy.

IN the neighbourhood of Hounslow, a gentleman coming home rather later than usual, was blown up by his wife in the dark. The wretched woman then furiously turned on the gas, which had, as far as we can learn, done nothing to offend her.

THE GREATEST RARITY OF ALL.

YOU say it is extremely difficult ever to meet with a contented farmer; but we know a greater difficulty, a still greater rarity even than that to meet with—and that is, a Contented Irishman!



"Well, Syusan, 'ow did yer like Aroover Floyd last night?"

"Oh! so lovely, James—I cried so! that wicked Conyers! . . . Oh, James, you won't desert me for our young Missus, will you, dear?"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE following intelligence has not appeared in any of our contemporaries. Several new works of Fiction are now ready to appear in numbers, which, however, are known at the Bank and payment stopped. *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* for the last three years can now be purchased handsomely bound in calf; it is a suitable Whitsuntide gift for children. The enterprising street boys of London have formed a new club for the promotion of out-of-door amusements: it is called the Whipping-Topographical Society. That light and airy work of art known as WILD'S Great Globe is now in the market: it would be an elegant ornament for the sideboard or drawing-room table: it is not true that MR. MAPPIN has made a bid for it. A classical Opera is in preparation by STANCO COSTA, entitled *Leda*. In consequence of the numbers of English flocking to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S favourite bathing-place, a certain eminent firm has obtained permission to erect a Brewery at Biarritz; the Empress, out of compliment to our enterprising fellow countrymen, has suggested changing the name to Bitter Beeritz.

The Hairdressers of London have sent in tenders for shampooing Beachey Head during the summer months; the people of Norfolk have offered to send down "The Wash." A nice moral thought for the season will be found in the following consideration; Fashion is vanity, Dress but an empty thing, except when it's full. The annual distribution of ices to the members of the Metropolitan Police force will take place on Constitution Hill; the Civic authorities will fix bayonets and charge them, while eating.

The grand watch at leap-frog between MR. SPURGEON and the LORD MAYOR is unavoidably postponed.

A Practical Answer.

SAYS HYAM to MOSES,

"Let's cut off our noses."

SAYS MOSES to HYAM,

"Ma tear, who would buy 'em?"

"STANES SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"—The chances are it does, but we are positive it never could have been anything to drink.

POPERY IN QUOD.

THE Ultramontane Papists are always abusing LORD PALMERSTON, and saying how much they would prefer a Government, with DERRY and DISRAELI at the head of it, to the present Ministry under PAM. Whenever, at a contested election, a Conservative, so called, happens to be returned over a Liberal, they sing *Jubilate*. Why! what wrong has LORD PALMERSTON done them? Burn him!—he has morally supported Italian Unity, and advised LOUIS NAPOLEON to evacuate Rome, and let the Romans, if they please, repudiate the temporal sovereignty of the POPE. Never mind, then, whether he is the best Minister for the interests of England. He does not subordinate them to those of his Holiness. Down! with him; therefore—fry him, roast him, broil him!

But what will our Ultramontane friends say now that the Prison Ministers Bill, proposed by Government to legalise the appointment of Roman Catholic Gaol Chaplains, has passed its Second Reading? Will they thank LORD PALMERSTON for anything; or thank him for nothing? We cannot tell. We know how we think we should feel in their place; that is to say, rather in a cleft stick. On the one hand we should flatter ourselves that we had made a point, gained a notch, advanced a peg, won a bit of a triumph. We should hug ourselves in the idea that we were making progress, and chuckle to consider that we were extending our influence and power. Yes; but, on the other hand, we should not be so very proud of the grounds alleged by the HOME SECRETARY for the concession made to our claims. Why is it thought advisable that Roman Catholic Chaplains should be appointed to gaols? Because, says SIR GEORGE GREY, "according to a return made on the motion of the honourable Member for Arundel at the beginning of last year, there were no less than between 3,000 and 4,000 Roman Catholic prisoners in the County and Borough gaols of England and Wales, besides about 1,500 Roman Catholics in the convict prisons of this country." And, he adds, "I am afraid also that from the increase of crime since then, the number is now larger." We can't conceive any explanation of the foregoing numbers that we should much like, supposing we were Ultramontane Papists. How could we account for

them? Between 3,000 and 4,000 Roman Catholic prisoners in quod, besides 1,500 more actually convicted! What conclusion is suggested by these high figures? *Quot Catholici, tot fures!* So many Catholics, so many rogues? That wouldn't do at all. But still we should have to admit the milder inference that the Roman Catholic community, like every other, has its per-centage of criminals, and we could not but be sensible that the increasing number of Roman Catholic scoundrels was hardly a satisfactory proof of the progress of the Roman Catholic faith.

Could we comfort ourselves with the supposition that the large proportion in which the Church of Rome contributes to people the prisons of England is owing to immigration from the Sister Island? What, after all we had been saying about the Faithful Irish, and the Island of Saints? Hardly.

Being what we are, of course we have no difficulty in accounting for the large numbers of Roman Catholics in prison, under accusation or sentence. We can only wish that there were as many more there as there ought to be who are now at large. If their Priests are likely to reform them, by all means establish Roman Catholic Chaplains in gaols. Most criminals who are not Roman Catholics, we imagine, have no religion at all. A very large number of those who have any religion are, it seems, Roman Catholics. Whether this fact is hopeful, as regards their probable amendment, is a question to be asked. In the meantime we may sincerely declare that if our gaols must contain any number of prisoners, we should be glad if Popish Priests were the only clergymen whose services were required in them, and if the office of Protestant Gaol Chaplain were a sinecure.

A Most Dangerous Measure.

IN the Court of Common Council MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY is reported to have declared that, if the HOME SECRETARY carries his proposed Bill for amalgamating the City and Metropolitan Police, "the Corporation of London would receive the deadliest stab that was ever given to it or to constitutional liberty." Fancy the effect of a stab in the Corporation! We should all be drowned in turtle soup.



“BEWARE!”

KEEPER. “HE AIN’T ASLEEP, YOUNG JONATHAN; SO YOU’D-BEST NOT IRRITATE HIM.”

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

(From our own *Shoemaker*.)

"IMITATION is said to be the truest form of flattery," and as the "upper ten thousand" of Snobdom have been crowding to pay their homage to our dear young Princess's wedding presents, it was reported that the distinguished family of the MUGGINSs had determined to exhibit the *frouseau* of the elegant Mrs. BUGGINS (née MATILDA MOLLY MUGGINS), as soon as it was possible to make the requisite arrangements for so interesting a show. This rumour, we are glad to say, was admirably realised on Monday evening last, when the Exhibition opened at the Mokeana, a gin-shop in the tenancy of Mr. MICHAEL MUGGINS, the father of the bride. With a laudable liberality on the part of the proprietor, it is intended that the show shall be as public as the house, and any one who goes to have a drain there may inspect it; but in order to prevent too great a rush at starting, admittance the first evening was limited to those who, like ourselves, received a special card of invitation. Accordingly, on reaching the place of exhibition, we found ourselves among the *élite* of the New Cut, and the quantity of carriage company assembled at the show might be judged from the long line of donkey-carts in waiting at the doors.

The fashionable reader, who knows the Mokeana, will have naturally surmised that the *frouseau* is exhibited in the big room at the back, which was built by Mr. MUGGINS above his excellent dry skittle-ground, to hold the musical assemblies of the worthy "A. O. C." or *ANY OLD CLO MEN*, which take place weekly at his house. In this noble apartment the nuptial gifts have been artistically grouped, the centre of attraction being the gilt warming-pan presented by the costermongers who use the Mokeana as their house of call. Next to this, upon the right, stands the splendid cuckoo-clock presented by the bridegroom; while, gracefully depending from a hat-peg on the left, is the embroidered bridal night-cap, worked by the fair hands of the young ladies of the Cut. An elegant deal work-box, also given by the bridegroom, is placed beneath the night-cap, and among its rich contents we noticed several gilt-eyed needles, with a German silver thimble, the gift of the bride's aunt. Grouped in front of this are a quantity of trinkets, presented by fond relatives, among which we observed at least a score of smelling bottles, eleven ditto of hair-oil, and twelve pairs of cotton gloves. A magnificent state pincushion was also here exhibited, and beside it lay a tiny little coral and a rattle, presents which, though pretty, were somewhat premature.

The jewellery is displayed upon the bride's own toilette table, which we need hardly say is literally ablaze with costly Bristol diamonds and other Brumma-gems. Conspicuous for its size, if for no other excellence, is the massive cut-glass brooch presented by the bridegroom, containing his own photograph, which is quite six inches square. This is elegantly set in a simple rim of metal, that glitters like the purest gold, but which we believe is purely copper gilt. Next to this in magnitude, if not in actual worth, is a necklace of fine rubies, manufactured of red glass, which was graciously presented by Mr. BUGGINS, Senior, and which clearly must have cost him less than we quite like to say. We are also bound to notice a bracelet of big marbles, polished and presented by MASTER BILLY MUGGINS, the young brother of the bride; and still more grand and gorgeous is a splendid nuptial present, which consists of a rich pair of emerald glass earrings, and a magnificent tiara of fine pearls, made out of opal, which is worthy to be worn by any princess (in a pantomime), and would even not disgrace the brow of a (stage) queen.

We really have not room to particularise the dresses, some of which are made of the richest cotton velvet, while all the colours of the rainbow are blended in their hues. Our taste may be peculiar, but the one we most admired was an elegant satin robe of a delicate peony red, with a simple sunflower pattern sprinkled on the skirt. This, when gracefully distended by the Crinoline presented by the brother of the bridegroom (which measures in circumference quite six-and-twenty feet), will set off to great advantage the *petite* figure of the bride, who is rather short in stature and prematurely stout. An elegant yellow worsted shawl was also much admired, as was a perfect duck of a bonnet, with beautiful green-pea trimmings, which will exactly suit the re—the auburn *coiffure* of the bride. A pair of serviceable pattens, which were given by her grandmother, attracted observation chiefly by their size, as likewise did a pair of stays presented by Miss MUGGINS, in which there are no fewer than five-and-fifty bones.

Several domestic implements are shown with the *frouseau*, presented to the happy pair for their joint use. Among these we chiefly noticed a magnificent gilt gridiron, and a capacious metal teapot, said to hold at least three quarts. A gorgeous pair of bellows, the gift of Mrs. BUGGINS, Senior, is likewise to be found among this interesting group; while suspended just above it is a beautiful blue bottle-jack, the gift of Mr. MUGGINS's maternal uncle's aunt.

We need scarcely add, that owing to the interesting nature of the show, it has been daily crowded by the fashionables whose places of abode are in parts near to the New Cut. As the rule of entrance is to

have a drain first at the bar, Mrs. BUGGINS's *frouseau* is found to be a rather paying exhibition; and so long as any visitors can be induced to enter, there is no fear that Mr. MUGGINS, who holds the Mokeana will prematurely close the show.

SURPRISING TO A DEGREE!

THERE is nothing new in a Bachelor of Arts being dressed in a cap and gown, but a bonnet instead of the former, and a Crinoline artfully setting off the latter, is somewhat of a novelty in Academical costume. Yet this is the latest Parisian fashion, as we learn from the *Times* :—

"A young lady presented herself at the Sorbonne a few days since to pass her examination for the degree of Bachelor in Science. The rector of the Academy of Lyons established the principle two years since of admitting women to take the degree of bachelor of letters and of sciences. MADAME ELISE BARRA CHESTU passed a brilliant examination. The announcement of her admission among the new bacheliers was hailed by a burst of applause from the entire assembly."

And thus in the process of time, Miss EMMA CHESTU will rank as Miss CHESTU, M.A. In England, Bachelor, in the feminine gender, is Old Maid. That title is objectionable; Old Maid of Arts has not a pleasant sound. Spinster will not do at all; so let us suppose that our ancient Universities adopt the system introduced by the Rector of the Academy of Lyons, (a few viragos would soon make it a *School for Tigress*), and retain the present learned distinctions. What a charming picture! The Senate would be filled with Graces; and of course, etiquette would demand that no Grace could ever be passed, even by the CHANCELLOR himself, without making her the most courtly bow. The Professorial chairs would be filled, and, we need hardly say, very well filled too. We could, by way of experiment, suggest a very attractive cast—we mean list—for the officers of the University of Cambridge, as follows :—

Professor of Modern History	MISS M. E. BRADDON.
Moral Philosophy (with a Song)	MISS M. OLIVER.
Botany (including a Series of Lectures on "The Green Bush")	MISS AVONIA JONES.
Musical (By kind permission of MESSRS. HOBSON & SONNERS)	MISS HUGHES.
Astronomy	MISS SAUNDERS.
Public Orator	MISS AMY SEDGWICK.
Regius Professor of Divinity	MISS MARIE WILTON.
First Senior Proctor	MRS. CHARLES KEAN.
Second Senior Proctor (afterwards Columbine)	MISS POYNTER.
Junior Proctor (with their usual followers allowed by the University)	MISS POLLY MARSHALL.
Professor of English Grammar	MISS HELEN HOWARD.
Regius Professor of Hebrew (in which she will of course introduce the celebrated <i>Rite Dance</i>)	MISS MURRAY.
	MISS LYDIA THOMPSON.

The Keeper of the University Chest would fall to Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS; but this office must of necessity be a sinecure, as if, under these circumstances, the University Chest were opened, it would only be to find the University Heart utterly and hopelessly lost to its Charming Professors. As to Wranglers, why even Mr. ROMBER whom Trinity Hall this year delights to honour as her First Senior Wrangler, and whose academical hood forms, we believe, the subject of the new novel *Roba di Roma*, even he, would be left nowhere by the fair competitors for this feminine-sounding degree. We humbly submit this notion to the consideration of the Heads of Houses, and trust that the "MARGARET Professor" will not feel any jealousy on account of the proposed innovation.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

In the *Times* the other morning, among other curiosities of advertising literature, we came across the following :—

A GENTLEMANLY RESIDENCE WANTED, TO PURCHASE, of a modern construction, with not less than 50 acres of land attached. The house must contain three good-sized entertaining rooms, with at least five good bed-rooms and domestic offices; also good stabling and outbuildings. Within an easy distance from a first-class station. Cheshire or one of the Midland counties preferred. Send photographic view of the house and tracing of the land, with full particulars and price, to, &c.

A "gentlemanly" residence and "entertaining" rooms! We shall probably hear next that some one wants to purchase a ladylike abode, with a highly amusing parlour and a humorous first floor. A comical conservatory might also be applied for, or a greenhouse that is capable of making people grin. There might be likewise a desire for some entertaining furniture, to heighten the attractions of the entertaining rooms, and a funny set of fire-irons with some comic easy-chairs, might specially be named as essentials to the place. What a blessing it would be for public entertainers if they could give their entertainments in "entertaining" rooms! If the bare walls were enough to entertain an audience, what a deal of cost and pains the entertainer would be saved!

A LEGAL CONVEYANCE (with several Riders).—The Police Van.



CONTAMINATION.

"I say, Jim, jist look if a smut hain't bin and settled on my Nose."
 "Yes! A nasty little speck o' white plaster from that 'ere Scaffolding."
 "Ugh! Jist blow it horf, will yer?"

GREAT SUBUREAN RAILWAY.

THE Select Committee of the House of Lords on Metropolitan Railway Communication has issued its first report. This momentous document enumerates the Railway Bills which the Committee, without any consideration as to their merits, see nothing to prevent from being proceeded with. Of these the second on the list is that gigantic undertaking, the Barnes, Hammermith, and Kensington Line. The declaration of the mere possibility of entertaining the idea of this stupendous project is an announcement, the importance of which it is impossible to exaggerate.

When we consider the commercial greatness of Hammersmith, and the eager manufacturing activity of Barnes, together with the rapidly increasing wealth and rising population of Putney and Mortlake, which unite with that vast hive of industry to constitute a considerable Peninsula, we shall be at no loss to perceive how very much occasion there is for a Railway to bring into sufficiently speedy communication places which are separated from each other by so many yards.

The busy hum of men, consequent on an influx of population, will be a great improvement on the quietude of Barnes Common, which is now disturbed only by the utterances of donkeys and geese. The neighbourhood will be further improved by the demolition of all the dull old houses thereabouts, and the substitution, for those gloomy edifices, of lively stuccoed villas.

The new bridge over the Thames, which this grand engineering achievement will necessitate, whilst adorning the river with one more embellishment intercepting the view, will be pronounced by the surrounding inhabitants to be a greater bore than the tunnel with which French enterprise, science, and capital, are transpiercing the Alps.

! AT THE VERY LEAST.—A Bishop at home is worth two in the Bush.

PARADISE IN THE PARK.

(By the HON. CORIOLANUS PLUSH.)

Is Nature's livery, due at Spring,
 The groves bud out, the orchards blow;
 Then is the season for the Ring,
 The time of year for Rotten Row.
 Oh, tell me how a fellow can
 On plants and brute creation pore,
 When he might go and gaze on man,
 And woman's loveliness adore!

Man's highest form, in yonder ride
 Affords the critic's eye a feast;
 And horse appears in equal pride:
 So there you have both man and beast.
 And, then, to view each high-born fair
 So gracefully direct her steed,
 And little hat and habit wear!
 That, that's the thing, wealth, birth, and breed.

Let your unwilling eyes awhile
 On a disgraceful object dwell;
 You pug-nosed costermonger vile,
 Compare with any high-bred swell;
 Look first on this laborious lass,
 And then upon that gentle maid!
 Between the courser and the ass,
 What greater difference is displayed?

I do not, cannot, will not think,
 That human nature's all the same;
 The lower orders, fancied link
 With lower creatures, I disclaim.
 That ragged, grinning, brawling lout
 Wears neither human dress nor shape;
 He says but that, could apes speak out,
 Which would be spoken by an ape.

Still, when I read each visage droll,
 Each blurred, distorted, common face,
 I see 'tis needful to control
 Emotions popular and base;
 I see to what we all may come,
 By letting sordid feelings spoil
 Our features, like the doleful scum
 Of earth, condemned for bread to toil.

Behold what measureless content
 Is seated on that noble brow!
 It speaks security of rent.
 If rent to pay you know not how,
 Observe the vulgar mouth and eyes,
 Marred with anxiety and care,
 And never let mean troubles rise,
 Lest you should get mean looks to wear.

There was some fellow, and, said he,
 And never spoke a truer word,
 He said, "The worst of Poverty
 Is, that it makes a man absurd."
 And so it does, in dress and mien;
 Riches maintain that port sublime,
 That front erect, that smile serene:
 Want bows the head like shamefaced crime.

Abroad, in our Elysian pinins,
 The better class in glory comes,
 The rabble in its place remains
 Where skittles boom throughout the slums;
 And had they souls that could take wing
 Ah! where could they expect to go?
 We hope to crowd another Ring,
 Frequent another Rotten Row.

A Superior Article.

THERE is an article in the *Saturday Review* with which we perfectly agree. It is so short that we can afford to transcribe it entire; and here it is:—

"TO CORRESPONDENTS."

"We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception."

Ditto.

MUSIC FOR MAY-DAY.



THE Crystal Palace Company begin their Season worthily. Thanks to nightingales and blackbirds and other feathered vocalists, the merry month of May is always musically welcomed; but there seldom has been known such a musical May-day as at the Crystal Palace the present one will be. The spirit of MENDELSSOHN will be there, playing not on an accordion, but a band four hundred strong; and the spirits of MEYERBEER and AUBER will be present also, through no less excellent a medium than the gifted Mr. COSTA. A chorus of two thousand will be likewise in attendance, and people who failed last year to attend the HANDEL Festival may by spending May-day afternoon beneath the Sydenham transept, form some idea of what a HANDEL Festival is like.

It has long been a received opinion on the Continent that the English are by no means a music-loving nation, and a glance at the *Times* newspaper must surely be enough to convince the foreign mind how thoroughly this notion is founded upon fact. There are two Italian operas now advertised as open, and some half a score of Concerts announced for every night. And mind you, MONSIEUR GOREMBOUCHÉ, these are mostly concerts of thoroughly good music, and not mere music-hall selections of comic songs and nigger noises, which can only be called music by those who have no knowledge of what music really is. So that an Englishman is now a music-hating animal is about as much the fact as that he still continues to live on raw beefsteaks, and whenever he walks out has a big bull-dog at his heels.

We heard the other day of a cook who left her place because she hadn't time allowed her for playing the piano; and to keep her practice up was the ambition of her life. In this piano-loving age, when everybody "plays," from a duchess to a dairymaid, we are curious to know how much is nationally spent in giving girls what teachers call a musical education; which, in nine cases out of ten, consists in simply teaching them to jingle a few polkas, and to sing a senseless song or two that no one cares to hear. Now, without at all disparaging the musical performances of CAROLINE or KITTY, or finding the least fault with the talented HERR THUMPFEDUMBE, who happens to instruct them, we really think that those young ladies, if they have any real music in their souls, will have their taste for it improved as much by going to good concerts as by torturing their families with the wearying jingle-jangle of a show-piece or a jig. One cannot relish and appreciate good music all at once, but the more one hears of it the greater is one's pleasure, and the higher is the influence it produces on the mind. A girl who can appreciate the beauties of BEETHOVEN is in reality by far more musically accomplished than one who merely has the art of rattling out a polka or singing one set song.

So *Punch*, who loves young ladies, would say the more they hear of BEETHOVEN the better; and, to prepare them for BEETHOVEN, the more they hear MOZART and MENDELSSOHN, the more accomplished they will be. Few better schools for studying such masters now exist than the Concerts which are given at the Crystal Palace; and papas

who take their daughters down to Sydenham on May-day may improve their little minds by giving them a lesson in the *Athalia* of MENDELSSOHN, which, on that occasion, will be performed more grandly than it ever yet has been.

A MOST ALARMING QUESTION.

"MR. PUNCH, "WITH horror and alarm indescribable, I observed, the other day, under the head of Parliamentary Business in my daily paper, the following Notice of Motion:—

"SIR J. FERGUSON. To ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER whether there is any intention of altering the existing machinery by which the assessment for the Income-Tax is imposed; and if not, whether that assessment will in future be made under all the schedules by the local authorities."

"The next day, to my inexpressible relief, I read, in that morning's paper, that SIR JAMES FERGUSON having, on the previous night, put the preceding question, 'The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that there was no present intention of altering the existing machinery by which the assessment for the Income-Tax is imposed.'

"I breathed again.

"What I had feared was that SIR JAMES FERGUSON might have reason to believe that the ordinary inquisitorial machinery, whereby confessions are extorted under Schedule D, was, (under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, to be obtained by Ministers for supplying its inadequacy) to be exchanged for the rack and the thumb-screws.

"Don't say, pooh-pooh! The time has not gone by for imagining the possibility of physical torture employed by Government to enforce unjust taxation. The idea may be ridiculous; but so is the wickedness of a tax that cuts as much out of the precarious income of an artist, author, actor, or medical man, as it does out of the life-income of a placeman, and even out of the everlasting income of a fundholder. I see no reason why the House of Commons, which enacts so cruel an imposition, should not further enact that the thumb-screws, and the rack, and, if necessary, the boots, should be substituted for Income-Tax papers; or that the assessor, instead of going round with the latter, should make his domiciliary visits accompanied by several hangman's assistants and the 'Scavenger's Daughter.'

"Parliament has increased the severity of the Game Laws. The House of Commons has actually entertained a Penal Sunday Bill. Legislation is going back. These are men from whom the 'question ordinary' fails to extract the information necessary for robbing them. It is quite conceivable that a reactionary Legislature might sanction the application of the 'question extraordinary' to wring the truth out of them.

"Overjoyed to find that the machinery for levying the Income-Tax is not, at present at least, to be altered to engines of bodily torment, I rest, Mr. Punch, breathing again indeed, as I said, but still gasping for breath, your long-suffering, ever faithful friend, the victim, poor

"Rhubarb Hall, April, 1863."

"PILGRIM."

SCHOOLING AND STARVATION.

SINCE the days of Dotheboys Hall we question if a cheaper place of schooling has been advertised than that which was announced thus in the *Times* of the 18th:—

EDUCATION.—For £18 per annum, YOUNG GENTLEMEN are BOARDED, clothed, and Educated. The situation healthy, in the country, west of London. This advertisement is worthy the attention of persons in want of a good school. Unexceptionable references given. Apply by letter to A.B., &c.

Has the worthy Mr. Squares migrated to the West, and opened there this economic place of education? Young gentlemen are usually gifted with good appetites, and we doubt if £18 a-year would buy them food and clothing, unless corduroys and water-gruel were all that was thought needful for them. Even then it might be requisite to curb their appetites a bit by a dose of brimstone and treacle now and then before their breakfast. What sort of schooling could be also furnished for the money, we leave the "unexceptionable" referees to state; but if supplied, with food and clothes, for only £18 a-year, it can hardly be esteemed a very liberal education.

Wholesale Suicide.

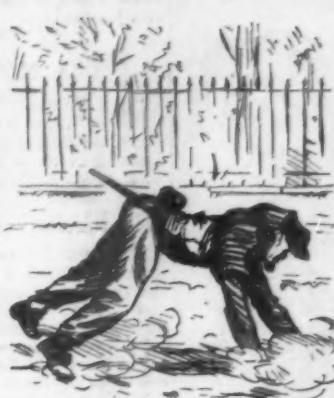
"ON Tuesday last, five respectably dressed individuals calmly deposited their respective half-pennies at the Waterloo toll-gate, and then went over the Bridge one after the other. No reason has as yet been assigned for the rash act.

LITERATURE IN THE LARDER.—The other day, an intelligent Scullery-maid while perusing *Lady Audley's Secret*, lost her place. We think she has been hardly used.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER—HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.



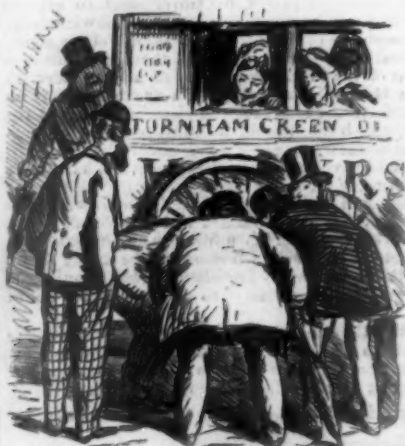
HE LETS GO HIS HOLD, AND AFTER A FEW TREMENDOUS SPIRS,



COMES TO THE GROUND,



WITH NO BONES BROKEN.



THE CONDUCTOR AND PASSENGERS BUSY CUTTING THE RIFLE OUT OF THE WHEEL.



ITS APPEARANCE WHEN EXTRICATED.



HE HASTENS INTO THE PARK, AND REALISES FULLY THE HORROR OF HIS SITUATION.



"HOW, IF HE WERE TO LEAVE IT ON THE GROUND, AND RUN AWAY?"—BUT THE REGIMENTAL NUMBER WOULD BETRAY HIM.



"AH! OR THROW IT UP INTO A TREE?" BUT AN AWFUL VISION—



OF COL. M'MURDO, OR GOVERNMENT, OR SOMEBODY, DEMANDING IT AT HIS HANDS, PRESENTS ITSELF TO HIS IMAGINATION. [To be continued.]



VEILED SATIRE.

"I say, Master, jist ring this 'ere First-floor Bell for us, will yer? I can't reach it."

A LOW STYLE OF NIMROD.

EVERYBODY knows that the Jockey Club has warned "ARGUS," the Sporting Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, off the Heath at Newmarket for the high crime and misdemeanor of having called the judicial conduct of the Club in question; with considerable reason, as events afterwards proved, for so doing.

The magnanimity of this act of revenge is enthusiastically asserted by a worshipper of the Jockey Club in a remarkable letter which he writes to the *Post* under the signature of "OXONIAN." Who "OXONIAN" is, we need not say; what he is will be apparent to everybody from the subjoined effusions of his veneration for that aristocratic body whose imperious treatment of a Member of the Press he defends. "Without them," he says, "the Turf would soon become a harbour for thieves, into which no gentleman could intrude without blackening his character." Very likely. And what then? Why, then, says "OXONIAN":—

"Surely, then, any attempt to sneer at their decisions, or lower their noble influence, by which alone the Turf is preserved from utter corruption, deserves reprobation."

The authority of the Jockey Club is supreme. Its decisions are to be revered as the decrees of Omniscience. Any expression of disrespect for them is presumptuous, and "deserves reprobation." Does not OXONIAN always go down upon his knees when he ventures to address any person belonging to the Jockey Club? At any rate he stoops low enough in thus, as it were, blacking, not to say licking, the boots of that society:—

"Even granting that they were not absolutely right in their decision—for no one sets up for infallibility—still they were more likely to be in the right than your single-handed correspondent. If humiliation was what galled 'Argus,' let him reflect that it were better that our Turf Reporter should lower his colours than a whole body of Turf reformers."

The Turf Reporter is to kneel under to the Jockey Club, even if the Reporter is right and the Club is wrong. "OXONIAN" concludes the unrighteous flunkies above cited with a maxim which the reader would naturally suppose to have been appended to them by *Punch*:—

"Fair-play is a jewel."

Enough has been said to show what "OXONIAN" is. He is a character notorious enough by name at the University which can scarcely be proud of him. "OXONIAN" is evidently a mighty hunter before the nobility. He is, however, no mere Fox-hunter. The object of his pursuit is not the Brush, but the Tuft.

A HAIL FROM ADMIRAL NELSON.

From his mast-head gazed the Admiral
Down on Trafalgar Square,
Where from his base the buttresses
Diverged all blank and bare.
"They have got down the hoarding
That screened the man and boy:
They have got up the bas-reliefs
That formed their life's employ."

"But yet I wait the Lions
That should keep watch below:
Still latent in SIR EDWIN'S brain,
Till into bronze they grow.
If Statue pun may venture,
Thus pondered in their plan,
They should be the most ponderous
Lions e'er cast by man."

"Had I been long in taking!
The guns of which I'm cast,
As they've been slow in making
And rigging up my mast,
BRITANNIA would have grumbled,
My bull-dogs would have growled;
JOHNNY CHAPAUD been radiant,
While JOHN BULL stormed and scowled."

"What care I if bronze-lion-lease
My statue still they leave:
With BRITANNIA'S airy Lion
Beside my empty sleeve,
What bronze can match that lion
Which every Briton sees
When he looks up to my image,
And thinks upon the seas?"

"But now the buzz arises
Of a monument to be
To a good Prince and a gracious,
I say—be warned by me!
Heave, oh—with a will, boys—cheerily,
Pay out—hand over hand:
But your course laid down, hold to it
As long as sticks will stand."

"We sailors have a saying
Of folks with sickle brain,
That they work TOM COX'S traverse,
Of 'there and back again.'
That's JOHN BULL'S favourite traverse,
When a public work's in view;
What to-day has done, to-morrow
Takes a pleasure to undo."

"Of Academic artists
Distrust the world allows,
With National Gallery a-stern,
And HAVELOCK 'neath my bows.
I well may venture warning,
Who the contrast have to bear,
Of my Trafalgar battle,
And your Trafalgar Square."

"So here I seize my trumpet,
To try if 'twill avail
With R. A.s and M.P.s, alike
To try a roaring hail.
Vast heaving, you Committees:
You artists, there, belay!
Clerks of the works, stop planning,
And MISTER BULL, stop pay."

"Though here I stand surrounded,
By all bad taste can do,
Of waste, delay, and jobbery
Examples full in view—
Make oath 'So help you, FLAXMAN,'
Make oath 'So help you, WHEAT,'
What shrine and statue has been
Shall never be again."

Seize on this chance for proving,
England's not quite so dull,
Guys to make all her statues,
Each monument a null!

SENSATION ADVERTISING.



ERE is an Advertisement which seems to have been written expressly with a view to be ridiculed in *Punch*. We find the following bit of foolishness in the *Times* of Thursday week:—

BEREAVEMENT, thy name is Chaos!—Brighton.—Mrs. A. D. has to DISPOSE OF, under the above afflicting, but natural (alas! for love), annihilating circumstances, a most comfortable DWELLING and LODGING HOUSE, near the Brighton Park. Rent, on lease, very moderate. The octogenarian widower retires with a bedstead and bedding, and a few domestic reminiscences. The residue at valuation. Letters addressed to Mrs. A. D., Auctioneer and Valuer, Brighton, will receive prompt attention.

If this auctioneer is so facetious with his pen, what a funny fellow doubtless he must be in his pulpit! We can fancy what a comic speech he probably would make in putting up for auction the property thus advertised. "Here we are again!" he might begin, in true Clown's style, and then, comically thrusting his tongue into his cheek, he might draw a funny picture of the "octogenarian widower" as he appeared when he retired with his bedstead and his blankets from the sweet abode of bliss where he ("alas, for love!") had been unbappily bereaved. With a pleasant joke or two, he might describe the mournful "chaos" which was caused upon the premises, and might picture the old widower

in the height of his affliction "annihilating" everything that came within his clutch. Then, with a wink at his fair hearers, the auctioneer might drop a hint that even eighty-year-old widowers might by their help be consoled, and he might humorously picture the bringing of the old man back to his old house, by a lady who had bought it solely with that view. Whether such a speech as we have faintly tried to sketch would be likely to increase the bids made for the property, we leave to auctioneers, as men more capable, to say. Assuredly as far as our poor judgment goes, a sensation speech like this would be every bit as businesslike, and doubtless quite as profitable as the sensation style of advertising exhibited above.

"Almost Too Rich."

YOUR new Bill of Fare,
My dear GYE, I declare,
With *embarras de richesses* you smother,
When at bottom and top
Of your bill down you pop
Two *Patties*, one after the other!

FRESH FACT FOR THE FACULTY.

AN eminent Medical Man has just discovered the true cause of a patient's sour disposition on one particular day. The poor creature so afflicted, had, it appears, early that morning, *burned in bed*.

Friends in Council.

SAYS WHALLEY, "I cannot conceive, my dear COX, Why Parliament can't bear the sound of my ear."
"Same here," answered COX, "but I'm told, my dear WHALLEY, That it's *cos* we don't never talk nothing but folly."

A SECOND MARTYRDOM.—MR. GLADSTONE intends subjecting the incomes of Hospitals to the Income-Tax. This will be flaying St. Bartholomew over again.

PROPER DEGREE FOR A PARISIAN SURGEON.—a Doctor of the *Sauv* bone.

EXPERIMENTS AT WOOLWICH.

AFTER regular hours, and when the experiments on the resistance of iron-plates had been concluded by the Ordnance Committee, the following trial was made to test the power of attack of a Military, Naval, and Civilian force.

A square table was placed on four legs and covered with woven fabric. On this were set three Staffordshire plates of the well known willow pattern, one of them being slightly "dished."

In front of the plates was a round of beef well seasoned, supported by spring chickens, and flanked by cold ribs (fired the day previous at the kitchen-range of the mess) and backed by XX stout pots of Birmingham metal, with a jar of hexagonal discs of the cucumber plant. The joints being tough were well peppered, and the following were mustered for the attack:—

1. A Corporal of the Grenadier Guards capped, but unloaded (as it was now three hours past the dinner bugle).
2. Policeman 988 of the T division, whose favourite area had been found by Cook's apparatus, worked by the Astronomer Royal.
3. The Fat Boy from the Marine Society, after a sea voyage to his cousin the buns at the Nore, and without his breakfast.

The signal for attack was the tapping of a large barrel of Bass's patent, when the Guardsman at once opened with two buttons at his waist, and the Policeman, not to be beat, was on his round in a moment.

To deaden the shock, and to provide material almost impossible to get through, there were placed against the covers, and in a slanting position, alternate sheets of the *Harold* and *Advertiser*, with a *Standard* behind and the *Evening Sun* in front.

One of the men daringly began to read the "leader" before him, but the boy steadily pitched into the chickens at the risk of being fouled, until as darkness set in, two candles (long sixes) were brought up in bottles, and a tube or pipe was loaded with bird's-eye ready for each man, but with strict orders not to fire the fuzee until the plates were entirely clear.

The Lords of the Admiralty and other distinguished visitors who were present stood round in silent anxious interest. It was a solemn moment for England, relieved only by a whisper from the DUKE OF SOMERSET, "Two to one on the boy," and a timid suggestion by Mr. CHARLES BUXTON, M.P., who said, "Try GLADSTONE'S Claret," which provoked a momentary smile of derision from the Policeman.

Great excitement was now caused by a demand of the boy to be allowed to "stand up," and the Ordnance Committee retired into the Board Room to deliberate upon whether this ought to be permitted, but they had not agreed when our despatch left.

Later by Telegraph, 8 p.m.—MR. WHITWORTH has applied a Fleet Street *Punch*, when attention was at once riveted, and a brilliant joke having been let off with a flash of wit, a tremendous explosion occurred, the table shook its sides, and amid peals of laughter, the Committee have retired to consider the Report.

MORE NOVELTIES!!

MR. E. T. SMITH, in an advertisement where language and grammar alike fail to describe the astounding novelties now in course of preparation at Cremorne, tells us that:—

"A New Dancing Platform has been erected in the Gardens."

The enterprising lessee must have been among the Mediums, and this fact may perhaps account for his being sometimes termed the Spirited Proprietor. A Dancing Platform will be rather a nuisance; perhaps in the course of the evening the Thames will be introduced to keep it company as a Running Stream. Another wonder would be a Walking Match, which should make a circuit of the Gardens and light all the lamps. If this proceeding should be at all dangerous, the Match might be between two policemen. When the audience were tired of songs, an Address could be delivered by a Speaking Likeness.

The Gardens will soon be open, and the rattling of cabs, the sound of trumpets and drums, and the banging of fireworks, will rouse the neighbours from their peaceful slumbers.

Fit! nimium vicina Cremorne!

Such additions as we have suggested would, MR. E. T. SMITH hardly need to be informed, be both useful and Cremornamental.

Geographical.

At a meeting of this Society, it was announced by one of the Learned Fellows, that all the houses at Lizard Point were roofed in with Rep-tiles. This discovery will lead to further investigation.

GLADSTONE'S LAST LITTLE GAME.—"Clubs are trumps—so I want 'em all in my hand!"

THE CITY WAR-SONG.



RAY you, masters, leave your
plates!
Lo, the foe is at the gates;
Yes; the Centralisers are
At the gates of Temple
Bar!

Close them, traffic though
you stop.
Let our old Porters
drip.

Wardens of each Ward—
halloo!
Shout, Hono to the rescue,
ho!

Trumpeters, sound war's
alarm:
Rush ye Men in Armour,
arm.
March on, wave your trun-
cheons there!
Swordbearer, thy weapon
bore.

Now then, Bearer of the
Mace,
Shoulder that, and take
thy place.

Ready at the LORD MAYOR's hand,
If my Lord his club demand.

Every City Company,
Let your banners flout the sky, 'I
Charged with fierce and grim device,
Dragon, griffin, cockatrice,

Lion, leopard, eagle spread,
Bloody hand, and wild boar's head.
Bear the blade that WALWORTH bore,
Dagger upon shield, before.

Grasp, for buckler, turtle shell;
Spit for spear will serve ye well.
GOG and MAGG! be your cry;
Lords and Commons we defy!

What! Transfer the civic reign
O'er our own Police, to MAYNE?
O'er our bodies first they'll tread;
Done less easily than said.

Hurl defiance at the foe
Which can portlier Peelers show?
Did garroters here abound?
In the City, or around?

LORD MAYOR ROSE, lead thou the van;
SIDNEY, LAWRENCE, play the man.
Hook and crook, as best you may,
Wield against the Bill of GRAY.

Lay the rash invaders low
Ere they strike the deadly blow,
Fatal stab, through Legislation,
Into London's Corporation.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.—The MEMBER FOR LINCOLN. He was last seen in the House of Commons, when he addressed a few sharp words to a little Austrian dog, called "FRANK." In appearance, this missing M.P. has a manly commanding figure, a handsome Grecian nose, with a slight turn for satire, and a bright intellectual eye that lights up instantly at the smallest bit of facetiousness. He is familiarly known by the name of "BERNAL." His principal weakness is in picking out the foibles of some unhappy victim, and making all the persons round him laugh immediately at his expense. He can fence and parry, and is not less expert in warding off a blow than in giving one. Whoever will give such information as will lead to the apprehension or re-appearance of this truant M.P., will be Handsomely Rewarded, as he is sadly wanted in the House of Commons, where his continued absence is looked upon, and felt, as rather a serious business. For further information, apply to Mr. Punch, at his Parliamentary Office, 88, Fleet Street.

GOOD NEWS FOR LESTER SQUARE.

Bill for making a Market there thrown out. The cats may look at the King till further notice.

PREACHER AND PULPIT.

THE annexed composition, which is extracted from the *Eccelesiastical Gazette*, will amuse any reader sympathising with our friend the reverend Bath chap, who complained of us, some time ago, because we objected to singing the Liturgy through the nose:—

A CURATE IS DESIRED, for a small Rural Parish North of the Trent, where common sense is used, and non-natural sense abjured; where natural voice is used, and intonation (except in Psalmody) is disliked; where the marriage knot is more pleasingly tied without assistance. The Incumbent, not being a party man, seeks a colleague equally free. No one styling himself "a Married Priest" need apply. The designation is too objectionable for the Advertiser to recognise. A Clergyman in full orders, best in his vocation and family, will not find much cause of disappointment as to residence, emolument, and church. The full name and address and present engagement of the applicant must be given, though the Advertiser only gives initials, not wishing to engage too much notice. Address by letter (prepaid) to, &c. Letters not replied to will be confidentially destroyed.—31st March, 1863.

Chaqueur with a little nonsense here and there, explicable by supposing errors of the press, the foregoing advertisement really contains a good deal of sense. The Incumbent who advertises for a Curate to aid him in his ministrations to a small rural parish north of the Trent, is evidently too far North to trust any clerical assistant infected with the least proclivity to the Council of Trent. It is very true that a place "where the marriage knot is more pleasingly tied without assistance" may remind one of that wherein *William*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, tells his associates that they may "rehearse" with peculiar facilities. But the Incumbent who, in these grotesque terms, intimates his dislike to an ecclesiastical officiation, is evidently "sound at the root of the matter," as a dear old lady said of a devout but fraudulent banker. His objection to a person calling himself a married priest is very just, although it is stated in language which smacks of another pulpit than that of the Established Church. The rest of this notification is open to the same remark; inasmuch as to suggest grave doubt whether the initials X. Y. Z. are really those of the advertiser. We are disposed to guess that he is the lineal descendant of an ancestor whose spirit guides his pen, as it might that of Mr. Home, the Medium; and if he is also that ancestor's namesake, he is known to his familiars as the REVEREND GEORGE ROBINS.

A NICE SPRING BONNET.

CUTLETS and other forms of meat are sometimes dressed *à la Jardinière*. So are bonnets, according to the ensuing entry in *Le Follet*:—

"An elegant Lagnhorn bonnet was edged with green ribbon. On this ribbon, which was quite flat, were placed here and there cherries, fastened together two by two, and falling so as to form a bunch. At the edge of the front a large bouquet of real roses."

The idea of this elegant bonnet suggests various reflections. If the cherries adorning it were real, as well as the corn, the fair wearer would be much run after; chiefly, however, by pursuers whom she might not much care about—the boys. Decorated with real fruits and vegetables, the bonnet *à la Jardinière*, might suggest the inquiry:—

"MANY, MANY,
Quite contrary,
How does your bonnet grow?"

There would be no difficulty in trimming a bonnet with mustard and cress, grown in a strip of moist flannel, or plush; and thus this new thing in bonnets might be nicely fringed all round the front with a border of salad. It would look sweetly pretty, and the trimming would be soon fit to eat; and then some days would have to elapse before another could be grown. In the meantime a new bonnet would be immediately necessary: which would be just the thing for the majority of young ladies.

How to make Home Happy.

MISS MULOCH says, that "one of the conditions of the happiness of a household is the absence of the Man for at least six hours every day." MISS MULOCH writes charming books, and in her next, which *Mr. Punch* hopes will appear very soon, would she kindly say which six hours she means? A friend of ours, who gets up at twelve, smokes over the papers till three, lounges about the house till five, then has some tea and dresses, and goes to the Club, says the hours for absence are from seven P.M. to one A.M. His wife does not see this, exactly. We should like MISS MULOCH to favour us with her views, for our own guidance.

Inscription for the Grand Stand, Newmarket.

IMITATED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ORIGINAL.

BY THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Tout, blackleg, gambler, milker (gold in fist),
May enter here—but not a Journalist.



A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (sotto voce). "MY GOODNESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO!—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."

GREAT AMERICAN BILLIARD MATCH.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused in sporting circles by this long protracted match, which, owing to the style of play adopted by the parties, appears to make but very little progress towards a finish. The largeness of the stakes depending on the contest might be supposed to make the players careful in their strokes, but few expected that the game would last so long as it has done, and no one now dare prophesy when it will be finished. It having been resolved to play the cannon game, some anxiety at first was not unreasonably felt among the backers of JEFF DAVIS, the crack player for the South; but the knowing ones, who knew their man, made no attempt to hedge, notwithstanding what was said about his being out of play and, in the cannon game especially, somewhat over-matched. It is needless to remark here, that the first strokes which he made quite justified their confidence, and indeed throughout the game he has done nothing yet to shake it: so that if he have but a fair amount of luck, his backers feel assured that he won't easily be beaten, and an extra fluke or two might make him win the match.

As for old ABE LINCOLN, the champion player of the North, his backers, we believe, are as confident as ever that he is the best man, although at times his play has not appeared to prove it. There is no doubt that he has more strength at his command, but strength is of small use without knowing how to use it. ABE LINCOLN may have skill, but he has not yet shown much of it: and certainly he more than once has shown himself out-generalled. His backers say he purposely is playing a slow game, just to draw out his opponent and see what he can do. In ninety days, they say, he is cock-sure of a victory: but this is an old boast, and nobody except themselves now places any faith in it. ABE's famous Bull Run stroke was a bad start to begin with, and his Charleston break has ended in his having to screw back, and thus slip into baulk to save himself from mischief.

How the game will end we won't pretend to prophesy. There are plenty of good judges who still appear inclined to bet in favour of the South, and longish odds are offered that the game will be a drawn one. ABE's attempt to pot the niggers some put down as a foul

stroke, but whether foul or not it added little to his score. Upon the whole we think his play has not been much admired, although his backers have been vehement in superlatively praising it. There is more sympathy for the South, as being the weaker side,—a fact which JEFF's supporters indignantly deny, and which certainly the North has not done much as yet towards proving. Without ourselves inclining one way or the other, we may express a neutral hope that the best player may win; and we certainly shall echo the desire of all who watch the game, if we add that the sooner it is now played out the better.

THE REAL CHURCH-RATE MARTYR.

A BILL to abolish Church-rating—
Don't England wish she may get it!
E'en if Parliament, sick of prating,
Determined to upset it.

How put down—while the Bench has zealots
To use both pulpit and pen so,—
The Church-ratings *i-rate* prelates
Pile up on their Brother COLEMANO?

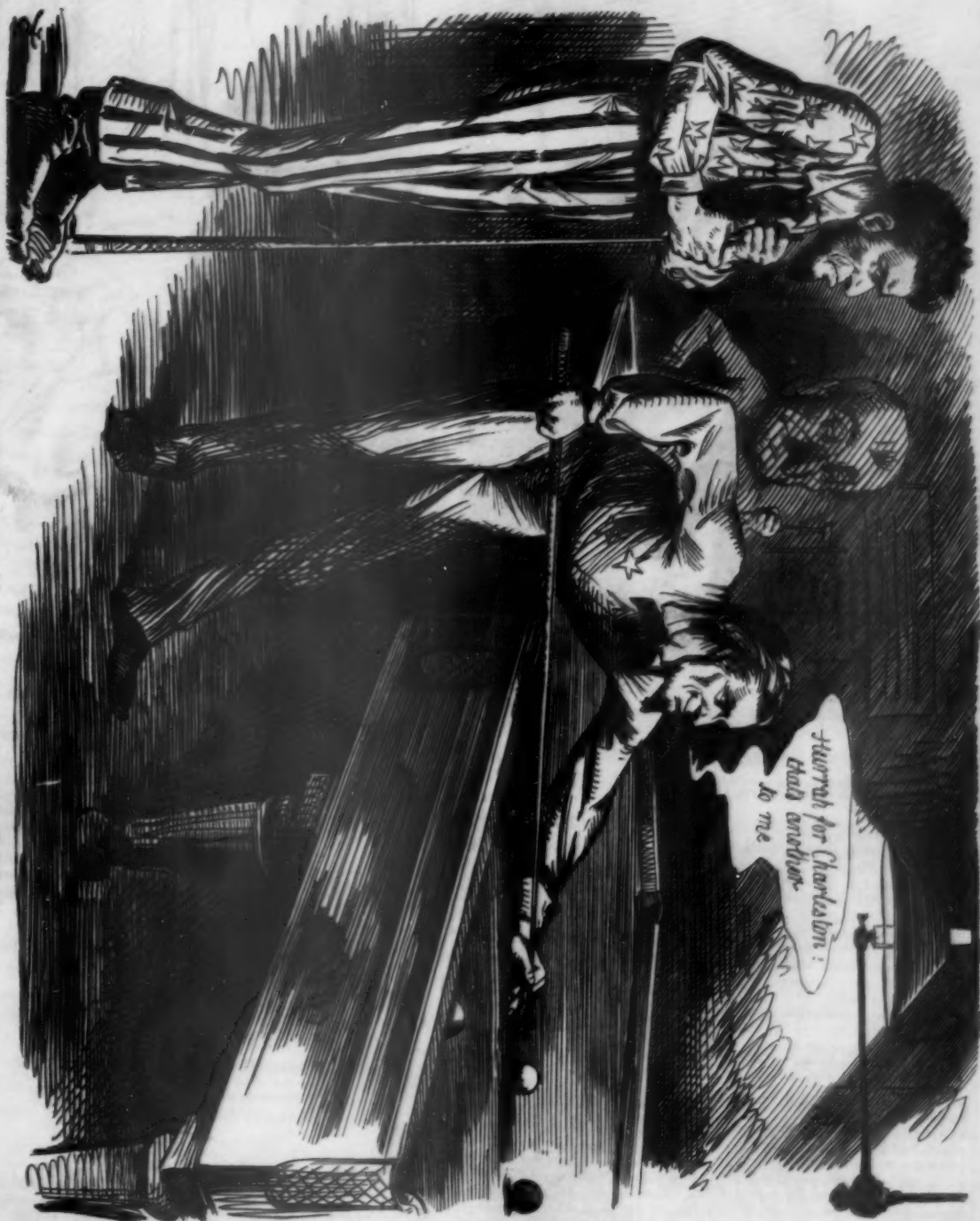
Solar Science.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that there may possibly be men in the moon: but we were scarcely prepared for the astounding announcement that three men were actually seen walking in the sun. If this be fact, we ought to have heard it from MR. HINDS before.

THE BURDEN OF ROYALTY.

It has doubtless often occurred to the PRINCE OF WALES lately, that, although, when a Prince has got married, he may leave off paying addresses, he does not necessarily cease to receive them.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 9, 1864.



AND LINCOLN (SAYS), "DARN'D IF HE AIN'T SCORED AGIN'—WISH I COULD MAKE A FEW WINNING HAZARDS FOR A CHANGE."



THE GREAT AMERICAN

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW JOURNAL.

IT must be admitted by all, that a new Journal is one of the necessities of the age, that it is imperatively called for, and that there is plenty of room for it. Actuated by these considerations, the Proprietors of the Journal about to be introduced, beg to announce that on Thursday the 14th of May (anniversary of the execution of RAVAILLAC by torture), will appear the first number of

The Sensation Times,

AND CHRONICLE OF EXCITEMENT.

This Journal will be devoted chiefly to the following objects; namely, Harrowing the Mind, Making the Flesh Creep, Causing the Hair to Stand on End, Giving Shocks to the Nervous System, Destroying Conventional Moralities, and generally Unfitting the Public for the Prosaic Avocations of Life.

Its columns will be enriched with carefully selected Horrors of every kind, from the English and Foreign newspapers, and with the most remarkable narratives of what is (perhaps uncharitably) called Criminal Adventure.

The Editors flatter themselves that there is no mock delicacy about them, nor any real delicacy either, and therefore their Subscribers may be assured that no record of an interesting nature will suffer by any of the fastidious revision which weakens a narrative, or by any of the timid manipulation which substitutes the hiatus for the description.

Murder, of course, will have in these columns, the foremost place, and the aid of photography will be used in order to present with an accuracy hitherto unattempted, the most faithful portraits of the actors and victims, and the most vivid representations of the scenes where such tragedies may be enacted.

But no class of sensational record will be neglected, and readers may rely upon receiving the most graphic accounts of all Crimes with Violence, merciless Corporal Punishments (especially in the case of children), Revolting Cruelties to Animals, and other interesting matters. Accidents, if horrid, will also be duly registered.

Arsenical Literature will find in these columns its best exponent, and all Poison Cases will be watched by a staff of special reporters who have been medically educated. Cases of suspicion will also be treated, and the Editors are happy to say, that they are already in communication with the butlers in several aristocratic families in which it is suspected that persons are endeavouring to dissolve the nuptial contract without recourse to publicity. This department of the Paper will be under the direction of an eminent sensation novelist, who will shortly be at liberty under a ticket-of-leave.

A Sensation Novel itself, in which atrocities hitherto undreamed of, even by the most fashionable fictionists of Paris, will form a feature in the new journal, and a large sum, under the name of a subscription, has been handed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in order to ensure its non-interference with the forthcoming tale.

The Police Courts will be watched, but the columns of the *Sensation Times* will not be encumbered with the dry details of mercantile fraud, commonplace larceny, and similar uninteresting matter, and reports will be given of such painful cases only as Paterfamilias, having duly enjoyed them, tells his family "he thinks they had better not read."

It is needless to say that the proceedings in the Court over which SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL presides will be given in full, where they have interest, and a distinguished lady novelist has undertaken to do justice to the sentimental features in such cases, points usually neglected by the hard and cynical male reporter.

Some extraordinary revelations of the habits and actions of exceedingly Low Life will be offered, and a special detective has been retained in the exclusive interests of the journal.

An eminent Vivisectionist has undertaken to supply a series of papers, setting forth his own experiences in his art, which he will continue to practise upon various portions of the inferior creation, for the sake of supplying truthful details to the readers of the *Sensation Times*.

The Editors, fearlessly throwing themselves upon the Public, unhesitatingly embark in an attempt to supply the evident want of the Age, and pledge themselves to spare no efforts in promoting the cause which has hitherto been left to the vigorous but inadequate efforts of the sensation *littérateurs*.

Confidential communications of a terrific, sanguinary, or vicious description, may be addressed to the Editors, care of MESSRS. NIGHTMARE AND SKELETONS, Publishers, Garbage Lane, near St. Luke's, E.C.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has devoted much time to the training of all sorts of animals, sends us the following interesting information.

The most difficult of all the feathered tribe to bring into subjection is, undoubtedly, the Chicken-Hazard. In fact it is quite a chance if you are ever successful with this species of game. I managed to catch one, and for some time fed it on green bays. It is untidy in its habits, and, if you look after it very closely, you will always be at sixes and sevens with it. I procured a private box for it. If encouraged, it will give vent to an agreeable rattle. It became sufficiently domesticated to travel about with me; but a few years ago I lost it, with a great many other things too, at Homburg.

A Dingo and a Wallaby of the same family as the Jingo and the Lul-

laby, also animals of the Bush, have for years been my faithful companions. The first has been taught to play an admirable game of billiards, and makes the best milk-punch in the country: whilst the latter has mastered the English language to such a degree, that during the ensuing month he intends giving readings from SHAKESPEARE at the Town Hall. In the house he is as playful as a kitten, and on a fine summer's day walks about the garden in the cocked-hat and top-boots of his native woods. He feeds chiefly on radishes and (in his own country) young children. Civilisation, in cruelly debarring him from the latter article of consumption, has developed in him a taste for poetry, and he now devours all the books that come within his reach. The Wallaby, I am sorry to say, got into bad company, and having forged my signature to several cheques, was obliged to fly the country. Such are the petty annoyances to which a trainer is subjected.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.



to terms with Mr. BUCKSTONE and will make his *début* at the Haymarket in a new comedy written expressly for him. "MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY and Mr. PHELPS are engaged and will shortly appear," is a sentence we all know by heart. As to their being "engaged," that statement, totally at variance with existing facts, can only have been put forward in order to prevent spinsters and match-making Mammies from persecuting these two apparently eligible single gentlemen. How they will "shortly appear," is a question which is, we

have the following amount of intelligence has not been displayed by any of our contemporaries. A Railway Tunnel 2000 feet in circumference is to be erected on the site of the Great Turnstile, Holborn. When Miss FANNY KEMBLE has terminated her already highly finished Shakspearian entertainment, ADMIRAL FITZROY will give several Readings of the Barometer. The Company of Carriers will honour the Strand Theatre on the occasion of Mr. PARSELL's, the clever Stage Manager's benefit; he will recite *Othello's* speech to the senate by the desire of the Carriers, who naturally admire Mr. PARSELL's delivery. We may before long look out for a grand Mythological Fresco, whose subject is *Caster*, by DYCE.

There is no truth in the report that the HOSPODAR of WALLACHIA has come

have reason to know, seriously disturbing the nocturnal quiet of many a household slightly tinged with modern superstition. Nervous individuals jump hastily into bed and shrink beneath the coverlet, lest to them, in the awful stillness of the bed-chamber, MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY and Mr. PHELPS should "shortly appear." Young ladies scarcely dare peep in their looking glasses, dreading the weird figures of MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY and Mr. PHELPS shortly or tallishly a-peering over their shoulders. More in our next.

PUNCH'S REAL NEWMARKET PROPHECIES.

RACING-PROPHETS the world has chidden,
Called those who believed in 'em ninnies;
Yet what prophecies are hidden,
In this last "two thousand guineas."

The French horse *Hospodar's* beating
(Though the field was never shakier,) Means clearly the defeating
Of French intrigues in Wallachia;

While *Maccaroni's* upsetting
The French horse folks laid wholly on,
Means Italy one day getting
The whip-hand of NAPOLEON.

As clear that, for *Maccaroni*
The two thousand guineas to bone
Means that in some new market
They'll float the Italian loan.

Saccharometer, once thought best,
Now, nowhere—what can be patter?—
Is GLADSTONE ceasing to test,
Duty-sugars for Saccharine matter.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 27, *Monday*. MR. SEWARD will not give up the *Peterhoff*, but sends her to an American Prize Court for judgment. By way of sweetening this decision (touching which EARL RUSSELL intends to consider what he shall say), MR. SEWARD will not open any of our mail bags which ADMIRAL WILKES may take the Wilkes-and-Liberty to seize, but will forward them to their destination. MR. HATLEY was made to say to *Miss SEWARD*, in reply to her

"Charming poet, England's glory,
MR. HATLEY, that is you."
"Ma'am, you carry all before ye,
Trust me, LICHFIELD SWAN, you do."

We are not so clear that England's glory will permit MR. SEWARD to carry all before him in the way he is inclined to do, but we wait the EARL's response.

GOO exults and MAGGIE shouts. The author of the Police Amalgamation Bill has got into the clutch of the police of the House of Commons. The Examiners of Standing Orders collared him, and demanded whether he called his measure a public or a private Bill. SIR GEORGE had introduced it as a public one, but as it deals with matters that come under a private Act, the Home Secretary has got off his beat. The Examiner declares that the Standing Orders have not been complied with, and if SIR GEORGE cannot induce the S. O. Committee not to report against the Bill, down it goes.

MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND delivered himself of a speech, nominally on the question of distress in the Cotton districts, but really a volley of foolish antiquated angry abuse of the Cotton trade. He is just the same obstinate bullying declaimer that he was fifteen years ago, and seems to have learned nothing, and courtesy least of all, in the interim. Now that he has had his bellow, we hope to hear no more of him. MR. POTTER wished for a Commission to inquire into the question of distress, but MR. VILLIERS, for the Government, resisted this, but promised that a single Commissioner should make certain inquiries. We have spent £1,853,000 in relieving the distress, there is £755,000 in hand, and there is given away £37,700 a week, in relieving 420,000 people, of whom 72,000 are able-bodied men. Those figures are worth consideration, MR. BULL.

MR. GLADSTONE's resolution for assimilating the Club and the Public-house then came on, and was protested against as unfair. It

certainly is, and those who talk clap-trap nonsense about putting the rich man's club and the poor man's club on a level (which it would be perfectly right to do), simply write idiotically. The poor man's club is, they say, the public-house, the landlord of which pays for a licence to sell liquor. Which he does at a profit. But the club has no landlord, and sells no liquor at a profit. It has already bought the liquor, and paid a profit to the licensed vendor thereof, and merely, when consuming the tipple, puts money, by dribblets, into a box, to be ready to buy more. Of course this is clear to everybody who does not wish to write down to the level of public-house talk. For the present, however, and chiefly because the proposed tax is so small (ship-money was not much, but the Whip, and dinner invitations were not understood *temp. Car. I.*), the Swells did not make much resistance, and the resolution was carried. MR. PUNCH begs to state that he is not one of those who impute motives, and he does not believe that MR. GLADSTONE has any animosity against Clubs because somebody was very rude to him at the Carlton, and proposed his ejection by a shorter process than a vote.

Tuesday. Then came up in the Commons one of those questions which no fellow in the world, we don't say on the Globe, can be expected to understand. We have made that enigmatical exception, because on the *Globe* newspaper there is a marvellous writer who has evidently studied the British army, from COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to drummer-boy, and from the landing of JULIUS CAESAR to last Tuesday's *Gazette*. We referred to him for an *ipse dixit* in the case of these Distinguished Colonels, who want something or other done for them, and he says that there are very few of them, that they have not much to complain of, and that to right their little grievance in the way they desire would be to inflict a large grievance upon a great number of worthy officers. But the Distinguished might be made happy by a pull at JOHN BULL's purse for some £17,000. There's the truth, then, and LORD PALMERSTON has let them down easily by promising a commission of inquiry. The Defences of Canada, and Iron-clad Ships were, significantly, topics which occupied the English Commons for the rest of the evening.

Wednesday. The 29th of April is a day which the Dissenters will mark with black chalk. The Church Rate Abolition Bill came on for Second Reading—there was a tremendous House, 560, and the Bill was thrown out by a majority of 10. And now, the sooner the grievance is done away the better, and the victorious Churchmen cannot celebrate their triumph more graciously than by introducing a measure for retaining the rate, but abolishing the means of enforcing it. Then Churchmen can pay, if they like, and Dissenters can do as they please. Now the 29th April is the anniversary of two or three very interesting

events, and one of them is the Proclamation of Peace, 1856, in the spirit of which memory *Mr. Punch* proposes the above pacific measure.

Thursday. The Lords considered the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill. LORD LIVERPOOL (VERNON SMITH) explained that Bribery was really no offence, "the gentleman who committed it suffered no punishment, lost no social position, nor even the prospect of advancement in the State." He had stood eleven fights, the first costing him £4000, and the last £400. LORD VERULAM thought the Bill wrong, and LORD GIBBS said it was absurd, but it was read a Second Time.

The great Cannon Game at Charleston set their Lordships discussing that variety of sea billiards, and the question of Forts v. Ships, but it was agreed that no decision could be arrived at until we have more precise information than the blitherumskite sensation-writing of the American penny-a-liners.

MR. LEBRON omitted a sort of complaint that Irishmen were not made Colonial Bishops. MR. C. FORTESCUE seemed to think it an answer that no Lancashire man had been made a Colonial Bishop for twenty years, though there were more clergy in Lancashire than in Ireland. And perhaps this is the best kind of reply to make to an Irishman.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's proposal to tax Charities has excited a good deal of talk, and there is a good deal to be said

against it, but unluckily its opponents are exaggerating their case so ludicrously that he turns them over like turtles. The folks at St. Bartholomew's, for instance, cried out that they were going to be skinned alive, like their patron saint, and then MR. GLADSTONE replies that he proposes to take only £700 out of £36,000 a year. But there is to be a great discussion on the subject.

MR. GLADSTONE explained his new plan for enabling everybody who has stock to carry it about in his pocket, and sell it as he would sell postage stamps. We are to have Certificates, to bearer, and they are to have coupons, for the interest. The Deputy Governor of the Bank said that the idea was a very good one, but we should like to see the articles before we approve them, and MR. GLADSTONE had better send us a handful as soon as they are ready for circulation.

A foolish little Bill about altering the measurement of distance in boroughs for voting purposes, and for increasing constituencies by letting in more of a notoriously corrupt class, was moved into Committee. Its patron, MR. COLLINS, talked against time, and was accused by MR. BOUVASSIS of violating rules made for gentlemen by gentlemen, and this Ode to COLLINS's Passions produced no harmony, and finally the Bill was rejected.

Friday. *Altho* at the Crystal Palace, Private View at the Royal Academy, and No House at Westminster.

A WEDDING-CARD TAX WANTED.



R. GLADSTONE a year since, reduced the tax on playing-cards, and doubtless the reduction was viewed as a small boon by some few score of people. Certain poor old single ladies who play long whist for penny points, may be grateful for the saving of no less a sum than ninepence when they purchase a new pack, and for their sakes we are not disposed to sneer at the small change which MR. GLADSTONE introduced. But only think how many thousands of us he would have made thankful if, to compensate for loss in taking off the Playing-Card Tax, he had found the courage to impose a Wedding-Card Tax! The good sense of the nation has long ago decided that the sending out of Wedding Cards is nothing but a nuisance, and we feel convinced that, were a heavy

tax imposed upon the practice, the nation would be saved an infinity of trouble, and we all should be extremely thankful for the tax.

Society is slow to alter its old customs, no matter how troublesome or useless they may be; and unless a heavy duty be laid on Wedding Cards, we may live to an Old PARK's age before they are abolished. The custom, it is true, is dying by degrees; and since *Punch* a while ago applauded the brave people who to their wedding notices append the words "No Cards," there of course has been a marked increase in such advertisements, and myriads of happy couples have had the sense to follow their friend *Punch*'s good advice. But then Society steps in and says that sending Wedding Cards, although preposterous, is proper: and young people when they marry are naturally timid in disobeying anything Society dictates. Besides, opinions differ, and what young BROWN deems a nuisance old TOMKINS thinks a necessary, and as he thought himself obliged to send cards when he married, of course he holds that everyone is forced to send them, too. "No Cards!" he fiercely growls, when reading the advertisements; "No Cards! why these young skinflints will be adding soon, 'No Cake!'" And then obedient MRS. TOMKINS of course echoes his surprise, and adds that for her part she doesn't think a marriage legal unless Cards are sent out, and if young folks are afraid to let their friends know of their wedding, one may depend there's something in it that is not quite proper. "Besides, too," says old TOMKINS, "how the deuce is one to know on whom one ought to call, if one don't get Cards to tell one of a wedding? Monstrous awkward it would be to call and find oneself *de trop*, or else perhaps meet somebody whom one didn't want to meet."

Such objections may no doubt occur to MR. TOMKINS, and his wife may join with him in thinking them unanswerable. But the TOMKINSs are not the only people in the world, and in this free country the

JONESs and the BROWNs have a right to please themselves and do what they think fit, without asking for the gracious permission of the TOMKINSs. As for people losing friends by not sending Wedding-Cards out, it seems to us more probable that friendships may be fractured by the custom than the breach of it. In the flurry and the flutter that accompany a wedding, things are never done with methodical precision; and, even if the list of friends be carefully prepared, the chances are that here and there a name may be forgotten, or in the directing of the envelopes omitted. Besides, squabbles may arise as to which of WILLIAM's friends may be his SUSAN's also: and while WILL has no objection to "those SMITHs" whom his SON knows, he may protest against his having to entertain "those SNOOKs." By the postscript of "No Cards" appended to advertisements, such ante-nuptial bickerings are sensibly avoided; and when it is announced that no cards will be sent, nobody of course can well feel slighted by not getting them.

So, regarding the TOMKINSs, *Punch* repeats, that he thinks Wedding-Cards a needless social nuisance, and he would gladly give his aid to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in imposing on such nuisances a prohibitory duty. If Wedding-Cards were taxed, say, at a hundred pounds a-piece, the chances are, perhaps, that their numbers would diminish; so when MR. GLADSTONE wants a new tax for the nation (and he will never dream of bringing in a new Budget without one), by all means let him turn his notice to a Wedding-Card Tax.

THE TAXATION OF IDIOTS.

SPEAKING of the proposed extension of the Income-Tax to the revenues of Public Charities, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is reported to have said:—

"As regards voluntary subscriptions, these are entirely outside the proposals of the Government, and will be unaffected by them."

So the incomes of Charitable Institutions will be exempt from Schedule D. The funds destined to succour the sick, the halt, and the blind, are to be taxed without mercy, but not without justice. The precarious income of an infirmity supported by voluntary contributions is not to be subjected to the same subtraction as the revenue of an endowed hospital. We spy amendment of principle in MR. GLADSTONE.

It is, however, very cruel to impose any Income-Tax whatever on the means of relieving indigent misery. As the *Times*, with just indignation, asks:—

"Are we to tax the cure of typhus and small-pox, and levy an impost on every case of cancer or consumption? Are we to make the blind pay, the deaf and dumb pay, the idiots pay?"

The question last-quoted relates of course to idiots confined in an Asylum for them. Those who are at large do not need to be made to pay. They pay their Income-Tax—though levied on their earnings—willingly. They are the only people who do so.

Boysish Freak.

THE other day a carpenter's son, aged six years, who had been left alone in his father's workshop, was disturbed while engaged in the painful operation of screwing up his eyes. He was immediately taken to a surgeon.

CURIOUS METAMORPHOSIS.—Wonders will never cease! the other day we heard that "a horse was turned into a stable!" and this is the boasted Nineteenth Century.



AN IMPOSTOR.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR. THERE'S A PERSON AT THE DOOR WANTS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WANT ANY ORNAMENT FOR YOUR FIREPLACE."
 Charles. "MY DARLING! WHAT BETTER ORNAMENT CAN I HAVE THAN YOUR OWN SWEET SELF!"

[The Wretch is going to Dine at Greenwich with some bachelor friends, for all that.]

RULE BRITANNIA!

ADMIRAL WILKES'S NEW EDITION FOR THE USE OF AMERICAN READERS.

(To be Sung with the accompaniment of a full brass band of native Americans from Ireland, Germany, France, and every other country of Europe, every man blowing his own trumpet.)

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Submitted to Columbia's chain,
 This was the charter of the land,
 Which I enforced upon the main.
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be knaves!

All nations, but Ameriky,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst we shall flourish, great A. P.
 The dread and envy of them all!
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be slaves!

More mighty shall Columbia rise,
 The British Lion if she poke;
 As for his roar that rends the skies,
 There's never fire where there is smoke.
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be knaves!

The haughty tyrants we will tame,
 To Stars and Stripes to knuckle down,
 And if they dare to check our game,

* "Airtily Paradise."

'Twill work their woe and our renown.
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be slaves!

To us belongs the naval reign,
 Though MILNE and LYONS raise a shine,
 All ours shall be the subject main,
 And every flag shall stoop to mine.
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be knaves!

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
 Shall to New England's coast repair,
 Leaving Old England's rotten ground,
 By "WILKES and Liberty" to swear.
 Rule BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA inwards caves!
 Britons ever will be slaves!

Prophetical Painting.

A LITERARY Journal is good enough to announce that MR. THOMAS "is going to paint the Royal Marriage as well as MR. FRITH." We have no doubt of MR. THOMAS's merits, but in the first place it occurs to us that if he paints the scene as well as MR. FRITH he is likely to paint it very well indeed; and secondly, that as MR. FRITH cannot yet have painted it, the Literary Journalist must be as clever as both artists, and as DR. CUMMING into the bargain, to be able to prophesy on the subject.

"F'lice, don't!"

THE LORD MAYOR has stigmatised the efforts made by the Chief Commissioner for the Amalgamation of the Metropolitan and Civic Police, as SIR RICHARD MAYNE-uvring.



BUS DRIVER (scornfully to his Conductor). "D'ye hear! Near side, G'tleman prefers the Ocen!"

EXHIBITION OF SOTTHORNS.

DIVERS Petitions against the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday were presented to the House of Commons the other evening from sundry places, by Honourable Members; one such petition—

"By MR. G. LAWTON, from the Congregation of Free Methodists of Milk Street Chapel, Bristol, and the Inhabitants of Oldland Common, Gloucestershire."

Free Methodists are unworthy of their denomination, when they try to impose sectarian restraints on members of other denominations. They should respect the Christian liberty claimed by Excursionists in the matter of procuring refreshment on Sundays. It is to be feared that these Methodists of Milk Street are not yet weaned from that milk which is proper for babes; let them stick to the nourishment suitable to infancy; but not cry to have adults, on any day of the week, deprived of strong meat and beer. The Free Methodists of Milk Street should be content with the freedom of enjoying their own spoon-meat, and of being milk-sops if they please. What right have they to demand that other people shall be confined to proceed in their milk-walk, when those other people prefer their own way, without any curds, to which milk is turned by acid fanaticism? As to their fellow petitioners, the inhabitants of Oldland Common, Gloucestershire, they are evidently fit to be stuffed with sage and onions.

Another such petition was presented:—

"By VACUOUS CURSON, from Sheepy Magna and Sheepy Parva."

The petitioners for a Sabbatarian Act, who inhabit Sheepy Magna and Sheepy Parva, may be conjectured to be sheep of that peculiar breed which rejoices in a *Stiggins* for Shepherd. Silly sheep! The same remarks are naturally suggested by a similar petition presented from an evidently similar locality, viz.:—

"By MR. BAINES, from Clough Fold."

The sheep of this fold also have evidently got the staggers, arising from water on the brain. The water they drink gets into their heads, and that is why they want to deprive us, every Sunday, of our beer.

The cackle from the Common above named also had its consonance addressed to the Collective Wisdom—which will be the Collective Foolishness if it listens to anything of the kind—

"By MR. DILLWYN, from Swans."

MR. DILLWYN'S Swans are clearly Geese.

SOMES'S THREATENED SUNDAY.

(To MONSIEUR VOIRAIN.)

MONSIEUR, you envy JOHN BULL his free Press,
Which dares, unchecked, the Government attack,
Although it must—the Judges rule no less—
Not impute quackery to a glaring quack.
Aha! Monsieur, so we enjoy, you see,
A very great deal too much liberty.

Therefore some busy friends of this JOHN BULL,
Called "Ministers of all Denominations,"
And other drolls, of zeal officious full,
Wish to set limits to his recreations,
But most severely to restrict his way
Of passing through his Sunday holiday.

They've shut his own Museum in his face;
They've locked up his own pictures from his view;
But, harder still is Brother SAWNEY's case,
Excluded from Botanic Gardens, too.
Oh, sin to gaze on foliage coming out!
Plants should on Sunday cease to bloom, no doubt.

And now, Monsieur, these serious buffoons,
Who do the funniest things with gravest faces,
As though possessed with FORBES MACKENZIE's lances,
With dismal groans and dolorous grimaces,
JOHN BULL, on Sundays, woefully implore
Against himself to close the tavern-door.

Because some brutes are steeped in gin and beer,
Exceptions to the British Workmen's class,
They bid him suffer them to interfere
Between his thirsty lips and moderate glass,
Crying, "Oh, save the Workman from his Pot!"
As if the British Workman were a sot.

Fancy yourself, Monsieur, some Sunday fair,
(After you have performed your sacred duties),
Having walked out intent to breathe fresh air,
And feast your eyes upon the country's beauties,
You seek a restaurant's—you cannot dine;
They must not let you have a drop of wine!

And this is what JOHN BULL, where'er he roams,
On Sundays, in his thirst and perspiration,
Is asked to stand by pious MR. SOMES,
Proposing Sabbatarian legislation,
Who represents teetotal prigs, combined
With coxcombs of the sanctimonious kind.

Drunkenness is decreasing every day;
These meddlers might leave well enough alone:
But troublesome attention needs must pay
To public morals—let them mind their own,
Wherein there may be room for much improvement.
But their life's love is in a fussy "movement."

At meetings, therefore, they harangue and spout,
And head processions, hoisting flags and banners,
And still, endeavour, as they go about,
At regulating others' ways and manners.
Monsieur, if Parliament their measure pass,
Say, will not Parliament be one great Ass?

A Terrible Revenge.

TAKE care of your *Times*, reader; it will soon become a rarity, and only to be purchased of a trafficker in curiosities. Do you say—why so? Why, is it not announced (*vide Daily Telegraph*) that, because the *Times* supports the Police Amalgamation Bill, the Corporation of the City, in their vengeance, have resolved that their advertisements in future be excluded from that paper. We repeat it therefore, reader, take care of your *Times*. Surely after such a blow, its life must soon become extinct.

ORNITHOLOGICAL QUERY.

To what species of Birds does the Round Robin belong? We have been unable to obtain any information upon this point, but to a Correspondent's question as to what is the name of the Female Partridge, we must say that his own common sense would at once have told him, Ma'-tridge.

HYMEN AND HIS ASSISTANTS.



LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

Men and women now-a-days appear to entertain a great unwillingness to marry, at least if one may judge so from the way in which the nuptial knot is generally tied. Happy couples now appear so loth to be united, that officiating clergymen are forced to be "assisted" when they perform the ceremony. Two-parson power at least is needful for the purpose, and indeed an extra clergyman is frequently called in, to help his reverend brethren in their laborious work. From reading the advertisements one really might imagine that nine weddings out of ten were solemnised by force; and that to prevent the bride and bridegroom from bolting from the altar, they had each a clergyman appointed to look after them. We can picture the poor bridegroom held fast by one assistant, while another standing opposite keeps firm hold of the bride, thus preventing all escape until the service has been read, which is done by a third parson—the clergyman-in-chief.

Very possibly intended as a skit on these announcements, is the notice which we quote here from the *Spawick Journal*, merely altering the names:—

"25th ult. at Bayton, by the REV. CHARLES CROKER, B.C.L., Rector, assisted by the Parish Clerk, MR. SEPTIMUS SPOOKER, to MISS WILHELMINA WALKER, both of Bayton."

While he was about it, the writer of this notice might, we think, have carried his small joke a little further, and in addition to the help afforded by the parish clerk, might have acknowledged the assistance of the parish beadle. The pew-

opener might also have been gratefully alluded to, as contributing her aid on the felicitous occasion; and a special word of thanks might have been given to the bell-ringers who doubtless lent their help at the conclusion of the ceremony. The congregation present might have likewise been enumerated, and an allusion have been made to the small boys in the street, who probably attended the procession to the Church. An announcement of this sort would have been scarcely more ridiculous than the one which we have taken the liberty to quote; for which the sole excuse is, that it may have been intended to poke fun at a custom, which has certainly been carried to most ludicrous extremes.

CUTTING REMARKS.

"I SAY *Punch*, old cock," what d'ye think of this? I cut it from the *Times*:—

A. B., having larger PREMISES than he requires in a street W. Regent Street, wishes to LET PART. Assistance could be given in cutting if required. Address, &c.

"Now, I say, you know, if it's a fair question, I should like to ask this A. B. what's his little game? You see there's no noun after 'cutting,' and 'to cut,' my WALKER tells me, is an active verb, and requires, to make good grammar, an accusative to follow it. 'Cutting,' certainly, is sometimes used alone, in a slang sense; and, if this be what the advertiser means, why I'm his man. You see, I'd take his rooms with pleasure; yes—if I could get out of my own; but this I can't well do, because landlords somehow like to get their rent before one leaves them. Now, if A. B. would assist me in 'cutting' from my present quarters, I'd take up my abode with him as soon as ever he liked; and he need not fear my leaving him so long as there be nothing said about the rent, which, with gentlemanly reticence, is not mentioned in his notice.

"Yours, old Cock, admirably,

"FERDINANDO FLYTTER."

"*Hock-um-Swing, Tuesday.*"

* We object to these familiarities. Besides, the term "old cock" implies that we may possibly be henpecked.—*Punch*.

GAMBOLLING ON THE GREEN.—Betting on the Turf.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 4, Monday. The Commons began their week with a palaver about the Count Out on the previous Friday. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU abused the Government for not keeping a House, and described the SPEAKER as having been in a state of "distress and grief" because he could not count Members enough to keep him for six hours listening to talk. LORD PALMERSTON laughed, and could not say that he had been exactly moved to tears at getting the evening to himself, but regretted the Count Out. It was, however, he said, as much the business of Members as of the Government to keep one. All very well, but it was perfectly understood that Government did not care about having a House that night, and if there had been any doubts on the point, certain scenes in the lobby would have removed them. Not too much of this sort of thing, MR. BRAND, if you please.

Gog very nearly tipsy, and Magog quite so. They are habitually beside one another, but to-night they were beside themselves. It was known that the Police Amalgamation Bill was doomed, for want of compliance with the Standing Orders. The formal report had not been made, but the result was certain. Nice men of business our rulers, and great want of system somewhere.

Then did our wonderful CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER come out with one of his most striking, dashing, hard-hitting speeches. In the language of the ring, he went down fighting. Influence, too strong to be withstood, had been brought to bear against his budget item about the Charities, and he had to abandon the tax he had intended to impose upon them. But he took his defeat like MOKANNA, sabring right and left. He pointed out that nineteen-twentieths of our Charities were death-bed bequests, and said that such were not Charities in a high and Christian sense, and that exempting them from duty was a gift which the State ought not to confer. That they were often prompted by spite, caprice, and vanity. That some bequests tendered to pauperise and demoralise large numbers of persons. That many good and noble Charities were grossly perverted from their original intent. That our hospitals were mismanaged, and that the St. Bartholomew

trustees eat 150 patients at one luxurious dinner. That the State ought to deal with such matters, but that he should not make his plan a Government measure, and force it upon an unwilling House. Debate followed, the opponents of the Bill exulted, and LORD PALMERSTON finished the discussion by describing MR. GLADSTONE's as a most admirable and convincing speech, and saying that the key to the secret of the opposition was, that local associations were averse to the proposal for taxation. Opinions would be much altered, he thought, by a calm perusal of MR. GLADSTONE's address. MR. HENLEY called the plan a movement in favour of Mammon, and then the CHANCELLOR's Charities Tax was negatived.

Tuesday. A CAPTAIN WHITE, an Irish Catholic, has been maltreated in Peru. The case seems a bad one, and is clearly one for compensation, but one would rather imagine CAPTAIN WHITE to be the sort of person whose order of mind might cause him to come into collision with most people, seeing that he makes out a bill against the Peruvians, in which he charges £2000 for "several kicks," £5000 for "five days' bad food," and £20,000 for "loss of health," total price of CAPTAIN WHITE, £2992,174. Government thought £4500 enough, and the matter will probably be referred to arbitration.

A long Education debate, initiated by MR. WALTER, took place. That gentleman desires to lower the qualification prescribed by the present system, and thus to extend the circle of education. MR. LOWE combated him, and MR. HENLEY thought that the Ragged Schools ought to be helped, and that ragged children "ought not to be allowed to go wholesale to a place it might not be polite to name." MR. WALTER's proposal was negatived by 152 to 117.

MR. BOUVARIE asked leave to introduce a Bill for throwing open University fellowships to Dissenters. LORD PALMERSTON was willing to educate Dissenters; but, MR. *Punch* presumes, has not sufficient confidence in the education to believe that it will qualify them to assist in governing the Universities. He would not resist the introduction of the Bill, but wished to hear ALMA MATER's opinion of it. Others did resist, but leave was given by 157 to 135. It will not pass.

Wednesday. MR. NEWGATE endeavoured to settle the Church-rates

question, but did not, his commutation scheme being rejected by 94 to 56. It is more satisfactory to record that the Bill for flogging ruffians for acts of violence went through committee, that when resisted there were majorities of 191 to 37, of 159 to 33, and of 144 to 31 in its favour, and that there is every probability of the Cat not being let, but taken out of the bag for the benefit of the only class for whom her gentle ministrations are a fitting treatment.

Thursday. The Lords, whose brief sittings have not required Mr. *Punch's* notice until to-night, sent the Corrupt Electioneering Practices Bill through Committee, **LORD DREY** graciously remarking that he should not oppose a remedy which the Commons seemed to think they required, but that he had very little faith in such measures.

Everybody is being vaccinated just now, and it is quite delightful at soirées to hear the ladies say, with a pretty gesture of self-protection, "I am so afraid of any one coming against my arm," a speech which enables an elegantly-minded young man to pay the most elegant compliment in the world. We wonder no enterprising jeweller invents a Vaccination Bracelet, with a cow on it. It would sell, especially if announced to have been electrified, or fumigated, or magnetised, or blessed by the Pope, or quackified in some way. In reply to a question about the Vaccination Bill for Ireland, **SIR ROBERT PEEL** said, that he should not postpone it until it was known what steps were about to be taken in England in reference to the matter. We do not know whether he spoke in a medical sense.

A sort of Brazilian debate followed, and it originated in a quarrel between Mr. **CHRISTIE** and an American general **WEBB**, who had been making the most unhandsome charges against the former, our representative. **WEBB** is clearly a snob, but **CHRISTIE** is a quarrelsome party. He blew up **WEBB** for talking at whist, and **WEBB** replied, according to his own account, with language for which, but that the other was a Christian as well as a **CHRISTIE**, he would have kicked **WEBB**. **LORD PALMERSTON**, as usual, defended his man gallantly, and was sarcastic on the Brazilians, for which Mr. **DIBRAH** was sarcastic on him.

There was another foolish fight on the Bill for sending Pirates to Papists in prison, but it triumphed by 172 to 141. A good deal of Protestant feeling was shown, but rather less logic and common sense than is usually characteristic of Protestantism.

The next fact Mr. *Punch* merely alludes to, because he must make this record complete, but with him, as **JEAN PAUL** says should be the case between husband and wife, "a fault forgiven is a fault forgotten."

Mr. **GLADSTONE** took the Second Reading of the Bill for taxing Clubs. He had not then read Mr. *Punch's* demolition of the scheme. The following night, having perused his *Punch*, Mr. **GLADSTONE** of course announced that the scheme was abandoned. The Clubs are not to be made to take out a licence for not selling spirits.

Friday. A very good Parliamentary night. In the Lords the **EARL OF SHAFTESBURY** delivered an eloquent speech in favour of Poland, and **EARL RUSSELL**, declaring that he believed the Emperor to be a good man, and urging that the severance of Poland from Russia would, even if possible, not settle the Polish question, nevertheless answered the charges of **PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF**, by asserting that the public opinion of Europe was with the Poles, and that the autocrat would not dare to neglect the counsel that had been given him.

In the Commons Mr. **HENRY** brought in the news that Gog and Magog might now get as drunk for joy as they pleased. The Government Bill had been hopelessly blundered, and must drop.

Mr. **DANIEL O'CONNELL**, youngest son of the Liberator, resigns his seat for Tralee, and accepts a pleasant appointment under Government. Mr. *Punch* begs to congratulate "a very good fellow," and a gentleman, upon this step, and so long as the Income-Tax is spared to continue its detestable life, Mr. *Punch* rejoices that any part of the plunder of society should go into the hands of the new Special Commissioner.

Then came a long and interesting Italian debate. The point was, whether the new Government of Naples is not keeping order by means as tyrannical as those of its predecessors. **LORD HENRY LEBROUX** brought a long list of proofs that such was the case, and Mr. **BUTLER JOHNSTON**, in a clever maiden speech, argued boldly that Italy was greatly improving. **LORD PALMERSTON** and Mr. **DIBRAH** spoke characteristically, but Mr. **GLADSTONE**, "warm with recent fight," made the most vigorous address of all, taunted the Opposition with choosing all that told against new Italy, and in reply to Mr. **DIBRAH**, said, "It won't do for him, it won't do for his friends, to inculcate equivocal doctrines—(Cheers)—to utter these ambiguous sounds in the face of a nation which, if it has made up its mind on one thing upon earth, has made up its mind that Italy ought to be off, and ought to be FREE." (Loud cheers.)

SIR H. BRUCE moved the Second Reading of a Bill for preventing the removal of Irish paupers to Ireland. He appealed to the charity, the mercy, and the justice of the House, and the House rejected his Bill by 28 to 9, and so finished a really satisfactory week's work. *Si se omnia!*

A BITER BIT.



It is very seldom indeed that a Bankruptcy report can afford any satisfaction to the benevolent reader; but the following one must highly gratify every well-constituted mind that remembers the base and ungrateful attempt at extortion which, under the name of a lawsuit, is mentioned therein:—

—IN RE ANNIN RUSSELL.

"An Adjudication of Bankruptcy was this day made against Annin Russell, recently an unsuccessful plaintiff in the Branch of Promissory case 'RUSSELL v. ADAMS.' The Bankrupt petitioned

in forced pauperism as a Professor of Music, of 21, Cottage Grove, Peckham, and it would appear was arrested on the 29th ult. for £250 costs, incurred by Mr. ADAMS."

The action above referred to was brought by a young lady against an eminent surgeon, her medical attendant and a married man. It was met with a flat denial of the alleged promise and a charge of conspiracy against the plaintiff and her mamma. The verdict for the defendant was received with cheers. A numerous meeting of Mr. ADAMS's professional brethren was held to celebrate his escape from the ladies in question, and to express indignation at the attempt which had been

made upon him. The retributive bankruptcy of the unsuccessful plaintiff in such a case as that of **RUSSELL v. ADAMS** excites mild emotions of the same nature as those which are aroused by the poetical justice of a tragedy whose catastrophe takes place in front of Newgate.

THE CHARACTER OF "PUFF."

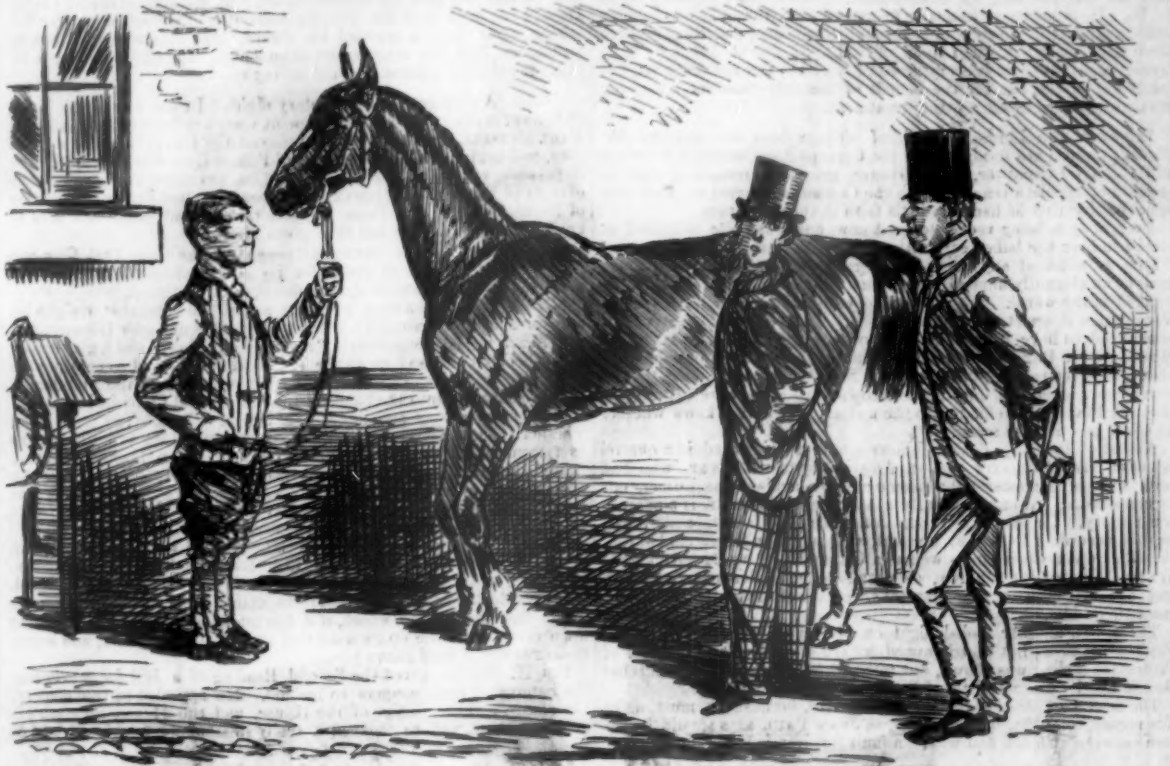
At the new theatres built in Paris, on the Place du Châtelet, smoking rooms have been introduced. Mr. **DION BOUGICAULT**, in the half-dozen fresh theatres that he has generously offered to endow London with, on the simple condition that he is to be appointed manager of them all intends availing himself of this modern improvement. During the day-time, these "Fumoirs" will be used as committee-rooms, wherein all the advertisements and notices of the performances will be faithfully drawn up for the edification of the public, so that all the puffing of the establishment will be conveniently done on the premises. We venture to prophesy that these smoking-rooms will be the most crowded part of the theatre; in fact, the duller the performances, the more crowded they will be. It will be a rival pull between pieces that do not draw, and cigars that will. In sanguine anticipation of a long run of bad business, Mr. **NEVER-SAY-DION BOUGICAULT** might safely proceed to have a startling head-line stereotyped, to figure at the head of all his bills:—"CROWDED SMOKING-ROOMS EVERY NIGHT!"

Surgery in the City of London.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company will, unless restrained by Parliament from accomplishing their design, adorn the Metropolis of England with a structure which will be interesting to Surgeons. The tunnel which they are going to build over Ludgate Hill, will be a greater eyesore than any case in the Ophthalmic Hospital.

THE LATEST "NOUVEAUTÉS DE PARIS."

LORD COWLEY has given a grand dinner at the British Embassy. It made a most favourable impression; but it is likely to be the last; for to enhance its value, as is the custom generally with rare impressions, all the plates have been broken up.



A DEAL.

Novice. "OH, YES—HE'S A FINE HORSE; BUT ISN'T HE RATHER BENT ABOUT THE LEGS?"
Dealer. "BENT ABOUT THE LEGS! STANDS A LITTLE OVER, FRAPS—BUT THAT AIN'T NO DETTERMENT TO HIM. THE BEST OF OBSES IS SOMETIMES FOALED SO!"

RUSSIA'S REASON;

Or, the Plea of Poland Answered.

POLAND writhes at the triangles,
 Rent and raw from head to heel,
 While the Russian Knouter mangles,
 Every inch that yet can feel.

France and England, Austria even,
 Looking on in ruth and shame,
 Call on Russia, ere she's driven,
 To give up the bloody game.

GORTSCHAKOFF, with cool assurance,
 Answers:—"Poland writhes and groans,
 Not for sufferings past endurance;
 Not for wrongs to waken stones;

"Not for slaughter of her martyrs;
 Not for seizure of her sons;
 Not for pikes of Russia's Tartars,
 Nor for grape of Russia's guns:

"But because, in mad impatience,
 She will twitch and turn and twist,
 Causing irritant sensations
 At the ankles and the wrist.

"Let her take her knouting coolly,
 And not strain the cords that bind,
 She will find the CZAR most duly
 Liberal, indulgent, kind!

"Till she bears the ropes that cord her
 Without struggle, stress and strain,
 Agitation and Disorder,
 As we see, in Warsaw reign."

THE FATE OF THE CLUB-TAX.

We feel it due to ourselves to publish the following Correspondence:

MR. PUNCH to MR. GLADSTONE.

"DEAR SIR,

"Friday Morning.

"A Gentleman always supposes the best. You took last night the Second Reading of the Bill for taxing Clubs. I must conclude that you had omitted to read *Punch*, issued the day before yesterday. The omission is bad enough, but better than the awful alternative left to my mind.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Yours, PUNCH."

MR. GLADSTONE to MR. PUNCH.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Friday Afternoon.

"For once in my life there is only one course open to me. I throw myself upon your kindness and friendship. The fact is, as you must be quite sure, I had not seen *Punch*. I take three copies; one for my family, one to send to Hawarden Castle, and one for myself. Somebody (I suspect the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY) must have removed the latter, and I could not procure another copy. I borrowed my children's, and read that most complete, cogent, convincing argument against the Club-Tax. Why, why did you not send it me privately? The whole case was at once before me. Need I say that I shall abandon the item to-night? Forgive me.

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"Mr. Punch."

"W. R. GLADSTONE."

MR. PUNCH to MR. GLADSTONE.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"House of Commons, Friday Evening.

"All is serene. Come into the smoking-room for a weed after you have renounced the Bill. I knew you were a brick.

"Ever your old friend,

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"PUNCH."



RUSSIA'S "EVASIVE ANSWER."

ENGLAND. "IT SEEMS TO MEAN—EH? H'M!"

FRANCE. "I THINK IT MEANS—EH? HA!"

AUSTRIA. "I SUSPECT IT MEANS—EH? HO!"

CHORUS. "AND WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* IT MEANS."



RUSSIAN "CLASHING" ASSAULT

On the 19th of June, 1855, the Russian army, under the command of General Skobelev, attacked the British position at the Battle of the Clouds. The Russian army, consisting of 12,000 men, was defeated by the British army, which consisted of 10,000 men. The British army, under the command of General Buller, was victorious in the battle. The Russian army suffered heavy losses, and the British army suffered no casualties.

SPECIMEN PAGE OF THE ACADEMY
CATALOGUE.

After being carefully corrected by the Editor thereof, and handed back to the printer for publication.

- 202 View of Burnham Breeches J. Brown.
 203 Christopher Columbus breaks the Egg T. Jones.
 204 Lucan, the Greek Satirist, writing his Duologues of the Dead P. Robinson.
 205 Scene from Shouter's Hill, Kent, with the Christian Pallas in the distance R. Smith.
 206 A Nun taking the whale W. Williams.
 207 "Many asleep between cap and lip" H. Walker.
 208 View in the Bite of Benin J. Thompson.
 "Ocean, thou mighty Monster."
 209 Portrait of Mr. Gladstone, M.P., Chancellor of England B. Twigg.
 210 Sea Fight. The Battle of Acton, between the gallows of Caesar and Pompeii T. Needle.
 211 My heart's in the Highlands. Ben Nevis, with mixed effect J. Floppy.
 212 His first pantermine F. Wobbles.
 213 Scene from Allen Ramsey's *Gentle Jack Sheppard* M. Doodles.
 214 "Music hath power to smooth the savage beast." E. Twotles.
 215 Reading the Epitaph on the Tomb O. Gifford.
 "A wish I was were Analyse."
 216 Design for the New Garlick Club, Covent Garden P. Green.
 217 Passage of the Israelites through the Dead Sea J. Colenso.
 218 Firing the Bacon on the Reeking Shropshire A. Rasher.
 219 Ride in the Aisle of White, with yots F. Scratchey.
 220 Portrait of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Bladdeville and Baronsister, K. T. F. G. S. D. C. L. Painted for presentation to the Viscountess Bladdeville and Baronsister, by the tenants upon his Lordship's estates in Kingdarlington and Nentyllocheglyn* A. Toady, R. A.
 221 Venice attired by the Graces F. Buzzer.
 222 King Edmund showing the first Prince of Wales to the Welsh at Carmarthen Castle F. Snowden.
 223 Scene from the *Winter's Tail* S. Blacksheep.
 224 The Scottish islands of Jona and Stafford, with Holborn in distance C. Sick.
 225 Mademoiselle Picklehominny, as *Selina* in *Dos Gavarni* M. Gaeftani.
 226 Group from Shiller's *Finding of the Bell* P. Pump.
 227 Sealegs in Search of a Wife J. Pogy, A.
 228 Hill Penseroso, near Milton A. Lallygrow.
 *"Nor even let my footsteps fall
 To walk over the student's oyster pail."*
 229 "I wish I was a buoy again" G. Whitehead.
 230 Lady Orderley's Secret A. Floyd.
 231 Marlborough, at the Battle of Rammikins, signals the Duke of Savoley to attack martial villas and Buffers, and throwing himself on the head of a regimen, execrates the charge which won the day, and forced the French to eviscerate their lions and flea J. Ramsbottom, R. A.

* All perfectly correct, for a Lord is in the case.

A Puff for Handel.

A MUSIC-SELLER'S Advertisement offers for sale:—

"MADAME LIND GOLDSCHEIDT'S SONGS FROM HANDEL'S immensely successful Cantata, *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*."

HANDEL'S "immensely successful Cantata!" It is a wonder that the advertiser did not describe *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* as MILTON'S highly popular poems. We expect that he will next announce *Israel in Egypt* as HANDEL'S first-rate Oratorio, and term it a superior composition replete with stunning choruses.

A PATENT MEDICINE FOR SMALL-POX.

"MR. PUNCH.—In the Strand!—

"You thought I was going to quote a comic song. No, Sir.

"In the Strand, Mr. Punch, opposite the North side of St. Clement Danes' Church, there is a shop for the sale of MORISON'S Quack Medicines. In the window of this establishment, the passing eye is attracted by a large bill, which would be calculated, if intramural interment were not abolished, to add greatly to the population of St. Clement Danes' Churchyard. It is headed, in large letters, with the startling words:—

"VACCINATION—ITS FATAL CONSEQUENCES."

"Under this title is a wood-cut, representing an Angel bearing a scroll, whereon is inscribed

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"

"Another wood-cut, showing a child taken to be vaccinated, is described as:—

"THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENT."

"A third is explained by the following letter-press under it:—

"WOMAN GOING TO BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH.—My poor child was well until it was vaccinated. I want information on the point. All my children but these two are dead, and I cannot account for such EARLY deaths. I must read; the Morisonists."

"On either side of the bill is delineated an architectural column; that on the right ruinous, that on the left bound with garlands. On the former are posted the 'Supporters of Vaccination'; namely 'A Medical Priestcraft, Doctor Craft, Vaccination Fees, Fees, Fees, Diseases in After Life, Early Deaths, Consumption, Insanity, Scrofula, Fevers, Mystery and Confusion, Etc., Etc., Etc. The right-hand column bears the 'Names of Medical Authors against Vaccination,' containing no one name of any note, except that of ZIMPLE. I don't, indeed, know who ZIMPLE was, but conceive that he may have been a practitioner of local name, with a local pronunciation, in the New Forest, Hampshire; where, within the memory of man, people were known not only to believe that horns sprouting on human heads were the consequences of vaccination, but also to swear that they had actually seen them growing. Probably these simpletons, as their wiser neighbours called them, were DR. ZIMPLE'S patients.

"The man who serves in the shop evidently showed that he took me for some such a simpleton, by the eager alacrity with which he sold me one of these bills. I am a lumpish, heavy, common, and stupid-looking man, and I dare say he thought me as great a fool as I looked. But there are many such fools, not only among the lower but also of the middling classes. The man may have taken me for a moderately large farmer. I had on a suit of clothes not very new, and made by a suburban tailor. Perhaps my friend set me down as a tolerably well-to-do grocer or something of that sort. With the bill which I bought, he handed me a number of the *Hygeist*, gratis. I respectfully thanked him. It is not now at hand. At this moment I dare say he thinks that I am giving my children MORISON'S Pills instead of having them vaccinated. That, no doubt, is what many of the class of people that I represented in the estimation of the pillmonger, are really induced to do by such appeals to their gullibility as the bill which I have described. It represents itself as 'Issued by the British College of Health, on the passing of the Compulsory Vaccination Bill.' Will the Government allow Quacks to exhibit placards inciting boobies to disobey the law, to the destruction or disfigurement of their unhappy children, and the children of other ignorant and foolish people who neglect Vaccination? As Small-pox is just now very prevalent, the display of a deleterious puff of MORISON'S Pills is particularly seasonable and advantageous to the undertakers, and this letter will have accomplished part of its purpose if it induces them to subscribe for a testimonial to the advertiser of that pretended substitute for Vaccination.

"I am, Mr. Punch, your corpulent Correspondent,

"ROTUNDUS."

"P.S. But how can Government interfere, though? Government stamps MORISON'S Pills."

Lost or Strayed.

A GREAT commotion arose in the vicinity of Brompton Square from its being reported that somewhere in the neighbourhood a Lease had run out. It was immediately pursued, but, as it has not been seen for several days, we fear that it has expired. Of course, when found, there will be an inquest on the body of the agreement.

IGNOMINIOUS EXPULSION.

Unreported Case.—A gentleman who for years had paid his tailor's bill regularly, was in immediate want of some clothes. He entered the accustomed shop, and—such is the gratitude of tradesmen!—was shortly afterwards Turned out by his own Tailor.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SPORTING SUMMER REGISTER.

Register for the Week.—Cricket on May the 18th at Kennington.—Grand Lucifer Match by the two Elevens of the Printers Devils' Cricket Club.

May 19th. An exciting race of a novel character takes place. A gentleman well known in the sporting world, has engaged to back his horse against the railings in Grosvenor Square. A large attendance is expected.

May 21st. Great Feat of Pedestrianism.—The Nimble Novice has undertaken to get to Brighton in one hour and a quarter. He will start from the Victoria Station, and, by permission of the Railway authorities, will walk along the line. Such is his celerity, that though a train may come up with him, yet he will ultimately go by it, as easily as possible.

May 22nd. Aquatics.—First annual boat race between the members of the Improvident Boat Makers' Society.

May 23rd. Thames Yachting.—The Members of the London Hairdressers' Yacht Club, will assemble in their Fast Sailing Clippers.

General Sporting Intelligence. The Derby.—There will be a great deal of betting on the course, but the 'knowing ones' are aware that it will not start.—The second conference of the Chain Armour Association for playing Billiards by Moonlight, will take place on the 31st of June.

Useful Hints to Cricketers. Food.—A first rate cricketer should always at breakfast go in for good batter pudding.

Remember that the straightforward lover of this game must never even bowl in an underhand manner.

Hints to Bowlers, for Beginners.—The ball should be held in the hand, by means of the fingers. A 'Bye' to the Batsman, is a 'sell' to the Bowler. Be ever cheerful, and if inclined to sadness, away to the tented field, and drown it in the Bowl, my Boy: Chorus, and drown it in the Bo-o-owl.

Note for Batsmen, by an unprotected Victim to Fast Bowling.—He who goes in with a Bat, may sometimes come out with a Howl.

BEECHER AND CHEEVER.

Ode for Music. On the Exterminators.

Recitativo.

A TRUCULENT preacher,
The REVEREND BEECHER,
Fomenting war-fever
With fierce Parson CHEEVER.

et Ritornello.

Oh, CHEEVER and BEECHER,
Each rampant false teacher!
Oh, BEECHER and CHEEVER,
Each howling deceiver!

Sing CHEEVER, And BEECHER,
Deceiver; False teacher;
Sing, CHEEVER and BEECHER,
And BEECHER and CHEEVER,
Deceiver, false teacher,
False teacher, deceiver.

Da Capo.

Antiquity of the Human Race.

WE sometimes hear an aged gentleman described as an old Brick, but, in the subjoined extract from the Registrar-General's Return for 1861, we find an example of an ancient dame, who might more appropriately be termed an old Flint:—

"The oldest woman who died in the year was a woman of 112 in Flintshire."

This old lady appears to have been an undeniable Flint from the Drift.

CONSCIENCE-MONEY EXTRAORDINARY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt of half a Penny Postage Stamp from "A WORKHOUSE PAUPER," for Income-Tax omitted in better days when the Pauper was earning a Precarious Income.

TO SPORTSMEN.—At the beginning of the Season always fire your shooting ponies; that is, if you want them to go off.

[A WORD TO THE UNWASHED.—Go to Bath!]

GIVING US PEPPER.

"RESPECTED SIR,

"YOU have heard of, and, may be, have seen, PROFESSOR PEPPER'S Ghost. Allow me to introduce myself, I am the Professor's assistant. My name is Peter Piper, whom fame has immortalised in the celebrated but oft misquoted line, which alludes to the existing relations between MR. PEPPER and myself; it runs thus:—

"Peter Piper at the beck o' PEPPER."

"The learned and scientific gentleman has permitted his Ghost to appear at one of the suburban theatres. Need I say that I was delighted at reading in an illustrious and illustrated contemporary of yours, that some one passes 'his sword through the Ghost to the immense terror of the audience, whose notions of the supernatural are thereby realised to the full.' At this place, thought I, the Ghost is received with due solemnity by an appreciative assembly. Their 'immense terror,' I said to myself, must be a fearful thing to witness. A dread silence pervades that densely crowded mass of human beings, and thus it was that I determined to go and see it; whether I was disappointed or not, I shall leave you to judge; and from the following account, dramatically given, you will be able to gather what were the notions of the supernatural which this audience had conceived. I must explain that there is a guilty Baronet who has been attempting all sorts of wickednesses through the first two acts, and has been perpetually balked in his amiable intentions, by a Mysterious Orphan in top-boots.

ACT III.

SCENE—A very uncomfortable looking apartment, supposed to be the GUILTY BARONET's study in the Old Mansion. The front half of the room is in darkness, and the back is quite light. The GUILTY BARONET walks about in the former, and occasionally sits in the latter.

Guilty Baronet (striding up and down several times). Foiled! Foiled again! (Alluding to the conduct of the Mysterious Orphan) So! She is dead!

[This is some Young Lady who was killed in the first Act before we came in.

Members of a crowded audience, consisting chiefly of street merchants, with their wives and their youngest babies, who are settling themselves in their seats. Speak up!

[This is addressed to GUILTY BARONET. Three or four babies cry.

Mothers of the above, dandling them energetically. Chicketty, chicketty, chick.

Somebody (inconvenienced). You're a 'oldin your child right in the way, Mam. [Babies cry.

Audience (unanimously). Stop that squallin', will yer?

Mothers (beginning to wish that they hadn't come). Chicketty, chicketty, chick.

Everybody. Sssssh—sssssh—

From the back of the Pit. Sit down—take that 'at off.

[All this time GUILTY BARONET has walked about a quarter of a mile, talking incessantly, and occasionally stopping to slap his forehead.

Guilty Baronet (waiting until the audience are quiet, and then coming to the point at once). What care I for death! Ha! ha! I defy him!

Audience (in 'immense terror'). Ooray! 'ere's the Ghost.

Some one in the Pit (who has seen it before). No 'tain't.

[Is contradicted flatly. Combat of two.

Everybody. Saash—sssh. Pitch into 'im!

[Babies cry.

Mothers. Chicketty, chicketty, chick.

[A Skeleton appears at the back of the Stage. Guilty Aristocrat defies Skeleton. Skeleton feebly defies Guilty Aristocrat.

Audience (immensely terrified). Bravo! Go it! Give it 'im.

[Skeleton vanishes.

Guilty Baronet. Ha! Gone!

[Skeleton reappears suddenly.

Audience (deeply impressed). Here we are again!

[Great applause. Skeleton vanishes.

Guilty Baronet. Is it a Phantom of the Be-rrrain?

Mothers. Chicketty, chicketty, &c.

Ghost of Injured Victim (appearing). Ha! ha!

Guilty Baronet (who is taken by surprise). What do I see?

Discriminating Audience. Bravo, PEP-PEP!

Guilty Baronet. My sword!

[Assaults the Spectre, who laughs demoniacally and vanishes, as the GUILTY BARONET falls flat on his face and the curtain descends amidst overwhelming applause.

Audience. BRAYVO, PEP-PER!—PEP-PER!—Yah!—Chicketty, chicketty—PEP-PER! Brayvo!

[Yells, cries, and shouts—enter before the curtain the tilled ruffian, leading on the GHOST OF INJURED VICTIM, deceased.]

All. Brayvo—Brayvo!

"Is this the way that a ghost should be treated? I trust that when MR. FECHTER produces *Hamlet* with our *Spectre*, we shall see something rather different. Why don't some Manager bring out the *Flying Dutchman* for the sake of the new invention, and then the supernatural old Salt might be played by PROFESSOR PETER.

"Young, truly,

"PETER PETER."

SHAKSPEARIAN JUVENILES.



Yes Boy is father to the Man, says the Immortal WILLIAM, but no Commentator has yet given us the Youth of any of those Men who appear in the Shakspearian Drama.

SHAKSPEARE had doubtless seen the very rare old work, extracts from which we are now, for the first time, able to place before the public. It is an autobiography, and is called, as far as we can decipher the title, *Excerpts in my Life*. Its contents are curious, if only considered as bearing upon certain theories lately ventilated in our own time. The noble author, who by his position is

of course far above any suspicion, thus writes in the first chapter:—"I was born, at an early age, of rich but respectable parents. I was changed at my birth, and ever since sincerely regretted the substitution. Two years before my birth my younger brother came into the world. I mention this as a curious fact, naming no names. He was called ANTONIO.* We were fraternal relations. I do not pretend to account for the truth of this, but only state facts as they appeared to myself and several others. As a child I was often entrusted to carry the young Antonio, then a mere baby, about the streets. This practice has since been of the greatest use to me. I allude to my escape from Milan with the infant *Miranda* in my arms."

"As a boy I was always very fond of books, and became a subscriber to the largest lending library of the period.† While at home, that inherently depraved urchin, Antonio, made me his drudge, and I was forced to clean the boots and shoes, which occupation, however, left me some time for the study of the Black Art. Addicted to reading, I was also passionately fond of conjuring, and another amusement, boating; my sailor-like accomplishment stood me in good stead, when I was turned adrift, at the sad period of my life above-mentioned.

"One night I ran away from home, and apprenticed myself to an amiable Magician residing at Magic-Wandsworth. Together we used to visit the race-courses on great days, and the smokes of second-rate watering-places, where we used to practise on the flats.

"I soon learnt the doll-trick, how to make a pancake in a hat, and many other hanky-pancake dodges. He taught me to do 'the force' with the cards, and in some places where the Civil Executive were particularly on the alert, we had to 'do' The Force without the cards.

"Finding that I could be wafted through the atmosphere by unseen agencies, I soon managed to make a floating capital out of it. An accordion was instructed to play soft music. Antonio who was present at the *séance*, said that it was 'very soft' music, or words to that effect. I have frequently seen my tables jump and dance. Antonio drew everyone's attention to the fact that Gamb'ling Tables are kept up by 'Legs.' I pity him. Profiting by my assiduity, I appeared as a ghost to the late Duke of Milan, and frightened him into a fit from which he never recovered. With his last breath but two he nominated me as his

* SHAKSPEARE has adopted this character, see the dramatic personæ of the Tempest.

† Act i. Scene 2.

† This is probably alluded to with admirable foresight by the Dramatist, (who was not for an age, but for all time,) in Act i. Scene 2, of the Tempest, where Prospero is made to say, "How now, Mudio!" or as 'tis spelt in the old style, "Moody."

successor. I had already succeeded very well, and saw no reason why I should not do so again."

Time and space will not admit of further extracts, but we recommend a perusal of this remarkable book to those learned commentators who have the pen and ink-line-ation for this labour of love.*

* They must apply for the MR. of the above-mentioned work at the British Museum, and we sincerely hope that they may be able to procure it.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Festival of the Sons of the Additional Curates' Society will be held during the month. SIR RODERICK MURDOCH is, we hear, going to geologically survey himself in the looking glass: he has been heard to express a wish that his nose was *strata*. There is no truth in the report that SIR E. B. LYTTON BULWER contemplates taking the veil. The Medical men tell us that there were more than a hundred cases of cigars in the Metropolis last week. The BISHOP OF OXFORD, ever zealous in a charitable cause, wishes it to be generally known, that, in his diocese, subscriptions to the Thirty-nine Articles will be thankfully received. The Russian Government has commissioned MR. BUCKSTONE to discover a tessellated pavement in the Haymarket before one o'clock on next Friday, or they'll know the reason why. The other evening at a large dinner party, SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE spoke on his legs; the theme had the charm of novelty.

We hear that there will shortly be published a new book by a Policeman *On Duty*. This is not the first subject that a member of the Civil Executive has taken up. We are happy to announce, that in order to enlist the sympathy of the truly charitable, the outcasts of the people known as "The Bann'd of Society," will play every evening in the Green Park. The Underground Railway over the Straits of Dover will not be opened this month. Salmon Ladders will, we trust, be discontinued in consequence of the late sad accident, which it shall be our unhappy lot truthfully to relate. It seems that a very fine Salmon had formed an attachment to a Minnow who resided in a small basin above the falls. It was the Salmon's custom to serenade his charmer every evening with the well known song "*Minnow! dear Minnow!*" and matters were gradually assuming a very fishy aspect, when determined to obtain his fair one, he attempted to get out of the weir without any idea as to what he was going. He planted his Salmon ladder firmly, but the treacherous steps which he had taken, gave way just as he arrived at the top, and he fell some distance, finally, we believe, into Mr. Gnomes's hands, of Bond Street, from whom it is hardly necessary to state, we learnt the above particulars. The Thames Embankment Commissioners will hold their Annual Carnival in Regent's Park, on which occasion the Committee of the Zoological Gardens have kindly allowed all the animals to be turned loose for the day. In the course of the afternoon a Banquet will be provided for the Lions; in consequence of their peculiar tastes, as many tenders as possible for supplying the repeat, should be sent in to the authorities forthwith.

A LITTLE BILL FOR BRUISES.

It appears from a question asked the other evening by COLONEL DUNNE in the House of Commons, that CAPTAIN MELVILLE WHITE, a British subject, has been treated with gross cruelty by the Peruvian Government, in having been arrested on a frivolous and unfounded charge, cast into prison, and subjected to brutal violence at the hands of soldiery and ruffianry, for which the Peruvian Courts of Justice comically so called, denied him redress. The law officers of the Crown had assessed the injuries sustained by CAPTAIN WHITE at £4,500; but the plaintiff claimed more; and had sent in a bill to the Foreign Office against the Government of Peru for £392,174. Amongst the items in this account were:—

For several heavy blows, the sum of	£4,500
Blow on head with butt-end of musket	5,000
Knock-down blow by soldier	1,000
Sundry layabouts' prods	4,000
Bad food, five days	5,000
Loss of health	30,000
Kicks in aching side	5,000

From the last-named charge it appears that CAPTAIN WHITE has received from the Peruvian Government what our youth call monkey's allowance; more kicks than halfpence. But should he succeed in getting only so much of the amount of compensation claimed by him as shall be awarded to him by the arbitration which the Foreign Office proposes, his allowance will doubtless rise to more pounds than kicks. If he has had as many kicks in the side as he demands pounds in the pocket, his side, whichever side it is, must be very sore.

SINGULAR, BUT TRUE.—Friendship, it is said, is love without its wings. But we have an old friend, who, although he has no wings, can fly into a passion with extraordinary ease.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER.—HOW PRIVATE GAWKY EXPENDED HIS RIFLE.



SO HE SCRATCHES UP HIS COURAGE, AND RESOLVES TO FACE—



THE SQUAD,



AND THE BUFFOONERY OF THE COMIC MAN,



AND THE UNBROKEN CONTEMPT OF THE LIEUTENANT AND ENSIGN.



THE DRILL OVER, HIS COMRADES FORSAKE HIM—THEY ARE NOT GOING HIS WAY!



IN HIS DESPAIR HE IS JUST THINKING OF THE SERPENTINE, WHEN FORTUNE SENDS A FRIEND,



WHO OFFERS TO TAKE THE REMAINS OF HIS RIFLE HOME IN THE RECESSES OF HIS TRAP, TILL IT IS CONVENIENT FOR HIM TO CALL FOR THEM,



WHICH HE DOES SOON AFTER, AND REMOVES THEM IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT TO HEAD-QUARTERS.



HE AFTERWARDS HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SERGEANT-MAJOR, SETTLES A LITTLE BILL, RECEIVES A NEW RIFLE FROM STORE, AND THEN DENIGES HIMSELF A WOOD AND A BETTER (RIFLE) MAN.



TICKET CLERK. "Where for, Ma'am?"

OLD LADY. "There! Look a mercy if I haven't forgot. Oh! Mister, please run over a few of the villages on this Railway, will yer?" (Bell rings—Old Lady is swept away.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 11, Monday. MR. PUNCH fears—no, not fears, for, like the immortal PANURGE, he swears by the Pavilion of Mars that he fears nothing but danger—but he believes it possible that as this record is written while nobody is thinking of anything but the Derby, and will be read (for the first time), in the midst of similar circumstances, the Essence may, for once, partake of the flavour of the Jockey Club perfume. Very well, go to.

This evening in the Lords, LORD NORMANBY—by the way, his name rhymes to *Thornaby*, who put some of you in the hole, eh, do you remember that Derby day?—presented a petition from the reverend father of Mr. JAMES BISHOP, who is now locked up in the fortress of Alexandria, for treason against the King of Italy. If Mr. BISHOP had done in Federalia or Confederalia, or in Poland, or in India when we were crushing the Sepoys, what he was pleased to do in Italy; namely, convey treasonable correspondence, he would simply have been hanged up there and then. Talking of Italy, *Maccaroni* has some good friends—O, BISHOP. Yes, well, he is in prison, but is very well treated and will soon be pardoned, for the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND said, not very politely, that "Mr. BISHOP was considered to have a weak head, and to be a friend of LORD NORMANBY."

LORD PALMERSTON (what do you say about his horse, *Baldwin*?—what fun if he should do the trick, and master and horse both have Blue Ribbons), said that he believed PRINCE WILLIAM would be King of Greece. He didn't say anything about *King of Utopia*, but then nobody asked him anything. That beast is WHITTAKER'S, whose horse was beaten by PAM'S *Spencer*, at Bath, on Tuesday. Then the House went at the Budget, but you don't want to hear anything about that, especially as nothing of any interest occurred.

Tuesday. The City is now taking itself in hand, and a Bill giving the

SCHOLARS IN THE ARMY.

THE authorities of the Horse Guards have issued a programme of the branches of learning in which they require every candidate for a direct commission to pass an examination. Latin and Greek, Mathematics, English, French, History, Sciences, Drawing. These are the divisions of human knowledge, in each of which the candidate is invited to attain proficiency; but he is absolutely required to be somewhat up in Mathematics, and in his native language. Henceforth, therefore, it will be necessary that the head of the British officer should contain some brains; but the practice of the military profession essentially consists in exposing brains to be blown out. Any intelligent brain has a natural objection to this exposure of itself, and that objection is overruled by a strong sense of duty when the officer who feels it remains under fire. Even then it is calculated to disturb the cool self-possession which it is desirable for him to maintain.

Courage, your Honours, what is it? May it please your Honours, courage is the capability of an impulse of opposition excited by danger, excluding consideration of the consequences of danger. Its measure is, *ceteris paribus*, the excess of combativeness over caution. Your honours expect an officer in future to know the meaning of *ceteris paribus*; so of course you understand that, in the case of two men respectively endowed with caution and combativeness in the same proportions, their courage will be equal provided that their intellects, among other things, are also equal; and not else. Other things being equal, the stupider man will be the braver.

Your candidate who has studied the sciences has learned to forecast the effects of causes. It may be well that, on duty, an officer should not always think too much about them. In action, for example, his mind should not be too keenly alive to the effects of rifle bullets and cannon shot, and jagged pieces of iron, shell, on bones, nerves, bloodvessels and viscera. You exact certificates of preliminary theological attainments. Except in the case of a military saint, secure of the future, is knowledge of that kind, attended with belief in it, likely to augment intrepidity in the cannon's mouth?

Considering these things, would it not be as well if your Honours were to limit the number of the regiments whose officers you necessitate to be educated, and at least maintain a considerable Blockheads' Brigade, and a large Division of Dunces?

LORD MAYOR the most tremendous power over the traffic went through Committee in the Lords to-night. The Van Demons will, we hope, be exercised—no, not exercised, Cox, we exercise race-horses—will you do anything about *Tom Fool*? LORD DERRY suggested that empty cabs should be prohibited from loitering.

LORD C. PAGET explained that CAPTAIN INGLEFIELD, R.N., had been grossly libelled in a sensation account of a flogging, a report which had been written by slanderers, and written on by Gushers, as usual. Nevertheless, fond as we are of cats, we hold, with sailors, that the animal ought not to be seen on board a ship, especially as we are glad to say that the Bill for flogging Street Ruffians has been read in the Commons a Third Time and passed this week. It will be a safeguard—and talking of that, does anybody know anything about *Safeguard*? At this present writing he's at 1000 to 2, so can hardly be called a favourite.

MR. ROEBUCK brought up the case of the removed Ionian Judges, and he was exceedingly roebuckian in his language, calling SIR HENRY STOKES a rude and ill-conditioned soldier, and saying that the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE was one of the persons whose experience was falsely said to make wise. The Government answer was satisfactory, and if anybody wants to know why GEORGE MARCORRAS, or MARK HORACE, and TYPALDO XYDRAS were not continued in their offices, he had better see what MR. GLADSTONE said. We don't care about either Greek, but are open to a bet on *Trojanus*, or indeed *Scamander*.

Then there was a debate about waste lands in India, and the proceedings of LORD CANNING in reference thereto. MR. H. STYMOUR opened the subject, and MR. SMOLLETT, a Scotch Member, followed him like a gillie. *Gillie's* at 10 to 1 while we write, and if he wins he shall be called gilliflower.

MR. EWART brought in a Bill for introducing what the less educated call the system of Dismals into our arithmetic. It will be highly convenient in betting, which is apt to run in tears.

The Flogging Bill, above mentioned, was then passed by 76 to 18. Mr. DUFF opposed it, for which we incline to name him comparatively, only there has been a good deal of name-changing in his family, so he would not mind it. But why should DUFF spare vagabond's Buff? And why does he call one of his seats Portage? A less pleasant mixture, for quiet drinking, one can hardly imagine. Yetteraso, another of them, has a much finer name, and a horse with such a name would very likely win the Derby. No, Mr. Cox, it does not rhyme to COLERIDGE—how can you?

Wednesday. MR. HADFIELD tried to carry a Bill about judgments on lands. We do not mean celestial punishments of wicked nations, such as might be expected to descend on Russia for the atrocities in Poland, but the securities which act as claws for enabling usurers to clutch the land of extravagant persons. MR. HADFIELD's Bill tended to the discouragement of the usurer, but SIR ROUNDELL PALMER showed that he ought to be protected, so the Bill was lost. Another Bill was rejected with great indignation and contempt, as it deserved. SIR J. FERGUSON, who might have known better, actually endeavoured to carry a Bill by which the Railway Companies were to be relieved from the wholesome penalties of LORD CAMPBELL's Act. They were in future to be allowed to smash passengers at a tariff; £400 to be the price for killing a first-class traveller, and £200 that for demoralising anybody who went second class. However, the House was not going to stand that sort of thing, and the Bill was ejected by 90 to 70, and MR. R. LONGFELD, who is Member for, but who is not one of the Rakes of Mallow, said that it was the most indecent proposition that had ever come before the House. Bravo, playful ROBERT, and will you do anything about *Light Bob*.

Thursday. Being Beating-the-Bounds Day, the Lords did not sit. The MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON explained the Bill for giving assistance to, and governing the Volunteers. (By the way, how *National Guard* went up.) He said that we had 150,000 efficient men enrolled, including, of course, our friend PRIVATE GAWKY. There is to be a Permanent Staff, to do duty for five years, and a court to try evil sergeants, of whom we hope there will be very few. All Volunteers who come up to the standard of efficiency are to have One Sovereign a-year, and all Volunteers who attain a certain standard at ball practice are to have Half a Sovereign more. The Bill gave satisfaction, but COLONEL FRENCH,—and talking of French, do you think *Hopodard* really belongs to LOUIS NAPOLEON—well, the gallant Colonel is enraged that the bill does not extend to Ireland. We shall not remark on that, and *Dempbrook* is at 1000 to 10, which is another insult to Ireland.

Then there was a battle over the New Street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, and MR. CRAWFORD contended that the LORD MARE—yes, *Lady Augusta*'s first favourite for the Oaks—well, MAYOR then, and Corporation ought to make the street, and not the Metropolitan Board of Works. MR. COWPER did not see where the City could get money for the purpose, which was a very cruel hit at Gog. After a good deal of dispute the Bill for entrusting the work to the Works went into Committee, and squabble raged for a long time. MR. CRAWFORD was determined to do something, and professed fear lest the Works should call the street by the name of THWAITES, or D'IFFANGER, or something of that kind, and he insisted on christening it at once Mansion House Street. SIR JOHN SHELLEY objected, and wanted to call it Crawford Street. Now, if it were called Shelley Street, after the SHELLEY—but we see the Aldermen fainting in rows at the profane suggestion. MR. AYRTON said, that the Cockneys would not be able to say "Mansion House Street," and he referred to ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who certainly would not. He then pirated the idea of one of Mr. Punch's cuts, which represented an elephant-alderman holding up the world and being himself held up by a turtle, and this reminds us that Turtle Street would be a glorious name. Lastly, MR. AYRTON suggested that the street should be called Palmerston Street, which proposal was favourably received; but PAM declined, and preferred that the street should be baptised by its proper sponsors. We may mention that we decline having it called Punch Street, unless Turtle be prefixed. MR. COX, on the next Bill, which was to enable the authorities to fill up Holborn Valley (how's *King of the Vale*, Baron?) proposed that they should instead pluck down Middle Row, but this also was negatived. We should like to see that Row disappear, and some other improvement in Holborn at the St. Giles's end, but as for *Giles the First*, we don't know what to say. There was nothing else, except some inexplicable discussion about the right of civilised people, when they go to Church in Wales, to have the service read in English. We didn't know that there were any Churches in Wales, but MR. BRUCE seemed to think there were, and is he the MR. BRUCE who is called owner of *Trojanus*?

Friday. SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN—there, we beg pardon. We wrote the word by mistake. If the Lords knew no better than to talk about such a thing on the Friday before the Derby, we hope that we know better than to write about it when the event is still nearer. Anything more ridiculous cannot be imagined, or as MR. BRYAN would say, more *Fantastic*.

DARBY GRIFFITH asked a question about the Suez Canal. LORD PALMERSTON informed him that "Egypt was part of the Turkish

Empire and under the Sovereignty of the SULTAN." GRIFFITH was getting up with all gravity on that wonderfully stolid countenance to thank the Viscount for giving him that valuable and useful information, when somebody held him down, and PAM went on to say that the PASHA and SULTAN had resolved to put an end to the forced labour on the canal, and that the Powers would support the execution of the decree. PAM "could not indeed see where opposition to it was to come from," but we understand all that. How do you do, M. DE LISSES?

Then the Viscount took a splendid rise out of SIR GEORGE BOWYER, who had given notice of a question as to what authority PAM had for saying that the ex-royal family of Naples patronised the banditti who commit atrocities in Naples. The PREMIER said that many people gave him valuable information which he should not receive if he mentioned their names. But he referred SIR GEORGE to a Jesuit preacher, FATHER CURCI, who in the very presence of ex-KING FRANCIS, had declared from the pulpit, that the BOURBONS and their friends were a gang of profligates who hired assassins and ruffians, but would not give a farthing to the poor. It was a very smart answer indeed, and the POPE ought to send SIR GEORGE a Golden Rose to console him, or will he take the oath on *Golden Pledge*?

PALMERSTON again. He did not know whether the Russians had been committing in Circassia, the outrages imputed to them, but believed them capable of anything of the kind.

Finally, MR. LINDSEY made a speech about China, and CAPTAIN SERRAVALLO O'Connor's expedition, and the Government would make no answer, to the outrageous wrath of divers who wanted to emit Chinese opinions. The Government was wrong, however, and MR. LAYARD ought to have stated whether he was going to bombard the Tientsins with Armstrongs, and also what he thought of *Miss Armstrong* for the Oaks.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRINOLINE.

"I've no patience with these men," exclaimed MRS. BOUNCER, rising in a state of great indignation from her chair; "Here's another article, my dears, inveighing in terms of no measured abuse. I can assure you, against the horrible iniquities of Crinoline. I only wish the pretty darlings would look at themselves a little! Before men condemn our costume, why don't they attempt to reform their own? They are not so perfect themselves, I am sure, that they can afford to throw stones at others. Our dress may be cumbersome, unsightly, but theirs is downright hideous. I put it to any one to say if they ever saw anything so atrociously ugly as a gentleman's evening costume of the present day?"

MRS. BOUNCER's interrogatory was effectually answered by several applauding shouts of laughter, when a strong-minded lady, less timid than the others, ventured to observe, that "at all events a gentleman's dress was never known to result in the death of a human being."

"True," quickly remarked MRS. BOUNCER; "Crinoline may have to answer for a few deaths of that kind, whereas a gentleman's surtout, or dress coat, may be perfectly spotless from any similar charge. In fact, I may take it upon myself to state with the greatest confidence that a gentleman's dress never killed any one yet—certainly not a lady, unless it was from fright."

As we left, the company were still laughing. From the satirical tenour of the remarks that were exchanged, as well as from the numerous examples that were brought forward (we do not like to mention names) in support of the absurdity of them, it would seem that it is the intention of a large, and influential, and sarcastic class of ladies to institute a vigorous and relentless crusade against the gentleman's dress, in return for the unmanly attacks that have been made upon the lady's Crinoline. We only hope it may be carried into execution. It can do no harm—it may do good—and may be attended with some beneficial reform—which is more than has been the case, as yet, with the crusade against Crinoline. We need not say that our columns, like our arms, are always open to the ladies.

A Plea for Ingratitude.

"THERE is a pleasurable sensation," said that great philanthropist, DR. SMELLFUNGUS, "in hearing the person who has done us a service abused." "And why, Sir?" inquired a lady, who overheard the charitable observation. "Because, my dear Madam," was the Doctor's logical reply, "it seems to lessen the obligation we owe the rascal ourselves."

A Centenarian!

ON Monday last it was our good fortune to meet a very old gentleman coming from his Centenary Whitebait Dinner. The veteran's chin almost touched his knees. Supposing that he was thus doubled up by age, we asked him politely "how it was he couldn't stand straight." He replied with emotion, that, "before the journey he could stand upright, but that he had been bent on the excursion." We pitied the venerable victim, and saw him, as clearly as we could, home.

THE EMPIRE AND THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.



mortalized by WATTEAU, with powder in the hair. As many of the *belles* of Yorkshire will take part in this dance, there is no doubt it will be a charming feature in the Ball."

And so these *belles* of Yorkshire are going to let themselves be transmogrified into so many Yorkshire Greys! Why will they suffer the foul witch, Fashion, to subject them to such bestial transformation? It is little less vile than that which Mother Circe wrought upon the voluptuaries whom she turned into swine. Powder; doubtless to be accompanied with paint, and patches; specks of court-plaster stuck about the face. Pah! Let the *belles* of Yorkshire leave these abominations to the leaders of unwholesome taste in Paris. The unpolluted hair and natural complexions of our English girls should suffice them, sufficing *Puck* who loves them. Far be powder, paint, and patches from the fair assemblage at WILLIS'S Rooms!

THE wave of civilisation is evidently receding. War, but the other day supposed to be obsolete, has reappeared on the world, and the return of horrid wars coincides with the return of the horrid hoops of the ridiculous last century. Hoops and war! Ere long we may be shouting war-whoops, hardly less absurd than the hoops of our *belles sauvages*. What next? Powder, of course, we have always said. It is coming. Read the subjoined announcement. It is from the *Morning Post*:-

"THE YORKSHIRE SOCIETY BALL.—In the quadrille formed by the COUETTES ON GREY AND RAPON, in conjunction with Mrs. F. HILLBANK, and which is to be danced at this Ball on the 18th instant, at WILLIS'S Rooms, it has been decided that the ladies will wear dresses of the style in-

But powder and patches, coexisting with brutal war, are not only the signs of the times. In the column whence the above paragraph is quoted, and which is headed "Fashionable World," we are also presented with the ensuing description of a "serious" change of male costume, to be initiated at an approaching ball in Paris:-

"The Ball at the Hotel Talleyrand began, at which the highest Parisian aristocracy is to assemble, is much spoken of. It is positive that gentlemen will not be admitted except in coats and breeches of varied-coloured silks. It will be a real *file* of the last century, and will evidently be much more elegant than the mass of coats deplorably black. It is incontestable that the custom of wearing mourning-colour at festivals is not decidedly pleasant to the eye."

But that is no reason why gentlemen who wish to appear as such instead of looking like variegated lackeys, should trick out their persons in "varied-coloured coats and breeches," only the latter made of silk instead of plush. Frenchmen as well as Frenchwomen are apparently retrograding to the era in which absurdity of apparel culminated, and human creatures decked themselves in a style of dress that might seem to have been invented by the imagination of apes. Where are we coming to? Are we also to get back to the age of porcelain *beaus*? Will our swells submit to wear perukes, and shave their faces; to be decorated in lace pink and purple and sky-blue coats and breeches of silk and satin, and to dance minuets in buckles and red-heeled shoes? Hang it; no, as even Lord Dundreary would say disgusted—no fellow could be expected to stand that! Such a change of costume will surely be too serious for JOHN BULL.

Let Frenchwomen emulate the heaped and powdered *belles*, and Frenchmen ape the *beaus* of the corresponding period if they like. And let those encourage the resurrection of this buried foppery who dare. There is a picture of the thing in our present Royal Academy Exhibition. That work, with which Mr. FRISK has augmented British Art, represents the old *noblesse* in the common hall of the Conciergerie, where, though prisoners in store for the guillotine, they persisted in their monkey's attire and monkey's tricks. The Empire might as well remember that the age of powder, and patches, and "coats and breeches of varied-coloured silks," immediately preceded the downfall of the Monarchy.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SPORTING SUMMER REGISTER.

Aquatic Register.—May 25-26th. Meeting of the Miser's Yacht Club, and Grand Race of Screw Steamers.—Wine Merchants' Sailing Race for a Claret Cup: each boat to be fitted with a dis-tiller.

May 27-28th. On Southampton Water, the Musical Mariners' Society will inaugurate their season by setting their sails to music.

May 29th. Every one on the Serpentine to see Rotten Row in a boat.

Cricketing Register.—May 25-26th. Railway Match at Clapham Junction, between the Eleven (Express) Brighton Line, and the Eleven (Slow) South-Western. The Long Stopping of the latter is pronounced to be something very neat.

May 27-28th. At Lord's, Grand Match between Breakfast and Dinner Time.

May 29-30th. Testottallers' Annual Match on the Best Coffee Grounds; in case of a hitch a Game will be played by two Scratch Elevens.

Fetters.—A Fight is arranged to come off between the Double Dutchman and the Nobby Novice. We shall judge of these fellows' mettle by the Ring. Stakes to any amount may be left at our office; the utmost secrecy with regard to their ultimate destination will be preserved.

Biography.—NAT LANGHAM, the static hero, was called Nat or Gnat on account of his stinging blows. His skill as an architect is well known. In his leisure hours, this superior Member of the P. R. amused himself by erecting the handsome spire, a view of which may be obtained (by ticket or otherwise) from the Place at the top of Regent Street, and which still bears the Pugilist's name.

Sporting and Seasonable Riddle.—If the ardent Sportsman wished to call his friend AUGUSTUS's attention to a small bird common to the London streets, what summer vegetable would he name?—Why, a Sparrow 'Gus.

Natural History.

SALMON.—General attention has lately been attracted to the Rearing of Salmon, which exertion, like Kicking, was hitherto supposed to have been confined to animals with legs. Rearing Salmon will not, however, be allowed in the park this year.

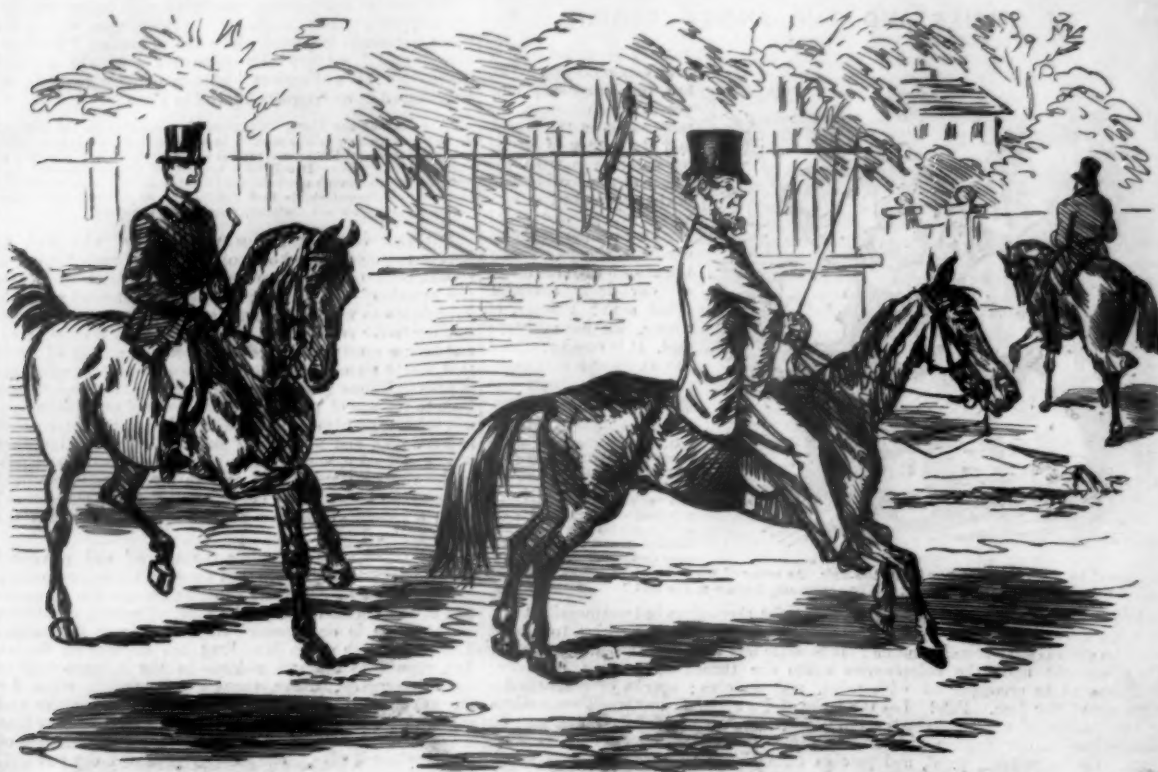
SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE French Government has engaged Mr. ROBERT HOUDIN to make a new pass somewhere in the Alps. An Illustrated Treatise on Dancing Pumps will shortly be issued from the hydraulic press. During the next month we may expect a comic edition of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*: the chief fun of this book will consist in all the information being incorrect, and the maps entirely wrong. It will in general appearance closely resemble the original. On our library table we see an advertisement of a volume by the BISHOP OF CHICHESTER entitled, *Hotel Charges at Brighton*. The admirers of WASHINGTON will be glad to hear that they will very soon be able to read a *History of the Bath*, by a member of the Tübingen School. Mr. MITCHELL, the librarian, is to be made a fellow of the Geological Society, in consequence of having some years ago been the first to discover the Original Bones of the Niggers. A Cold Cream Mine has been discovered in the North of England; MADAME GRIM has applied for shares. From private sources we learn that towards the middle of August there will be a considerable rise in Alpine Stocks.

GOWER STREET GOTH.

THERE has been question, at a meeting at the London University, as to admitting Ladies to degrees there. A casting vote from the St. Senatus in the chair excluded them. When the ladies were mentioned, there were "hisses" from sundry Gower Street clowns, and if Mr. PUNCH thought this demonstration had been general, he would have revived, and affixed for ever upon the University, the name given to it by the late Mr. THEODORE HOOK. Mr. PUNCH is perfectly ashamed of the University, and will certainly oppose its having a representative until it shall have educated itself into good manners. There is only one argument against creating degrees for Ladies, and that is the fact that they never do anything by degrees but everything at once. This, however, is no excuse for the boorishness of Gower Street, W.C.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?—A Gentleman who had been out in a storm came home wet through. He stood before the fire so long that even his remarks became quite dry.



PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.

THE GREAT OMNINATIONAL DERBY RACE.

THIS great event has naturally attracted an immense amount of interest, not merely on account of the fame of the competitors, but because of the enormous value of the stakes. For the benefit of the unlearned, we may state that these included "Peace and General Prosperity," and when we add that "Civilisation and National Advancement" also formed a portion of the prize to be contended for, we need hardly say another word about its vast importance and its great intrinsic worth. The following was the latest betting on the course:—

3 to 2	on	John Bull's British Constitution (offered).
10 to 1	against	Louis Napoleon's French Empire.
15 to 2	"	Victor Emmanuel's United Italy (taken).
50 to 1	"	Csar Alexander's Quiet Poland.
100 to 1	"	Austria's Hungarian Independence.
1000 to 1	"	Prussia's Pigheaded King William.
10,000 to 1	"	Abe Lincoln's War Policy.
10,000,000 to 1	"	American Re-Union (offered).

The Yankee lot for some months had been knocked out of the betting, and indeed there was no chance that animals so over-worked could ever win a decent place. We warned their friends long since that such must prove the fact, and they have no cause to reproach us at finding our words true. Still, with all their brag and bounce, the Yankees have good stuff in them; and if they would but pay more attention to their training, there really is no knowing what they might not win. So far as we can trace his pedigree straight back to JOHN BULL's stables, it is clear that Brother JONATHAN comes of a good stock; and although of late the breed has terribly deteriorated, we still could lay a finger on a specimen or two of what in Yankee phraseology is known as real grit.

The race has been so talked about that all its details must be known, and we shall add but few remarks to the dry official statement of the "coming in," which, as all along had been expected, was as follows:—

British Constitution	1
French Empire (distanced)	2

All the other 'starters were emphatically "Nowhere," indeed there seldom has been witnessed so hollow a defeat. It was rather thought

at one time the Italians would have seen their horse assume a better place, and considering the pains and patience of his backers, we should have been much pleased to have announced their better luck. Their horse is young, however, and may do great things yet. Some fancy if French Empire had not hampered his free running, he might perhaps have shown a little better in the race. It is clear he is an animal that wants a skilful jockey, and it may perhaps be questioned if his owner VICTOR-EMMANUEL be so well up to his work as his friends would wish to see him. The Russians and the Austrians both declared they meant to win, but looking at their horses the world put little confidence in either protestation. Quiet Poland went at one time clean out of the betting, as much as ten thousand to one being offered, and no takers. It is clear that if the Emperor means winning with this horse, he must adopt a vastly different mode of treatment. It is acknowledged on all sides that the poor animal has been most cruelly ill-used, and so long as it continues in its present wretched plight, the Czar can hardly hope to show well in competing for the Civilisation Stakes.

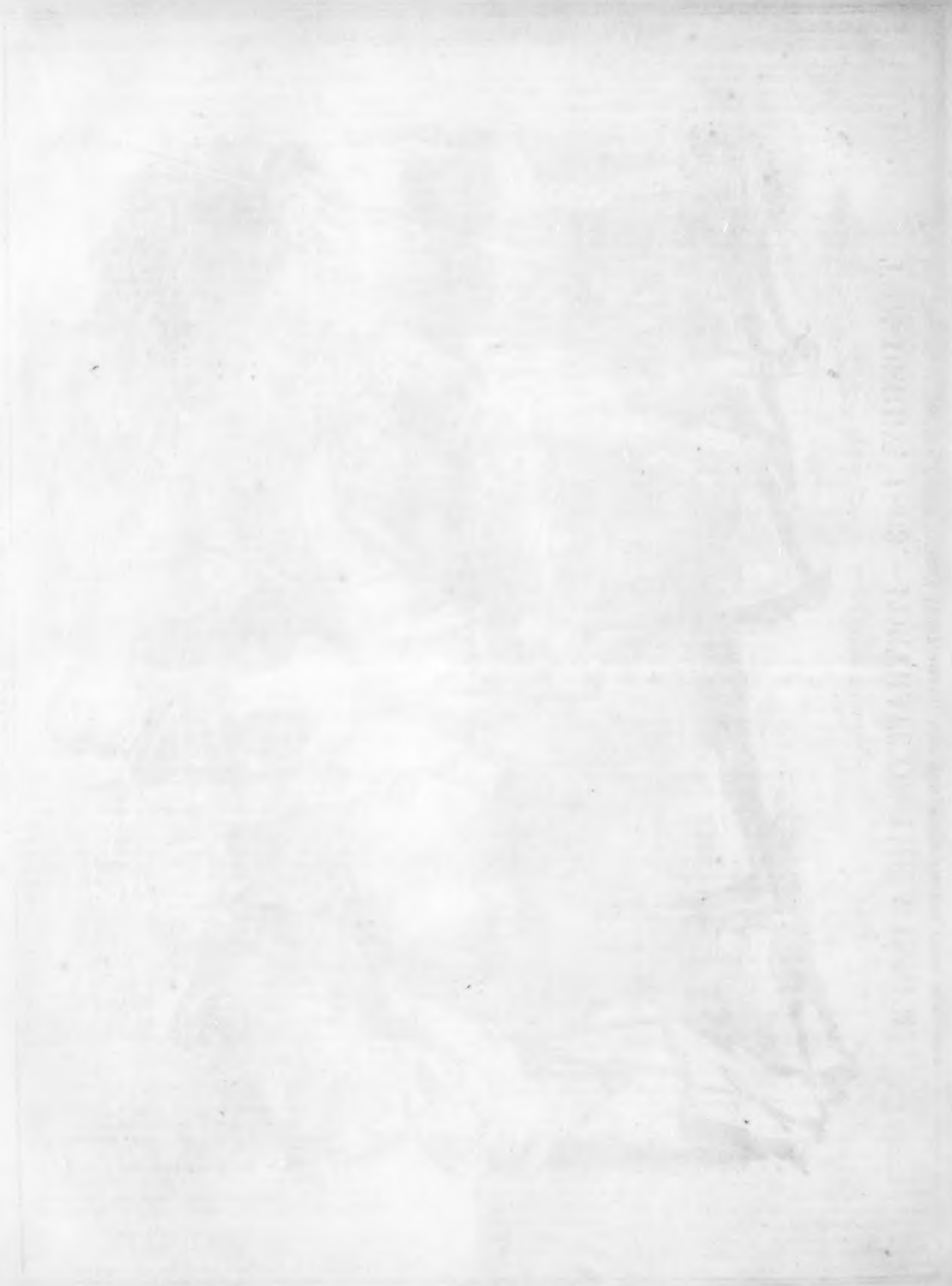
That JOHN BULL would win easy, it was the universal faith, but the event even exceeded the general expectation. So complete a victory has rarely been recorded, and, when it is remembered with what a heavy weight the animal was burdened, the British nation justly may feel proud of their old horse. It was a sight to see his present trainer, lead him from the course, for PAM has all the "noble sportsman" element about him, and likes to see a good horse proving himself such. French Empire was at one time thought a rather ugly customer, but this animal, though much younger, has not half the strength of British Constitution, and although at times successful, is not to be relied on as a thoroughly safe horse. Among other defects, the animal, it is clear, wants freedom in his action, and he has had so little liberty allowed him that of course it stands to reason his movements must be cramped. On the other hand, JOHN BULL has long ago discovered that to curb a horse too tightly is sure to check his progress; and that, when you can rely upon him not to break away, it is wise to let him take what liberty he likes. The policy of this good training has been shown in the success with which his animal has gone through all his trials, and with ease won the Blue Ribbon of the Omninationl Turf.

British Constitution has great powers of endurance and is remarkable as well for his steady going quality, good temper and rare pluck. Though not a showy animal, he goes always in good form. When put



THE DERBY, 1863.—PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER.

PAM (THE TAILOR), "BRITISH CONSTITUTION FIRST AGAIN, YOU SEE, SPITE OF HIS OVER WEIGHT."



upon his mettle nothing cramps his stride, and there is no fear of his ever being found among the rack. Although burdened with such weights as must have heavily taxed his energies, he has always been undaunted in pulling through a race. When called on, he has answered with the heart of a lion, and having justified so well the confidence of his backers, there is very little fear that we shall ever see him scratched.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A New Opera will shortly be produced. We are not breaking any confidences by saying that it is founded upon the Novel entitled *Lady Audley's Secret*, and is to be named *Aurus Capillarius*, i. e., *The Fair One with the Golden Locks*. The Music, we believe, is by the lately successful SIGNOR SCILDA. In order to ensure a high class entertainment and a literary treat for the intellectual habits of the Opera, the libretto will be translated into pure grammatical English by the Poet CLOSS, who we imagine, from the similarity of style, had something to do with the words of *Nicolo de' Lapi*. We have no hesitation in giving a quotation from the Lyric drama. It is in the first Act, where *Roberto*, the *Robert Audley* of the Novel, receives his friend *Talbois* at his Chambers in the Temple. *Talbois* has just read the newspaper, and as it drops from his hand—

Roberto (rushing forward). What sounds are that?
It is a sign of terror.
What happened? Say?

Talbois. Alas!

[*Monks* (without). This is a very fine Chorus; as these monastic characters do not appear in the Novel, so neither do they in the Opera, but are only heard without. The reader must remember that the *Sons* is laid in the Temple, *Flotschroets*.

Monks (without). When for us appear
The dawn contented,
Grief and sorrow
Does not alleviate pain.

Soldiers (anyhow). Ratanplan, ratanplan, ratanplan,
When for us appear
The dawn contented,
Grief nor sorrow
Does not diminish pain. ♪

All (with tender emotion). When for them appear, &c.

This is really very fine. Then in the last Act, where *Lucia*—*Lady Audley*—reveals her guilt. We have the following fine passage:—

Lucia. As me and him was a-walking
Amidst the limey trees,
No mortal eye to see. Oh, audacious one!

Chorus. A man leaned against the well,
Lucia. 'Twas him as stood there. Oh, Heaven!

Chorus. We talked in anger,
Lucia. A forlorn woman,
Fanciful and breathless,
Which I pushed him over;
A single word of pity,
Into the well.

Chorus. Alas! who can
Restrain his tears?

Fibbetta. I see'd yer do it.
Lucia. Look on me!

Chorus. She see'd her do it!
Lucia. Look on her! Ah!
Chorus. You triumph in my fate. He will.

Lucia. But know that I am MAD!

[All depart precipitously except *ROBERTO*, who takes his unfortunate relative by a quiet road to Belgium.

The entire Opera is as beautiful as the specimens here quoted; but we will not even forestall our readers' pleasure by recommending them to study the libretto of *Nicolo de' Lapi*.

Elementary Instruction.

On a day of grand popular rejoicing, when the fountains, and the Bengal lights, rockets, and Roman candles, had been all brought into active requisition, a clever little boy, upon being asked which of the two elements he would sooner be, "Fire or Water?" answered "Water," and this was the subtle reason he gave for it, "Don't you see the fireworks, but the water always plays." That boy, we are afraid, will never be Lord Chancellor.

SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOLS.

ON Thursday last, PROFESSOR PROCOSS gave his highly popular and instructive lecture on the THEORIES OF LIGHT.

The learned Professor entered, and walked to the table. At this amusing experiment the audience applauded immensely, and then the Lecture commenced.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall this morning put before you a few facts—a few Facts (enthusiastic applause, as if the contrary had been expected)—connected with the Theory of Light (three coughs), and illustrated experimentally by (great shuffling of feet caused by the entrance of a boy's school—three minutes' pause, during which the ushers give audible directions—Professor resumes.) I say I shall put before you a few facts—('JONES, sit more to the right')—a few facts—(Little Boy surprised and delighted 'Oh, there's a magic lantern!') General titter. Professor hurt, but still calmly)—a Few Facts, which will I think prove sufficiently interesting to command the silence—('I say, don't shove like that.' 'I didn't, it was SURELY.' 'No, I saw you.' Professor, severely.) If those young gentlemen are going to give the lecture, I'd better retire. (Audience unanimously, Shush.) Now, I take in my hand a looking-glass. I hold it in the dark and it is invisible (flicking portion of the audience listen with interest); I now place it in the light which streams from the lantern and it is immediately visible. (Great applause. Thinking portion of audience say to one another, 'That's very clever, very.') This experiment is nothing new, it was known to the ancients, who were not so much in the dark as is supposed. (Titter. The Professor, feeling that he has sufficiently unbecomingly, resumes seriously.) I light this taper, and you'll observe—(the Professor is seen to blink and brush the tip of his nose as if troubled by a fly)—you'll observe—(brushes as before)—that the surrounding objects, as far as the rays extend, are distinct. (Places taper on table, it shimmers and falls off as if struck by some unseen power. The Professor, though puzzled, is equal to the emergency.) Then we re-light it (stoops to pick it up, is seen to start back, pounces with one hand on the table, and then holds up a small round substance). Ladies and Gentlemen (excitedly), I have been annoyed throughout the lecture, and I throw myself on your protection against the assaults of a Band of Ruffian Boys, who have thought fit to make me the Butt of their Pea-Shooters. (Sensation.) I have just picked up a Pea."

[Sympathetic applause, specially from the Ruffian Boys, three of whom were with much scuffling, removed by the Usher. After this the Lecture was resumed.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(Quite as interesting as the Opera lists.)

ROYAL POLYTHEMIA SALOON.—The performances at this elegant place of entertainment continue to attract the fashionables of the district. Among the company present last night we noticed his Eminence the Lamplighter of Bevis Marks, their Excellencies the Master and Matron of the Bumbleby Workhouse, the Turncock and Turncockess of St. Luke's, his Serene Highness the Night Watchman of the Minorics, the Hon. the Senior Waterman on the Aldgate Stand, the Venerable the Beadle of Billingsgate, his Honour the Junior Porter at the Coal Exchange, their Graces the Landlord and Landlady of the Salmon and Scissors, and the Hon. Miss Barmada, the Marquis de Casino, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Snoutibus and the Misses Snoutibus (7). Mr. and Mrs. John Spratte, Mr. and Mrs. Koster de Manger, Mr. and Mrs. Moke, Mr. and Mrs. De Sparrow-Grasses, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Whyte-Sande and Miss Lily Whyte-Sand, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Isaac, Mr. Jacob, Mr. Cligh Fakcer, Mr. Nobbler, Mr. Constable Slopps and Mrs. Slopps, the Hon. Mrs. Fyshe Fugger, their Excellencies Fatty Bung and Dingy Kove, Commissioners of Crossings, Mrs. and Miss Walter Creases, Mr. and Mrs. Tout, Mr. and Mrs. Krimpe, Mr. Abel Druggier, Sir Peepor Mouse, Knight of the Order of the Black Eye of Impertinence, Mr. Magsman, Mr. Cadd, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baggins, Mr. D'Uffer and Mr. Lowe D'Uffer, Mr. and Mrs. Cobby and Miss Buck, Mr. Bomb Bayleaf, Mr. Long Shore, Mr. Hookham Snryr, &c. &c.

FAVOURABLE AND UNFAVOURABLE SIGNS.

WHEN a man can make a jolly good luncheon after the Derby, and can take anything—beer, sherry, claret, moselle-cup, cider, lobster salad, Yorkshire pie, "anything you have got,"—you may look upon that as a favourable sign.

But when a man, as soon as the Derby has been run, finds that he cannot touch a morsel, but goes on draining bumper after bumper of champagne and bitter beer, smoking cigars violently all the while, we are afraid you must look upon these symptoms as a very unfavourable sign.

The chances are (what will you bet? a hat, a pony, or a white elephant?) that the first gentleman has won, and that the second has lost.



KINDLY MEANT.

CHROME (to Friend). "Well, and how do I get on with the doublet? Is it more like leather?"

CONSCIENTIOUS FRIEND. "Why, no; I can't say it is—but (apologetically) you've got the face very like leather."

BOCKUM DOLFFS HIS HAT.

"GENERAL ROON (MINISTER OF WAR).—I have not the least objection to the President's calling for his hat (cries of 'Silence' on the Left), but I must remark—(Great agitation and loud cries on the Left.) Gentlemen, 300 voices are louder than one. I demand my constitutional right. According to the Constitution, I may speak when I please, and nobody has a right to interrupt me."

"VICE-PRESIDENT (repeatedly brandishing his whip). I interrupt the Minister. When the President speaks all here present must be silent, and all—no matter in what part of the House they sit—must obey the President. And if anything had really occurred here which was contrary to the orders of the House, it would have been my business to reprove it. I did not do so, and consequently the previous speaker (VON STREEL) was not out of order. ('Bravo' on the Left, hisses on the Right.) I now grant the right to speak to the Minister of War."

"ROON. I again protest against the right assumed by the President with respect to the Government. I mean that his authority extends, as was already on a former occasion said, up to this table and no further! (Violent contradiction from the Left, and hisses from the Right. Great agitation. The Vice-President puts on his hat, and all the deputies rise, amid loud 'Bravos!' from the Left.)"

"VICE-PRESIDENT. This means that the sitting is adjourned for an hour. (The deputies make for the doors of the Chamber; the Minister of War stands still for awhile looking around him. Then he puts his papers into his portfolio, and quite the Ministerial table, conversing, as he goes, with the Minister of the Interior, COUNT EULENBURG, and with two staff officers in attendance from the War Office.)—Scene in the Prussian Parliament, May 11."

THE world has wondered, while Prussia blundered,
What issue time would bring,
Would King crush Constitution,
Or Constitution King?
Would Ministers put down Members,
Or Members lay Ministers flat,
But now 'tis plain the question has lain,
In BOCKUM DOLFFS his Hat.

Let's hope that this intrepid tile,
Hereafter may prove to be,
The genuine Palladium
Of Prussian liberty.

REWARD OF PROBABLE MERIT.

WHAT an extraordinary assertion is that which the *Morning Post* circulates in the subjoined paragraph:—

"It is asserted that the EARL OF BROWNLOW, who has recently attained his majority, is likely to be further elevated in the peerage by being created MARQUIS OF BRIDGEWATER."

In the Book of the Peerage, according to DOD, it is written that—

"The EARL OF BRIDGEWATER bequeathed large estates to the present peer's father, LORD ALFRED, under certain conditions as to obtaining a new creation of a dukedom or marquissate of Bridgewater, but the House of Lords set aside these conditions in 1853 as being 'conditions subsequent' and 'against public policy.'"

If, then, the EARL OF BROWNLOW is now to be created MARQUIS OF BRIDGEWATER, are we to suppose that the conditions which, in the case of the noble Earl's father, were subsequent, have, in that of the noble Earl's father's son, become antecedent; and that, whereas, in the former case, they were against public policy, in the latter they jump with it? These things being supposed, the conclusion must be that the EARL OF BROWNLOW is a meritorious young nobleman, who has done the State some service, though we do not know it.

COINING DISEASES.

THE *Austrian Gazette* tells us of a curious case of contagion, communicated by some bank-notes, which a woman, ill of the small-pox, had been in the habit of keeping in her bosom. There is some money which seemingly never does any good, and the finance of Austria must be largely included in the sum total of what is generally considered as "bad money." However, we all knew that the Austrian circulation was in a very unhealthy condition, and the above fact fully confirms it. There is evidently more plague than profit about its financial system. As far as our own feelings are concerned, we must say that an Austrian bank-note was one of those things which we never could take to kindly. We have such a horror of it, that we never allow ourselves to touch it by any accident. Whenever we have done so, we know we have suffered seriously for it, and have been invariably laid up several days afterwards at the hotel, until we could get another remittance from England.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—In consequence of the premature heat, several gentlemen had their hair cut quite short.

And the statue of Freedom in Berlin,
Shall sit, where old FRITZ once sat,
Not in a Phrygian *bonnet-rouge*,
But in BOCKUM DOLFFS his Hat.

In England of yore, when STUART 'er bore
As now HOHENZOLLERN 'er bears,
When King 'gainst Commons raised his hand,
Commons on King laid theirs.
With all your fuss, 'twixt you and us
The difference is plain and pat:
Our English sore came to a Head
Your Prussian to a Hat.

Perhaps you suppose as Swiss freedom rose
From GESLER's plumed *chapeau*,
That after awhile from the Dollfins tile
Pruss liberty may grow.
But you must be aware, if you come to compare,
This case of resistance with that,
That from hat to man Swiss resistance ran,
While Prussian may end in HAT.

HOHENZOLLERN, pause ere 'gainst Commons and Laws,
You wilfully run a muck,
Blind chief of the blind, with a martinet mind,
Which you mistake for pluck.
With the odds as they are for peace over war,
I should think twice—*verbum sat*—
E'er I backed the HOHENZOLLERN their crown,
'Gainst BOCKUM DOLFFS his HAT.

COMING OUT!—DR. CUMMING has refused to sit to any artist, as he will not condescend to be a Lay Figure.



WELL (P) BROUGHT UP.

First Juvenile. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS ALICE?"

Second Juvenile. "A, NO—THANKS! I NEVER DANCE WITH YOUNGER SONS!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received the following letters concerning that wonderful Illusion, the Spectre Drama, at the Polytechnic:—

"Dear Sir,—I know how it's done. You get a concave glass and place it at right angles to something. Then reflect on it. Of course there must be a lime-light."

"Yours truly, LUCE LONG."

Another:—

"I've tried it over again, it's no secret. A lime-light is not required. Any day that you'll ask me to dinner I'll come and tell you all about this matter and the Theory of 'Eat. Apropos, Let's have some light soup."

"J. STEWART MEALS."

A Third:—

"We tried the Ghost some nights since. The one invented by DIRCKEN you know. By the way, if FECHTER revives *Macbeth*, the spectral illusion might be used, and instead of the guilty Thane saying 'Is that a Dagger,' &c., he might exclaim, 'Is that a Dircke that I see before me.' As I was saying, we tried it. You only want five or six glasses over and above your usual quantity after dinner; or one large glass will do if filled sufficiently often. The effect is marvellous, and lasts in some cases until the following morning."

"Yours truly, SWEET SWILLIAM."

Curious!

WE were told, that the other day, a literary gentleman, being rather badly off for pens, sat down to write with a headache. It is, we believe, a painful operation, but a great saving of quills.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM (FOR THE NEW ARMY EXAMINATIONS).

GIVEN: the relative heights of St. Paul's and the Monument.
To find: the height of the Season.

AN ICE YOUNG MAN.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

TO YOUNG LADIES.

WANTED, by a Young Man, just returned from India, a COMPANION for a Pic-Nic Party, to take place on the Queen's Birthday. All letters treated confidentially. Address (till Monday), enclosing Carte de Visite, M. S. S., &c. &c.

It just occurs to Mr. PUNCH that this Young Man is a decidedly cool young man, though that may be the result of his coming to Scotland from India. He says nothing about himself, except that he is a returned Indian, (which usually means an awful bore) but he expects young ladies to send their pictures, and to await his gracious selection. His Oriental ideas are in a fine state of development. The advertisement, however, may only be a dodge for the purpose of filling his photograph book cheaply. If not, we should not be sorry to hear that he had been invited to an interview at which the other party had been, not a Scotch lassie, but her masculine relative, who had rewarded our Oriental friend's impertinence by a process that would not make him very anxious to sit for his photograph for some little time to come.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEMONSTRATION IN MARYLEBONE.

At a meeting of the Marylebone Vestry, which took place yesterday, a resolution was voted unanimously, expressing the sympathy felt by the representatives of the rate-payers of that important borough, as a deliberative body, for the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, in the struggle which that popular assembly is now maintaining for the defence of its constitutional privileges against the encroachments of the Crown. With that expression of fellow-feeling for the Prussian Deputies, the Vestrymen of Marylebone combine an indignant protest against the insolence with which their brethren of Berlin have been treated by Von BISMARCK, and his Minister of War, Von ROOW. They conclude with a declaration that they would just like to see LORD PALMERSTON, or any other of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers give themselves any airs in the Marylebone Vestry-Hall.

TRUE ECONOMY.—When your means fully justify the end.

IDIOTIC SIGNATURES.

YEARS ago a grateful man, but a bad writer, wrote from India to an English country gentleman who had done him a kindness, that "he was going to send him an Equivalent." So ill was the word written that the recipient read it Elephant," and in an accession of delight built an elephant house, laid out a palisaded paddock, and made other arrangements that would have delighted DR. SCLATER. When the present arrived, it was a magnificent shawl for the friend's wife. India seems fertile in stupid Writers as well as clever ones. A case has just been tried in which it was shown that a company had been got up for the purchase of an Indian estate, and no end of expense incurred, on the strength of a letter supposed to be signed CANNON. The owner of this name is also the owner of a very desirable property. Then it turned out that the signature was GLASON, who is the owner of property not so desirable. The action against the person deceived by the signature failed, of course, but we recommend its being brought anew against GLASON's writing master. Mr. PUNCH hates a man who muddles his signature, because it makes Mr. P. do a rude thing, namely, misdirect a reply; so he always cuts the signature off and pastes it on the outside of his answer, to the shame and confusion of the ridiculous scribe.

Pam's Last.

The Marquis of PUNCH. Well, my dear PALMERSTON, what did the Russian answer come to?

The Premier. Why, my dear PUNCH, if you ask me, I should say it came to the front door in Chesham Place.

"DAY'S CRACK LOT."

DAY has long been a favourite trainer. The Horses of the Sun were originally brought out in honour of the First Day, and so attached did they become to their master, that they have been running for a Day ever since!

THE DETRIMENTAL'S INNINGS.—A DRAMA OF THE PRINCESS'S DRAWING-ROOM.



THE SCENE is Piccadilly. The hour is 5. The day is Saturday, May 16th. Several miles of carriages, at a dead stop, contain a large assortment of old and young Rosabuds who have been hoping, since mid-day, that they shall some time or other get to the Palace. The general Public walks up and down on each side, freely criticising the appearance of the ladies. A Carriage, in which are the LADY HIGHKNOWES and her lovely daughter ARABELLA occupies the centre of the Scene.

Lady Highknowes. My dear, this is too dreadful. We shall never get there. How wicked it is to allow all these nobodies to go to Court and choke up the streets. I declare the police ought to send them away.

Miss Arabella (Now she has had a little quarrel with her Mamma about some private theatricals, and in a dutiful kind of way is resolved to pay her revered parent

off to-day). O, Mamma, I think it's the greatest fun in the world. Why, I have reviewed half the Guards since we came here, and I declare here comes CECIL RATTLECASH.

Lady H. (in an under-voice, but sternly). Then, BELLA, I desire that you only bow.

Miss A. O, Mamma, one can't cut a person one danced five quadrilles and three vales with on Wednesday.

[It was only one quadrille and one valse.

Lady H. You did? Then, ARABELLA—

CAPTAIN CECIL RATTLECASH at the window. And very handsome the young Guardsman looks.

Captain Cecil. How dee doo, LADY HIGHKNOWES? (He raises his hat to ARABELLA, with that affected ceremony which speaks of fun and friendship.) This is slow work, rather. I'm afraid there's no chance of your getting to the Drawing-room to-day.

Lady H. (very freezingly). Indeed! CAPTAIN RATTLECASH.

Capt. C. 'Fraid not. There's about five hundred people before you, the Princess is tired out, and the Prince says he won't have the doors open a minute after six, as he's going to the play. (Miss A. looks delighted, knowing the Captain is telling the most dreadful stories.)

Lady H. (sarcastically). The Prince said so to you, of course?

Capt. C. No; to my great, rich, ugly elder brother, though.

Miss A. (coquettishly). I won't have a word said against SIR EDWARD. He brought me this bouquet—isn't it lovely?

Capt. C. Just like the dear old donkey; what do you want flowers at a Drawing-room for? Suppose you give 'em to me.

Lady H. I desire—

Miss A. (has a good mind to). And what for, I should like to know? Capt. C. I'll toss 'em to PATTI—that will save me half a guinea, you know, which is money to us younger sons.

Miss A. Will you faithfully promise to throw them to that darling? (archly).

Capt. C. Won't I. (No, he won't, and Miss A. knows that.)

Miss A. Then you shall have them. There (gives them).

Lady H. (looking like a QUEEN LEAR, with a dash of UGOLINO). ARABELLA!

Capt. C. Thanks. And, I say, I hope you mean to take that part of Rosette. LADY HELEN's breaking her heart about you. You'd play it so capitally. Don't disappoint the dear old woman.

Miss A. Your brother was telling Mamma not to let me.

Capt. C. What does he know about it? And don't you know why? LAURA MARKHAM wants Rosette, and ugly old EDWARD is rather hit there.

Miss A. Then I will play it, Mamma; and CAPTAIN RATTLECASH, you may tell LADY HELEN so.

Lady H. I request that—

Capt. C. That's right, that's capital, and I'll be Albert. I said I wouldn't, but I will now. I'll play it like a bird. I'll tell her to let you know about rehearsals.

And so on for three-quarters of an hour, with his arms on the door, and LADY HIGHKNOWES in no state to present herself before an amiable Princess. At last the carriage moves on four inches, and LADY H. wishes the wheel had gone over the Captain's toes. He goes away at last, and then doesn't MISS ARABELLA catch it? But she doesn't care the least bit.

WISDOM IN GLOBULES.

In the Senate House of Belgium, a proposition has been made that homoeopathic chairs should be founded in the Universities of Belgium. "Homoeopathic Chairs" must be of the size of those that little girls use to sit their dolls upon. Is it not reducing the Universities rather to the size of a toy-house to introduce these chairs into them? Everything else would have to be reduced in equal proportion, until at last the wisdom acquired at these Universities might also become homoeopathically small—so small indeed that it would not be worth any one's

while to go to fetch it. *Many of our medical friends may be pleased to hear that these chairs were not carried. They looked so insignificantly mean that not a hand was lifted up for them. What a proud thing it must be to be appointed the Professor of a "Homoeopathic Chair!" It must be the seat of Lilliputian wisdom.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Recollect the child's mind is nothing better than a sheet of letter paper; so mind, its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MAY 18, Monday before the Derby. LORD CLANRICARDE complained of the conduct of the American Prize Courts towards British subjects, but EARL RUSSELL declared that such complaint was unfounded, and LORD DERBY said the same, adding that allowances ought to be made for the natural irritation of the North at the frequent attempts of our merchants to break the blockade, and supply contraband of war to the South. What CLANRICARDE has to do with such matters does not appear at first sight, and certainly Mr. Punch is not going to trouble himself to think twice about that remarkable peer, especially as he was snuffed

out so expeditiously by the Whig and Tory leaders.

MR. LAYARD declined to say anything more about Brazil than that correspondence was going on. Mr. Punch did not observe his Excellency, the COMMANDEUR CARVALHO MOREIRA, at the Prince's levee. Ha! On the other hand a Peruvian lady was presented at the Drawing Room by LADY PALMERSTON, which MR. DARBY GRIFFITH considers to balance the account; because, as he justly remarks, though Brazil and Peru are not exactly the same, they are both in South America. When we add that both M. and MADAME MOREIRA were at the Palace Party on Derby Eve we leave the question in a still more delicately balanced scale for MR. DARBY GRIFFITH's adjustment.

SIR GEORGE GREY is going to ask Parliament for money to build Concentrated Courts of Law, but the Bill for building is not to be introduced this Session, so we presume Government has not discovered an eligible site. Why not take Primrose Hill, and erect what the French call a Pyramid of Law—she will be her own Sphinx.

Final fight was made on the Prison Ministers' Bill, and MR. BRIGHT read the House a lecture on the subject, saying that he could have proposed a much better arrangement for the religious instruction of prisoners. He explained that this plan was the employing any volunteer teachers who might offer their services. Not a very practical suggestion. The opponents of the Bill took a division on the last stage, but were beaten by 196 to 167, and the Bill passed.

Then came one of those discussions which involve personalities and scandals, and which, therefore, always keep a full house. It was the old Churchward-Carnegie business. The public has no particular interest in raking up the question whether a mail contractor tried to bribe a Lord of Admiralty by offering election support in exchange for a renewed contract, but the affair was made a party matter, and now that MR. PERL puts an end to the contract, and makes KING LEOPOLD our sea-postman in the Channel, the Opposition proclaims that MR. CHURCHWARD is ill-treated. The fight on the item, in Supply, was fierce, and Virtue, that is (in this instance) PERL and the Government, triumphed by 8 only in a house of 344. We hope that the King will be careful and expeditious, and if so he may call for a Christmas Box.

People who do evil at Natal are sent to Cape Town for trial. It is thought that they had better be tried where they do evil, and a Bill for enacting that arrangement went through Committee to-night. Is this a trap for a certain arithmetical hierarch, or is it intended for the punishment of that objectionable Zulu, who overthrew with a question all that the Bishop had been believing for forty years? Certainly that proselytising native ought to be astonished in some way. Is he residing at Pieter-Maritzburg, whence he clearly drove out the lawful tenant? We wonder the dissenting Liberation League does not invite him over, and show him about as the man who expelled a Bishop from his diocese.

MR. MAGUIRE began to address the House on the desirability of placing the Irish Admiralty Court in a more satisfactory position, but

a member who thought he should be in a more satisfactory position if he went to bed, Counted the House out at twenty minutes past one.

Tuesday before the Derby. The Lords very properly desired to show that though partaking of the public excitement in regard to the race, they could attend to other matters. LORD ERURY moved the Second Reading of his Bill for rendering it unnecessary for clergymen to signify their assent to everything in the Prayer Book. The debate that followed was a good psychological study. The new Archbishop of Canterbury opposed the Bill. His Grace spoke like a genial, practical man of the world. One could fancy one heard him advising a youthful candidate for orders, and talking in a good-natured, semi-remonstrative fashion, and as if desirous to prevent a young friend from injuring his prospects in life. "Well, my dear M^r. DOUBTFUL, I am sure that your hesitation does you the utmost honour, and speaks well for your conscientious discharge of the duties of the sphere of which I foresee you will be an ornament. But I think your own good sense will show you that the Church never meant her rules to annoy such men as yourself. Certainly, as you say, the words seem to imply that you express the most decided assent and consent to everything in the Prayer Book. But you may take my word for it—if you think a P^rimate's assurance worth having—that this is a mere—what shall I say—a sort of police notice, to keep off trespassers and the like—as far as you are concerned it only means that you approve of our solemn and beautiful Liturgy. Come, my dear young friend, while there's so much work to do in the Vineyard, don't let us stand out because we don't quite like the construction of the gate—let us go in and do our duty, as I am sure you will. And come and dine with us at the Palace at eight—perhaps, some years hence, you will be asking valued young friends to dine there. I'm sure I hope so. At eight." And the kindly P^rimate shakes M^r. DOUBTFUL's hand with really good feeling. But ARCHBISHOP CAMERON TAIT, Bishop of London, takes a less pleasant view of matters, and cannot make them so easy. That Bishop thinks it very mischievous to teach young priests to say one thing and mean another, and heartily wishes to expunge words which were maliciously inserted in order to catch consciences. So thinks the BISHOP of ST. DAVID'S. On the other hand, again, the BISHOP of OXFORD thought that the proposed alteration would let in unconscientious men, and though he would educate clergymen to the highest point, he would make no change implying that external conformity was enough. The BISHOP of LONDON was for a middle course, and a certain concession. The public that interests itself in such matters will possibly observe the singular disagreement among the heads of the Church about something very like the meaning of an oath. Further it will notice that LORD ERURY's Bill was rejected by 90 to 50.

The Commons talked about everything. MR. GLADSTONE has a scheme in hand, whereof more after the holidays, for using the International Exhibition building. Could not the Levees and Drawing-Rooms be held there? MR. HENNESSY, the hero of Poland, called LORD PALMERSTON's attention to the fact that the Prussians are giving actual aid to the Russians, and relieving and arming the Cossacks whom the Poles drive over the Prussian frontier. The P^remier's answer was, virtually, that at present there was no case against Prussia that justified our interference. MR. LAYARD was severely baited for not making speeches on foreign affairs in the previous Friday. LORD ELPHINSTONE, whose pilot ran the *Vigilant* aground, was represented by his friends as having been very ill used by the Admiralty. SIR ROBERT PERL proved that association with Irishmen has infected him with bull-making—this is not vaccination but taurocination. He had to repudiate a speech he was reported to have made, and said:—

"Though I sat two hours in the room I saw no person, unless he was under a table or in a cupboard, who could be taking notes."

LORD VANE TEMPEST gave an interesting illustration of his idea of his own importance:—

"Having a considerable interest in shipping himself, he thought that before the House adjourned, our foreign trade should not be left in its present unsatisfactory condition."

The sentence is a lovely one, considered in all its parts, and also as a whole, and is in the highest Londonderryed style.

Lastly, the Irish Church came on for examination. MR. DILLWYN wants a Committee to overhaul that Church with a view to its demolition. MR. H. SKYMOOR wishes to remodel it without spoliation, and MR. WHITESIDE wishes to maintain it intact as a Missionary Church, and an institution of the nation, and a Lamp. MR. BERSAL OSBORNE moved the adjournment of the debate, in order to have an opportunity of showing, after the holidays, how he would smash the Lamp.

The House rose at one on the morning of

The Derby Day, 1863, when, as prophesied by Mr. Punch, the Blue Ribbon was won by Macaroni.

A Hazy Joke.

HOPKINS, at Epsom on the Derby Day, to POPKINS, after the tenth tumbler of Champagne. Why 'sh t' day like sh' two Chiefs o' great Coshervative Party? Gf' tuf? Cosh it's Derby an' Drizzly?

SIGNATURES BY SUNLIGHT.

AMONG the myriad of uses to which photography of late has been successfully applied, we observe that little portraits of the size of a receipt stamp are now to be obtained, which being on adhesive paper may be stuck by way of signature at the bottom of a letter, so that writers may be spared the pains of signing their own names. As people rarely take the trouble to write their signatures in such a way that any one can read them, the advantage of these portrait stamps is obvious enough, and their usefulness we think might greatly be extended if people were to have their correspondence-portraits taken in attitudes to indicate their frame of mind when writing, which naturally varies with each letter that one pens. With the assistance of our artist we furnish a few specimens of what we would propose:—

"Sir,"

"Dover, Tuesday,

"I much regret that circumstances over which I have unluckily no personal control oblige me to decline at present payment of my bill, which, as you have kindly and thoughtfully reminded me, to-morrow becomes due. I start this evening for the Continent, where I mean to make a somewhat lengthened tour. You may depend when I return I will not fail to call on you. Meanwhile I remain

"Yours most respectfully,



Our next sample might be written on the morning of the Derby Day, or on occasion of a quiet little dinner down at Greenwich:—

"My dearest ANGELINA,

"I write a hurried line to say, don't wait for me at dinner, as business of a most important nature summons me from town. Pray make my excuses to your good friends the SLOWFARTIES, whom I most unfeignedly regret I cannot meet. With a thousand kisses, dearest, believe me

"Yours, devotedly,

As language was invented to conceal one's real thoughts, a letter like the following might properly be ended with a photographic signature:—

"My dear TOMKINS,

"Our mutual friend, SMITH, has just brought me sad news that your new tragedy has been a— I really have not courage to write the fatal word. Believe me, my dear friend, I condole with you sincerely for this distressing accident: which by the way, I may remind you, would never have occurred if you had allowed yourself to follow my advice. You may remember that I prophesied the failure of your piece, and said candidly, that though you might consider it a tragedy, the public would more likely regard it as a farce. Still, my dear friend, need I tell you that you have my deepest sympathy, for jealousy in our profession you well know does not exist? Repeating my regret, believe me

"Yours, condolingly,

By the following it may be seen how far more than a plain signature a photographic portrait would emphasise a threat:—

"Sir,"

"I am informed that in the House last night, you pointedly referred to me as 'that affected ass.' At the instance of the SPEAKER, I am told that you reluctantly withdrew the observation; but unless you write me an immediate apology, you will put me to the pain of taking further steps,

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours, &c.



To the Needy.

THE AGE of DICK WHITTINGTON is returning. Vast sums of money are to be laid out on the streets of London. An opportunity will thus be offered to the poor pedestrian for picking up as much as he likes.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE DISCOVERED.

CONGRATULATION let us chant
To CAPTAIN SPEKE and CAPTAIN GRANT,
Who to its Source have traced the Nile.
Two gentlemen of Britain's Isle
Have solved the mystery of ages,
The query of successive ages,
Reserved to modern days from old,
For those bold Britons to unfold.

They've done what not the greatest PHARAOH
Could ever do, with all his might;
Pechu, the grandest of Grand Cairo,
Gave up, as though beyond them quite;
What did puissant CHAMPSOES bother,
For all the Pyramids he made,
And puzzled Egypt's every other
Ruler, from CHAMPSOES down to RAI.

All the Egyptians with delight are crowing,
Now that the source no longer is to seek,
Whence springs their sacred stream with plenty flowing,
Discovered by the Captains, GRANT and SPEKE,
And put us in a word for DOCTOR BEKE,
Who, dagger-like, to their Macbeths, did show,
And marshalled them the way they were to go.

Egypt of old adored the bull and cow,
If, then, she damned the horned herd divine,
Is she not like to worship JOHN BULL now,
And CAPTAIN GRANT with CAPTAIN SPEKE combine
In one huge image of a Hero,
Or grand colossal deity,
With a two-headed eight-limbed omnipotency?
No; because why?
The Koran disallows idolatry;
Besides, Egyptian Art is under zero.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Great Event is over, and of those persons who were unable to meet their engagements after the Derby, further particulars will be obtained from the *Levant Herald*. Talking of *Heralds* reminds us that we have a bit of news for Archaeologists, who will be delighted to hear that a number of coins have been found in a secluded country-house by an eminent Housebreaker. The College of St. Bees will shortly be removed to St. Hives. Several persons in the City are complaining of the frequent loss of their valuable time: in consequence of these murmurs the police have been on the watch: after some difficulty they found a man walking towards the West-End, who had an hour to himself: he was unable to account for it, and has been remanded. Those who are fond of Shows will be pleased to hear that during the ensuing week a large Window in Apsley House will be opened, with more or less ceremony. The life of the great statesman FITZ, by DEAN TRENCH, will shortly be published; also, sporting letters on *Fulpside*, a sequel to FOXE's *Book of Martyrs*, will soon be forthcoming. MR. MILLAIS is engaged in drawing his *Breath*; the subject is novel. There is no truth in the report that the Thames Tunnel is to be fitted up as a Winter Palace for HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. In answer to several communications which we have this week received, we beg to state that Concertina is not an illness peculiar to singers; we can't say precisely what it is, not being medical men. It has been going the round of the Clubs that there will be no skating on the Serpentine in July; whoever spread this notion abroad must have done it maliciously, but no official contradiction has as yet appeared. The Indian Overland Root will be shown at the next Botanical Fête. MR. SPURGEON will lecture for three consecutive hours, in order to prove that the human jaw is just as great now-a-days as the one found at Abbeville, supposed to be pre-Adamite. Our clerical readers will be delighted to learn that the BISHOP of OXFORD has a great chance of being elected private chaplain to MR. E. T. SMITH; his duties will be chiefly in connection with Cremorne.

Too Horrible!

THE usually quiet village of Eke, on the banks of the Wye, was disturbed by the following appalling occurrence: it seems that an old woman instigated by hunger, and knowing that the butcher's was not far off, aroused her daughter from a peaceful slumber, and dispatched her. The ferocious act has cast a gloom over the surrounding neighbourhood.

MOTTO FOR THE ALPINE CLUB.—"Early to bed, and early to Rise."



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Old Lady. "BUT, GOING IN FOUR WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL POX!"

Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL VACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL!"

THE NAGGLETONS ON THE DERBY.

After Breakfast on the Derby Day, 1863. Rain pouring. A few Carriages are seen passing, either closed, or covered with umbrellas. MR. NAGGLETON rings the bell.

Mrs. Naggleton. What do you want now?

Mr. N. (shortly). I want the bell answered.

Mrs. N. SARAH is up-stairs.

Mr. N. I don't want SARAH.

Mrs. N. The cook will think it is to tell SARAH to take away.

Mr. N. I don't care about the cook's thoughts.

[Rings again.]

Mrs. N. Are you not well?

Mr. N. (angrily). Bless my heart and soul, can't I ring a bell in my own house?

Mrs. N. You have shown that you can, I think.

Mr. N. Yes, but not that I can get it answered.

[Rings again furiously, and the COOK comes in with her eyes very wide open.]

Cook. Did you ring, M'm?

Mrs. N. I! O dear no!

Mr. N. Let somebody get me a cab—a close cab—directly.

[Exit COOK without reply.]

Mrs. N. You are very fond of preaching about consideration for servants.

Mr. N. I'm not fond of it, but I have to do it more often than I like.

Mrs. N. If you practised what you preach, you would not send a girl from her work into the wet on such a morning.

Mr. N. You can send 'em fast enough, rain, hail, or shine, when you want to go to some ridiculous Concert. Let the boy go that cleans the boots, and does them so villanously.

Mrs. N. If you chose to keep a proper domestic, he would do them better, I dare say.

Mr. N. I keep the domestics I think proper, and if you kept them in better order and check, things would be pleasanter.

Mrs. N. (smiling). Don't be angry with me, HENRY, because it happens to rain on the Derby Day, and you are obliged to give up your holiday. I cannot command the weather, you know.

Mr. N. No, nor your tongue neither, or you wouldn't aggravate a man with his head full of business.

Mrs. N. O, I'm sure I beg your pardon. It is something so new to hear you talk about business that you must make an allowance.

Mr. N. (looking as if he should like to make her one, not too large, and dissolve the partnership). Certainly, I don't talk business to you, for an obvious reason. Why the devil don't that cab come?

[Looks at the bell-handle.]

Mrs. N. Don't, HENRY, don't. I will go for it myself.

[Rises.]

Mr. N. Are you out of your senses? There he goes. By Jove, she's only just got him off. That's downright insolence on the part of that woman, and you ought to send her away.

Mrs. N. Perhaps the poor child hadn't done his breakfast.

Mr. N. Of course. Take anybody's part but your husband's.

Mrs. N. I am a wife, HENRY, but not a slave, and when my husband is in the wrong I shall take the liberty of telling him so. Your temper is growing upon you, and unless you control it, you will become a nuisance to yourself and to all about you. If it rains, and you are disappointed of the pleasure of throwing sticks at little dolls—

Mr. N. Little dolls be—hanged, and great dolls, too. You know I had as much intention of going to Epsom as you have of being amiable. I can't say anything stronger.

Mrs. N. Or weaker, dear. But you always do go, and you always say that you are not going.

Mr. N. I went last year, and I have been once before, since the year we were married. I tell you I want to get into the City, because I expect important letters, and I may have to see two or three men before they go off to the races. That infernal boy! I believe he is standing to watch the carriages go by.

Mrs. N. Boys will be boys. You were a boy yourself once. And you are very like one now, in your irritation at being kept in town—don't tell me nonsense about it. All men think they are dreadfully wronged if they cannot go and make fools of themselves at Epsom.



GOG AND MAGOG CLEARING OUT THE VAN-DEMONS.

"THE City is now taking itself in hand, and a Bill, giving the LORD MAYOR the most tremendous power over the traffic, went through Committee in the House of Lords to-night. The Van-Demons will, we hope, be exorcised."—Vide *Punch's Essence of Parliament*.



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Mr. N. Some people are fools ready-made, and need not go to Epsom to be manufactured. (*Looks savagely out at the window.*) I'll teach that boy manners!

Mrs. N. Well, dear, one does hear strange things, but if there is one branch of education that I should have advised you to decline attempting, it is that. Calling a wife a fool over her own breakfast cups and saucers is—

Mr. N. I didn't. It's untrue.

Mrs. N. And mending it by calling her something worse—but there is the poor boy in the cab—how wet he looks.

Mr. N. Yes, and nicely he has wetted the cushions for me, which is a thing that don't occur to you, of course.

Mrs. N. O, I wish it had been a fine day, and you had been able to go with your friends. It may be foolish and expensive amusement, and the company may not be fit for the father of children, but it is better than such a display of evil-temper, rudeness, and cruelty.

Mr. N. (*Going*). I'm a demon, no doubt—so don't wait dinner for me. In fact, I'd better say I'll get a chop in the City.

Mrs. N. No, HENRY, do not utter a deliberate falsehood. I will not wait dinner, that is enough.

Mr. N. Sweet creature—sweet temper—sweet tongue.

(*Exit, and is heard to quarrel in the hall with his Iswerneck caps, wrong gloves, unbrushed hat, and umbrella that won't open, and moreover to launch a passing reproach at the boy for dawdling, and to repeat his direction to the cabman angrily, because that deaf head had the insolence to answer, "Sir?" to the first. Then MR. NAGGLETON disappears until a little past*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT,

when he re-enters the room. Mrs. NAGGLETON is reading ZIMMERMAN "On Solitude," and does not look up at his entrance.

Mr. N. (*With some natural and some acquired cheerfulness*). Well, my dear, and how are you by this time?

Mrs. N. This time? Just midnight. O, I am very well. (*Closes her book.*)

Mr. N. Nay, only just eleven.

Mrs. N. I presume you do not wish to sit up?

Mr. N. Well, just ten minutes, and let me have a glass of something or other, and I'll tell you a bit of fun.

Mrs. N. I am not in a state of mind for what you consider fun. (*Rings.*)

Mr. N. Come, don't bear malice. I know I went out a little fluffily, for I had had a bad night, and something to bother me, but I didn't mean to be unkind.

Enter SARAH.

Mrs. N. Your master wishes you to bring him the tray, a tumbler, hot and cold water, a tea-spoon and the spirits. I suppose that the kitchen fire is out. In that case you must re-light it.

Mr. N. Never mind. Cold water will do.

Mrs. N. (*sternly*). Hot and cold water.

[*Exit SARAH.*]

Mr. N. O, don't have the fire lighted.

Mrs. N. I was abused this morning for not keeping my servants to their work. I will give no cause for a repetition of the reproach.

Mr. N. Reproach! Lord, MARIA, how you bottle up a hasty word. Ar'n't we husband and wife? Forget and forgive—we've no time for quarrels in this world. I always do. Here's something for you.

[*Tosses nine bright sovereigns into her lap.*]

Mrs. N. (*taking them up, and placing them at some distance from her on the table*). Is that on account of the house-money?

Mr. N. No, no, that's a hextra, as the child says. That's all for yourself, to make ducks and drakes with, if you like to be ornithological. [Mrs. N. looks at him fixedly for a moment, and sighs deeply.]

Enter SARAH, with tray, and exit.

Mrs. N. Pray be careful with the glass jug. You had better let me mix it. Please don't spill it over the cloth. Ah! Take care of the tumbler.

Mr. N. That's the way to make a fellow nervous, M'm. But no such luck. There—(*completes the brew*)—as nice as pie, and twice as wholesome. Your health. May I mix a little for you?

Mrs. N. For me! (*Sarcastically.*)

Mr. N. Do you good. But as you like. You might say thank you for nine sufferings, though. My winnings, Mrs. NAGGLETON, and here's long life to Macaroni, and to Mr. Punch for prophesying that Mac would win.

Mrs. N. I beg to decline money which, as I infer, you have won by gambling, if indeed you won it at all, and it is not a sort of hush-money added to losses of which I know nothing.

Mr. N. Hush-money be blown. I won it fairly and lawfully in a sweepstakes of nine, by drawing Macaroni, MR. NAYLOR's horse, who, I inform you, M'm, is the Winner of the Derby, and as I said, here's luck to him. It was a beautiful sight to see him win, and quite repaid me for a disagreeable journey. He won by only a head, and if Lord Clifden hadn't slipped, or changed legs at the last, you wouldn't have had those sovereigns.

Mrs. N. I repeat that I decline taking gambling money. Do you wish to sit up longer?

Mr. N. Of course I do. I haven't done my groggums. Bet you nine to one you take the money.

Mrs. N. Pray leave your race-course along outside the door. It is an affectation that is perfectly ridiculous in a man who does not know one horse from another.

Mr. N. MARIA, you're an antipathetic—no, you are not—you are an antipathetic woman. If you had a good genial nature you'd give me a kiss, or a box on the ear, which is all the same, and say, "I'm glad you've enjoyed yourself, my old dear, and thank you for thinking of me." That's the way to oil the wheels of domestic life, and make 'em work pleasantly. What good whiskey this is. (*Sings, objectionably.*)

"The man that hath good whiskey
And giveth his neighbour none,
He shan't have any of my whiskey
When his whiskey is done,
When his whiskey is done."

You'd join chorus if you were half-jolly. (*Sings.*)

"When his whiskey is done."

[*Slaps his knees, which is the American accompaniment to this delightful lyric.*]

Mrs. N. Pray, HENRY, have some regard for our reputation, and don't let the neighbours think we keep a public-house.

Mr. N. (*insanely*). Ha! ha! I should like to keep a public-house, very well, and I'd hang out the sign of the Good Woman, and it should be you; for you are a good woman at bottom, in spite of your little temper. Your health!

Mrs. N. And so you meant to go to the Derby all the time. Of course you did. And why all that mean deceit and pretence of business, and annoyance?

Mr. N. Swear I didn't mean to go. But I got my work done, and some fellows came in and offered me a seat, and as—

Mrs. N. I desire to hear no more.

Mr. N. Yes, do, my dear, for it's as good as a play. In came old SNOTCHLEY, and PIGGY FARMER—

Mrs. N. HENRY! Will you tell me, at midnight, in my own house, that Mr. SNOTCHLEY has been to the Derby with you?

Mr. N. Hasn't he? That's all. And came out as I never saw him before, as jolly as a sand-boy, only he was a trifle wetter. There's one of his sovereigns in that heap, M'm, the lightest, I dare say, if one's lighter than the others, but he paid it and lost it, and never made a wry face.

Mrs. N. You are deceiving me again, HENRY.

Mr. N. Am I, by Jove. Put on your bonnet, it don't rain, and come round to his house and see. He's in no humour for bed, and we'll finish the evening there.

Mrs. N. You must be Mad.

Mr. N. Not a bit. Put on your bonnet. Or if you don't, I'll just take up this money which you scorn, and I'll go down to the Club and take nine chances for the Oaks.

Mrs. N. (*snatching at the money with a good bit of womanly eagerness and a natural laugh*). I'm blessed if you shall. (*Secures the sovereigns in a little pocket.*) There, now, go to bed. You shan't make any more, I declare you shan't. Go up-stairs. I'll see to the things being put away. Walk straight now—the servant will see you—(*rings*)—HENRY! Don't!

[*What that last exclamation referred to shall never be divulged in this world, but MR. NAGGLETON accepts the truth, and goes up-stairs singing "The man that hath good whiskey."*]

Sad News for Savages.

IN the debate on MR. ADDERLEY's Security from Violence Bill, a question arose as to the instrument with which garotters, and other brutal offenders under the proposed statute, should be flogged. It appeared that, in the case of adult ruffians, the scourge employed would be of the ordinary feline species; the customary Cat. For the chastisement of younger secondaries of the same description a similar but smaller arrangement of whipcord might be employed under the name of the Kitten.

Onion is Strength.

IN New York, and other places, there have been formed "Onion Leagues" for the purpose of providing the soldiers with fresh vegetables, &c. The most qualified Lady for being the President of an "Onion League," we should say, would be the celebrated Lady of Shalott.

ART.—The Clergyman of the Parish in which MR. FAITH is living has kindly given that eminent artist a sitting in the Church.



CONSOLATION.

SWELL. "At any rate the Critics won't be able to say, the effect of your Landscape is spoiled by the want of Aerial Perspective this year, SMITHERS!"

THE OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SPORTING SUMMER REGISTER.

Aquatic Register.—June 1. Annual Sculling Match in Brook Street between the Watermen of the Haymarket and Conduit Street Cabstands.

Though the 4th of June has been kept at Eton for so many years, yet very few people have missed it. The day will again take its place in this year's Calendar, and the Regatta will no longer be on the Forth but on the Thames.

June 5th. Rowing by the Eton Eyot against the Stream. Visible from Windsor Bridge. Fireworks in the evening. N.B. Mustn't speak to the man at the Catherine Wheel.

Cricketing Register.—June 1-2nd. West End Club Matches. Eleven of WHITE'S v. Twenty-two of BOODLE'S on the Ground of having nothing better to do.

June 8th. The Cobblers' Club v. Aul England.

Unfixed. On the Green of the Green Room, Lyceum. MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY and MR. PHELPS are engaged to play a Single Wicket Match. It will be a very even thing, each Gentleman, probably, scoring one run. "Due notice of their appearance will be given"; but we may say at once that their appearance is highly prepossessing.

New Entry for the Cups.—The Crack of Doom.

Curious Prize for Pedestrianism.—The other day two men ran for a Policeman. We have not yet heard what the winner did with his reward.

Civic Sporting Event.—During the following week the LORD MAYOR will probably run against a friend on the Royal Exchange. Preliminaries are to be drawn up in front of the Mansion House, by order of the Commissioner of Police.

Marvellous Leap.—A veteran Sportsman, in the North, lately laid a wager that he would jump over his own head. Mounted upon the old Steeplechaser *Stretch-away*, he cleared a five-barred gate. He then calmly took three consecutive pinches of snuff, and, while sneezing, cleared his head! This we consider the most remarkable Leap in the Annals of Sport.

A Feat of Strength.

A WELL-KNOWN ticket-of-leave man, with a bludgeon in his hand, being pursued by the Police, at a tremendous pace tore up the pavement of a street which had just been laid down by the workmen. In spite of his fearful weapon he was ultimately captured.

THE GREAT JAW OF MOULIN-QUIGNON.

(See letters, papers, inquiries, and *comptes-rendus* of MM. QUATREFAGES, MILNE-EDWARDS, FALCONER, PREST-WICH, CARPENTER & Co., and a vast variety of transactions in a vast variety of Societies, Geological, Theological, and Anthropological.)

SINCE that famed jaw-bone SAMPSON reared,
When of Philistia's hosts he cleared
JUDAH's enslaved dominion,
No jaw-bone, sure, hath cut a figure
In strife more famous, fiercer, bigger,
Than this of Moulin-Quignon.

The jaw-bone wherewith SAMPSON smote,
We knew (before COLENSO wrote)
Once hung an ass's head on;
But this French jaw is human—one
That wagged beside the Mastodon,
And Mammoth meat has fed on.

Awful to think! This blackened bone,
With all but its one molar gone,
In days before the Flood,
Beef of *Bos longifrons* did cram,
Hyena steak or cave-bear ham,
And, p'raps, pronounced it good!

This jaw—perhaps—in Glacial time
When reason was less rife than rime,
Chattered or ached, who knows?
When GWYNANT was what ZERMATT is,
And Welsh antediluvians friz
Amidst perennial snows.

Could but the owner of this jaw,
The things he ate, the sights he saw,
The life he lived reveal,
How he went clad, unclad perhaps,
How carved his meat and picked his chaps,
With flint instead of steel!

Tell what queer molluscs Pleiocene,
Or huge crustaceans Meiocene—
Stood him in oysters' stead,
Or figured in his lobster-salads.
What were primeval bards and ballads?
What was their board, their bed?

The calculating mind it queers,
After these thousand thousand years,
Time's curtain to uplift;
And find one jaw which, silent all,
Geologists can still bid fall
To doubt about its drift.

If but two jaws dug out had been,
With teeth and tongue to wag between,
And if they *could* have wagged!
How many a fame now high were low!
What proof how little 'tis we know,
In spite of all that's bragged.

What controversies they might settle!
How many a scientific kettle
And pot might keep from clashing;
Such lengths gorilla-wards from going
HUXLEY might stop, or trip up OWEN,
Or, p'raps, give both a smashing.

Yes—*homo primogenitus*—
Well may we, o'er thy jaw-bone fuss,
In wisdom thou wert strong,
If there be truth in the old saw
"Silence is golden,"—for his jaw
Sure none e'er held so long.

But, hold, thou can't not even wag
Thine authenticity to brag.
Thy parentage to tell—
If latest marvel of geology,
Or bit of pseudo-anthropology,
Made, like all else, to sell.

Alarming thought? So 'cute we've grown,
So wide hath imposition flown
O'er all we sell or plan;
In bread and meat, in silk and stuff,
Adulteration's not enough,
We've ta'en to forging man!

Perhaps thou'rt but a recent bone,
That in the flesh we might have known,
A bore's prolix and prosy;
From pauper's grave, perhaps didst travel,
As far as Moulton-Quignon's gravel,
To hoax the virginal.

But whether pauper, breadbake, bore,
How, were't thou double, thou might'st roar,
Over thy Abbeville laurels;
Pauper, Preadamite to play,
Bore, to set pens and tongues astray,
Or breadbake, to raise quarrels.

A TRADES' UNION STRIKE FOR POLAND.

It is not quite true that the Working Man is unrepresented. He is frequently represented in these columns, sometimes at work, sometimes smoking a pipe, or otherwise engaged; in general usefully. Nor is he, by leave of PROFESSOR BEESLY, altogether without representatives in that legislative assembly which includes the Metropolitan Members, and some other gentlemen of popular politics.

The learned PROFESSOR BEESLY headed a very interesting deputation of working men, which waited on LORD PALMERSTON the other evening, with the mission of expounding to him the resolutions in favour of Poland voted lately by a Trades' Unionist Meeting at St. James's Hall. The Professor said:—

"The Trades' Unionists might claim to speak in the name of a large body of the labouring classes. It had been determined that a deputation should seek an interview with his Lordship, because, working men not being represented in the House of Commons, they were obliged on any matter which was particularly interesting to them to address themselves directly to the Government."

Nay, but, good PROFESSOR BEESLY, surely the £10 householders include not a few working men; and don't you think that almost any one of the industrious classes possessed of any brains, and practising any industry, might make himself a £10 householder? Think of the considerable number of borough Members returned to Parliament by electors who are mostly working men, or at least hold working-men's opinions. Still, doubtless, the representatives of the working classes do not constitute the parliamentary majority, and hardly speak out so loudly as they should to let the country sufficiently well know what the working men want. Now, this deficiency, Professor, is in a measure supplied by your Trades' Union; a useful institution in as far as it represents the opinions of working men. By the mouth of its delegates to LORD PALMERSTON we have now the advantage of knowing what our friend the Working Man thinks on the Polish question, and what he wants for Poland. What he thinks, with every other true Briton, is that Poland has been infamously oppressed by Russia. What our spirited friend wants is stated in the following words by MR. G. POTTER:—

"The deputation now before his Lordship considered Russia had forfeited all claims to Poland under the Treaty of Vienna, and believed it to be the duty of HER MAJESTY'S Government to use every means within their power to free Poland from the brutalising grasp of Russia, and to restore its ancient nationality."

The means to the end desired by MR. POTTER and the Trades' Union consist of words and blows, and if words should fail, then their desire is what MR. POTTER thus proceeded to state:—

"They were of opinion that if diplomacy could not accomplish the object, the Government should not hesitate to take other means, and he could assure their Lordship, however strong the measures it may be necessary to adopt, the Government would be warmly supported by the millions of the industrious classes."

MR. POTTER'S cry—if this is our old cry POTTER—is still "Strike!"—but now it is "Strike for Poland!"—a cry entitled to some consideration. Would the strike for the freedom of Poland be likely to succeed? Not unless delivered with a force of many pounds—sterling. But how says MR. POTTER on the working men's behalf? If the Government should strike it would be "supported by the millions of the industrious classes." Does MR. POTTER mean the millions which the industrious classes now expend upon beer, spirits, and tobacco? Are they prepared to fling away the pipe of peace, and eschew the quid, resign the go, and renounce the pot for Poland? It would really seem so. MR. CONSOPLY (mason) said:—

"The working classes were not insensible to the evils of war, but they were prepared to encounter those evils, to bear suffering and increased taxation, if by so doing Poland would be made free."

Spoken like a Free Mason. MR. CREMER (joiner) spoke out very plainly. He—

"Wished his Lordship distinctly to understand what the deputation wished. They desired the Government to take immediate action, to tell Russia to relinquish her hold on Poland, and if she would not do that, to compel her by force of arms. These were the sentiments of the great bulk of the working men of this country."

MR. MURRAY (bootmaker) thus exhorted the British Government to adopt a vigorous policy:—

"Let them now, if Russia persisted in her present diabolical conduct, withdraw the English Ambassador from St. Petersburg, and send the Russian Ambassador home with a message to his master that an English fleet and army would follow him if necessary."

MR. PATTERIDGE (joiner) roundly declared that:—

"The working men of this country desired to see a speedy termination to the average atrocities of Russia in Poland, and thought that could only be accomplished by the determination of the English Government to proceed to the extremity of War if necessary."

Ditto to the preceding speakers was said by MR. APPELBAUGH (joiner) MR. WIGMORE (bricklayer), MR. FACEY (painter), and MR. EOLESTON (joiner). A War with Russia, necessary to set Poland free, they assured the PREMIER, "would be one of the most popular wars ever entered into by England." And MR. CREMER, again, after PAK had given the deputation the requisite sympathetic and evasive answer, jovially observed, in plain English:—

"We are men of action, my Lord, and have come to the conclusion that the only way to aid the Poles is to call on Russia to desist from her present conduct, and if she will not attend to that call, thrash her into compliance."

Whereupon "LORD PALMERSTON (laughing) said," &c. To be sure he laughed; and said all that was necessary; taking very good care not to say a word more. Naturally PAK laughed; not, of course, at MR. CREMER's generous idea of summarily and easily thrashing Russia into compliance; but to think how very little use it was talking about going to War, and thrashing anybody, without first consulting the Income-Tax payers. How glad the Middle Classes, no less than the working men, would be to thrash Russia into compliance with their demands for the liberation of Poland, if they could stand the 3d. or 4d. in the pound of additional Income-Tax needful for that magnanimous proceeding! With what pleasure they would thrash BADAHUNG, the King of Dahomey, into compliance with their request that he would discontinue his "grand customs" of human sacrifices! If Somebody were not our faithful ally, would they not be too happy to thrash him into compliance with their solicitation to evacuate Rome? What tyrants and savages would they not like to thrash into compliance with the dictates of humanity and justice?

If the honest working men were so thoroughly well represented as to command a majority in the House of Commons, they would not, of course, want to thrash foreign powers into compliance with their demands, and tax others to pay the expense of their own war. Would they subject their wages, one and all, to Schedule D, then, in order to thrash Russia into liberating Poland? If so, they are fine fellows. If not, the parts performed by the handicraftsmen who joined in the deputation to LORD PALMERSTON are about on a par with those of Quince, the carpenter; Sawg, the joiner; Bottom, the weaver; Flute, the bellows mender; Snout, the tinker; and Starveling, the tailor, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; our British carpenters, joiners, and other working men partake a very delusive dream in the expectation that England is going to fight for the Poles. The Income-Tax makes cowards of us all, except the working men who do not pay it.

AMENDS TO GOWER STREET.

A DEPUTATION from University College, Gower Street, waited on Mr. Punch on Thursday, in a great state of excitement. As soon as it could collect itself to speak coherently, Mr. Punch was able to gather a disclaimer on the part of the Gower Street Gentlemen, of any participation in the ungallant demonstration against Ladies' Degrees, on which Mr. P. had animadverted. They called his attention to the fact that the London University is a congeries of establishments, and that University College is only one of these, and that its known and 'frantic admiration of the softer sex should clear its representatives from the charge of having hissed the ladies. Mr. Punch in reply, said that the indignation of the Deputation did it honour, that he withdrew the word Gobs, and that if they would bring the guilty parties before him, he would give them a double dose for having caused the reporters to fix a charge upon innocent persons. He then stood lunch, and the Deputation departed thanking him for his affability.

Musical.

Open Air Treat.—An eminent Professor of the Violoncello intends giving, during the summer months, a series of solo performances upon the base of the Nelson Column.



Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH! HOW JOLLY—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"

A LITTLE LIFT FOR LUMLEY.

PUNCH never puffs: but *Punch* may just remind his music-loving readers that his old friend MR. LUMLEY has, for three nights only (one of which was Monday last), resumed at Drury Lane the reins of operatic government, which at Her Majesty's he so long and worthily held. *Punch* need but state the fact that these three nights are solely for MR. LUMLEY's benefit, to ensure his having a benefit in the very fullest sense. Frequenters of the Opera, in the Lindomania time of course, will patronise the manager to whom they owe their memories of charming JENNY LIND; and later opera frequenters, who fell in love with PICCOLOMINI the *piquante* and *petite*, of course will give their presence and their guineas to the gentleman who introduced that little lady to our operatic stage. Their little lady now in title is a great one; but, to favour MR. LUMLEY, the MARCHIONESS GASTANI, late MADemoiselle PICCOLOMINI, comes all the way from Florence to sing again the songs her admirers used to love. As this is the last chance they will ever have of hearing her, *Punch* need say no more to tempt them to the theatre; and all that *Punch* need add to ensure its being crammed, is to say that MR. LUMLEY never yet has had a benefit, and is certainly entitled to have a good one now. And so, ladies and gentlemen, in making your engagements, remember if you please that you are booked at Drury Lane for Wednesday, the third of June, and for Monday too, the eighth.

MAIL CONTRACT FOR THE UNITED STATES.—There is only one "Mail Contract" (says a young lady) that she would care about embracing, or embarking in, and that is a Promise of Marriage.

THE WET DERBY.

TUNE—"The Washing Day."

THE sky with clouds was overcast, the drizzling rain did fall,
'Twas bitter cold; the wind north-east, and blew a frequent squall,
The road to Epsom whilst we took it poured on all the way.
The deuce a bit of comfort was there on the Derby Day.

Rain, rain! drench, drench, rain, rain away,
The deuce a bit of comfort was there on the Derby Day.

The road all turned to mud and mire was one continuous quag,
And so the humblest vehicle upon it was a drag,
So much a costermonger for his donkey-cart could say,
To Epsom as he urged his moke on that damp Derby Day.

Rain, rain, &c.

The tidiest turn-outs all were splashed in melancholy plight,
The handsomest of Hansom cabs was but a sorry sight,
And tilbury and dog-cart tooled, by ploughing, through the clay
That clogged the wheels of carriages that dripping Derby Day.

Rain, rain, &c.

Scarce was the bit of muslin blue about the hats of males;
The flunkies might have said they missed the customary veils.
But, ah! the rain that laid the dust the jokes did also lay;
The deuce a bit of chaff there was on that moist Derby Day.

Rain, rain, &c.

The Course and Downs were in a state which turf to name were rash,
'Twas what an ostler possibly would call a sloppy mash,
To get through which it seemed in vain that horses would essay,
But *Macaroni* did it on that juicy Derby Day.

Rain, rain, &c.

Bespattered more than spangled, for their arduous pursuits
Disqualified, the Acrobats set to at cleaning boots;
And Nigger minstrels washed half white could shoe-blacks only play,
Instead of twanging banjos on that soaking Derby Day.

Rain, rain, &c.

Broad acres of umbrellas, spread between the earth and sky,
Formed over all the concourse an alpaca canopy.

Whilst pigeon-pie, and veal-and-ham, with some Champagne of Ai,
And more of rhubarb, were consumed on that wet Derby Day.
Rain, rain, &c.

Yet spoiled the wet no sport, except for gipsy and for scamp,
Though on the general gaiety it cast a little damp,
But didn't damp the loyalty true Britons all display,
As when they cheered the PRINCE OF WALES on that foul Derby Day.
Rain, rain, &c.

MR. PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

Mr. *Punch* is perfectly tired of being right upon every prophetic occasion. He is like *True Thomas*, to whom the *Queen of Fairies* gave the tongue that could not lie, to the great discontent of the said *Thomas*, who remonstrated that he should be unfitted for female society—or so says SIR WALTER SCOTT. He emitted last week his usual prophecy for the Derby, and involved it in the most transparent puzzle. He offered a word of SEVEN letters, as indicating the NUMBER of the winner. What was on the cards of the day?

7. MR. NAYLOR'S B. C. MACARONI Challenger.

There you are again. He takes no particular credit for this, but as all the other prophets have been, as usual, wrong, you will know where to apply next time. If you write privately, enclose a bank-note, or no attention will be paid to you by the Great Prophet and Universal Predictor, Vaticinator, Second Sight-taker, and Seer,

PUNCH.

Interesting Match.

We are credibly informed that BISHOP COLENSO has challenged MR. GLADSTONE to split hares with him. Those who know what a thoroughly deep authority the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is upon all questions that admit of rumination, will not be surprised to hear that the odds are largely in his favour.

SUMMARY OF AMERICAN NEWS.—"The Judicious HOOKER has judiciously hooked it."

DEFINITION OF A "LITTLE TIME."—The Small Hours.



OLD GENTLEMAN. "Look here, I'm rather in a hurry! where are your assistants?"

HAIRDRESSER. "Way, they're both dying, Sir!"

OLD GENTLEMAN. "Lord bless my soul! DYING!!!"

HAIRDRESSER. "Yes, Sir; one's dying in lady's air suppers, and the other's engaged with a pair o' haidburn waiters in the next room."

A PEEP INTO PETLAND.

MR. WOOD'S Book, entitled *Glimpses into Petland*, has put the little pets into a great passion. The domesticated animals complain of gross misrepresentation, and among the numerous letters which we have received from funny and cunning dogs, sly pussies, and others, we select the following epistle for publication. Its authoress is a Tabby of some eminence in Petland, and the postmark informs us that it comes from Hearth-Rugby:—

"DEAR MR PUNCH,

"I CANNOT bring these feline few lines to you myself, because your favourite *Toby* is scarcely civil to members of our family. *Toby* or not *Toby* is the question for me, if I came to your house, and Tabby or not Tabby would make no difference to that otherwise sagacious animal. I regret that we, as a race, are not understood. Does Mr. J. G. WOOD fathom us? not a bit of it. Illogical men, this author among them, dare to say that we cannot (what they call) 'speak,' because they, forsooth, are unable to interpret our language. Now, Sir, we cats have a smattering of Greek and Latin. I will give an instance in point illustrating our acquaintance with the Greek alphabet. Has no one ever heard us say *Me*? Perhaps, to many, this interpretation of *Me* is new? I would remind you, also, that, as every horrid school-boy—ugh—knows, the name of a first-rate cat is *Moussu*, or as in English, *Mousser*; and, if this fact does not clearly connect us with *Clio*, *Melpomene*, and their sisters, I know not what will. This leads me to protest against being invariably called by any title but that which of right belongs to me. My name is *Tabitha*, corrupted into simple *Tab*. I don't object to that; but I am expected to answer to such names as *Tiddlewums*, *Tittimums*, *Kittenums*, *Tittikins*, and others terminating

SHAKSPEARE IN THE CITY.

"Who is *Göschew*—what is she?"

Who is *Göschew*, what is he
That City swells commend him?
Somebody he ought to be,
If the City send him
Where it sends without rebuke,
CRAWFORD, ROTHSCHILD, and SIR DUKE.

JOACHIM's his "Christian" name,
But German seems his surname,
Yet at Oxford he had fame,
Isa lends him *her* name
To back the gentle *Göschew*'s claim.
To help the nation's laws to frame.

Well, he seems a nice young man,
Thirty is his figure;
He may sit till London can
Find some buffer bigger,
Than this decent M^r. G.
To be proud London's fourth M.P.

Classical Music.

It is not generally known that the words of the sweet ballad, "*Home sweet Home*," were originally written several thousand years ago in the Greek language. In consequence of this composition the author was called "*HOMER! sweet HOMER!*" and this same gentleman subsequently wrote the *Iliad*, which is, as everybody is now aware, a lament over the Poet's personal wrongs, founded upon an imaginary ill he had suffered. Hence the title.

Feat of Strength.

A SHORT Gentleman, we allude to his stature and not the state of his finances, who had unfortunately contracted the habit of stooping, wishing to obtain a glimpse of the Princess, managed, by a gigantic effort, to hold himself up as the Royal Couple were passing. He has been slightly elevated ever since.

ONE WAY OF GIVING A MAN A CHANCE OF RISING IN THE WORLD.—Knock him down.

in 'uma' and 'ina,' and I have been addressed by the person in whose house I am residing, as 'Tiddlepops.' And yet this misguided creature actually thinks that such nonsense is pleasing to me! But what rubs my fur the wrong way is the charge of deceit and ingratitude brought against us. It is said that while we are being stroked we suddenly put out our claws and scratch our best friend. Let me explain: I own to a partiality for having my head mesmerically scratched by a hand: well, naturally concluding that the same pleasurable sensation would be experienced by any one scratched by me, I experimentalised upon the young lady in whose lap I was lying. Sir, I was dropped—as I have seen our butler drop a hot plate—I was slapped, I was kicked, abused, reviled, maltreated, and finally turned out of the drawing-room. Am I not warranted in concluding that Woman is capricious, deceitful, and not to be trusted for one moment?

"My owner prides himself upon having brought me up on amicable terms with a terrier and a parrot. 'Tis enough to make a cat laugh; for, with the exception of that vulgar Cheshire family, we are gravity personified. We live in a false state of society, and if ever I catch that parrot in a favourable spot, I'll—but no matter—when I am let out of the bag you shall see how I jump.

"I remain yours felinely,
"TABITHA POOSEY."

"P.S. A fresh annoyance! Some more fables about us! I see a book advertised as *Memoirs of Remarkable Misers*. This use of the plural for the singular is mere pedantry: the author of coarse means *Remarkable Miser*. I'm disgusted!"

AFFECTING CEREMONY.—A corpse of events was interred last week.



CLARA. "Don't you think it an anomaly, Tom, your preparing to fight for your hearth and home, whilst you have not a wife?"

MR. PRUSSIA—PROCESS-SERVER TO THE CZAR.

(A CARD.)

WILLIAM PRUSSIA, acting under a sense of right divine, begs to inform the Royal Public that he continues to devote his attention to process-serving, and may be consulted with advantage in cases of more than ordinary difficulty. W. P. not being encumbered with scruples, is prepared for work of any description, and would be happy to lend his hand, whenever in his employer's interest, one may be required with a little dirt or blood upon it. W. P. refers with satisfaction to his present notoriety, and trusts that those who from their position are enabled to forward his views, will remember that by his assiduity alone, a fugitive was seized in his WILLIAM PRUSSIA'S own Court Yard, where the fugitive had taken refuge from a Russian Wolf, and notwithstanding yells of execration from several respectable lookers-on, he, WILLIAM PRUSSIA, kept his knuckles firmly embedded in his prisoner's throat, so long as he could do so without fear of a rescue, and with safety to himself.

It not unfrequently happens that officers of W. P.'s stamp are abackled in exercising their pleasant functions by feelings of gratitude. W. P., however, assures the Royal Public, that no such unworthy motive will ever paralyse his apprehensiveness. WILLIAM PRUSSIA has been informed, and believes it to be true, that one of his progenitors when in a very feeble state, besought and obtained protection from a then wealthy landowner named CASIMIR POLAND. And how does WILLIAM PRUSSIA return an obligation but for which he might now be—no where? By sympathy for the poor gentleman who is CASIMIR POLAND's representative? The Holy Alliance forbid. Why that poor gentleman, owing to the voracity of W. P.'s ancestors and other anointed gluttons, has been dreadfully cut up. But does that move WILLIAM PRUSSIA? Yes, to strike his benefactor when he is down, and if W. P. were not alarmed at the idea of bringing about his ears the Big House at Westminster, at present occupied by Peers, W. P. would do it, and feel his heart warming at every blow.

For some time past, WILLIAM PRUSSIA has looked with secret admiration upon the admirable manner in which his dear and noble

friend MR. ALEXANDER, has brought up his large family, and W. P. is determined, if circumstances will permit, to regulate his own household, so as to ensure the approbation of that retired dealer in hides. For this purpose he is now having a gag prepared (secured by Letters Patent), which being introduced into the mouths of the refractory, will suffice their countenances with a deadly Prussian blue. W. P. will be proud to contract with LINCOLN & Co. for an unlimited supply of these gags, feeling assured that in acting as he is now doing, he will not be considered by the members of that firm as taking too great a liberty.

N.B. WILLIAM PRUSSIA at present keeps the "Crown" at Potsdam, but fears he shall be obliged to give it up owing to opposition, some evil-disposed people having cast aspersions on his measures, and declared that the "Crown" provides no entertainment for either man or beast.

A PLEASANT SITUATION.

MISTRESSSES are often heard complaining of their maid servants, but is it not just possible that disappointment springs from over-expectation? For instance, look at this:—

HOUSEMAID.—WANTED, a first-rate HOUSEMAID, and experienced, with two or three years' character, to act as parlourmaid, attend to plate, linen, &c., and capable of making ladies' linen and plain dresses. To wait also on an invalid gentleman, who gives very little trouble unless he is ill. Wages £17 a year; 1s. laundry; beer found, or 1s. given, and tea also. Apply, &c. A very quiet regular family.

Besides being a housemaid, the girl who takes this situation must officiate as parlourmaid and dressmaker and nurse. As for saying that the invalid whom she is to attend "gives very little trouble, unless he is ill," that assertion would not make the place more tempting in our eyes, for a man who is an invalid is always fancying he is ill, and seldom gives a thought to the trouble he may give. So the "housemaid" who attends him might as well be called his nurse; and if he be not vastly different from most male invalids, she will find that waiting on him will quite occupy her time, without her having to "attend to plate, linen, &c.," besides making "plain dresses," and perhaps on an emergency acting as plain cook.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SPORTING SUMMER REGISTER.

Cricketing Register.—June 9th. The Inferior Wine Merchants' Grand Match. Sloe bowlers engaged.

Fishing.—The Poet Laureate is getting his lines ready for summer. MESSRS. ROBSON and EMDEN intend going out for their annual day's angling with the Olympic Float. We have received some correspondence concerning the Waltonian Art. "Angler" writes to ask us if you can play a trout on a trombone. Angler's an idiot. Consult MR. ALFRED MELLOW. In answer to numerous inquiries, we say, once for all, that horses may be fed on ground bait.

Pedestrianism.—Match against Time. PROF. STERNDALE BENNETT has engaged himself for a match against Time. He is expected to win, as he has beaten it more than once.

Nurr and Spell.—Wanted, for a match at this game, a player with an un-nurring aim. The latter part of this sport will be restricted entirely to candidates for the New Army Examinations.

Aquatics.—The following notice will shortly be issued by the Committees of the various Boating Clubs, cautioning any spendthrift members that "Water-bailiffs are now empowered to arrest men who run up Aquatics."

We regret to state that a melancholy accident happened the other day. Two gentlemen well known in the Aquatic World started from WHEELER'S Boat-house, Richmond Bridge; one went gallantly up the river, while the other, in the sight of a large crowd assembled on the bank, went down! For a few moments they saw his scull, and then all was o'er.

Racing.—The well-known Rag Fair will this year be held at TATTER-SALL'S.

A new Rule appears in the Betting-room, to the effect that any Patron of the Turf unable to meet his engagements shall immediately be stigmatised as a Can't Pay-tron, and be shunned accordingly.

We lately heard of a sporting Emigrant who was compelled to leave our shores, but was afraid of visiting the Colonies lest he should be asked to "settle."

On the evening of the Cup-day at Ascot, in honour of the occasion, the opera of *Betty* will be performed at Covent Garden.



DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANGLES.)

SOCIAL CATECHISM.

- Q. WHAT is the dirtiest creature you know?
 A. The English fine lady.
 Q. What are your reasons for saying this?
 A. Her habits.
 Q. Explain yourself more fully.
 A. When she walks she drags behind her a receptacle for dust and dirt of every kind.
 Q. What is this called?
 A. A long dress, or train.
 Q. What is its action?
 A. It sweeps the ground, collects mud, dust, cigar-stumps, straws, leaves, and every other impurity.
 Q. What happens next?
 A. This accumulation rubs off to a certain extent upon other portions of her dress, or upon the legs of any person who may walk beside her, and when she gets into her carriage, the objectionable matter spoils the lining; besides that, the dust is most offensive.
 Q. Why does she wear such a ridiculous dress?
 A. For one of two reasons. Either because she aims at a servile imitation of certain great folks, or because she owes money to her milliner, and dares not order any kind of dress except that which this tyrant sends home to her.
 Q. Why does she not raise, or loop up her dress to keep it from the ground?
 A. Because, being a lazy person, she has thick angles, or being a scraggy person, she has skinny ones, which her vanity forbids her to exhibit.
 Q. Is there any other reason?
 A. Yes; she has probably ugly feet, disfigured by corns or bunions caused by wearing tight boots.
 Q. Is there any cure for such habits?
 A. There is none, until her husband has been nearly ruined by her extravagance, when she is compelled by economical reasons to dress like a rational being, and at once becomes clean and charming as the British female was intended to be.

- Q. What sensation is caused to man by the sight of these dresses?
 A. Contemptuous pity for the woman, and pity, without contempt, for her unfortunate husband.
 Q. Does she know this?
 A. Yes, but as she dresses less to please men than to vex women, the knowledge has no effect upon her dirty habits.
 Q. Where can the animal be seen?
 A. At the Zoological Gardens on Sunday afternoons, in the Park and Kensington Gardens, and in most places where fine clothes can be successfully exhibited.
 Q. What lesson should you deduce from this?
 A. That of thankfulness to Providence that, (if married at all) you are married to a sensible woman and not to a fine lady.
 Q. What will you take to drink?
 A. Anything you like to put a name to.

TO ALL ENGLAND.

- Hints to the Cricketer.*—In buying cricket-balls, lay out your money judiciously, and you'll generally get one thrown in.
To the Batsman.—On going to the wicket, invariably ask for "middle;" and if the wicket-keeper says that he "gives it up," you may laugh heartily and hit him on the back of his head when he's not looking.
Block.—The next thing is "to take block": you may take it anywhere, and sit down in a corner of the field, if you like, and eat it.
Standing.—This quite depends upon the amount of money you happen to have in your pocket; but a glass of beer to every person on the ground can't hurt you.
The Bat.—The ceremony of laying hold of the bat is itself touching.
A good Leg hit.—To manage this, the player must have a good leg. Let him place it in the way of a swiftly bowled ball. He will then obtain a good leg hit.
Catching.—On all possible occasions you should practise a catch of some sort. MR. GREEN, of EVANS'S, will tell you some of the best.
Position.—Always get behind the ball, if possible. You will thus be able to watch its movements without danger to yourself.
The Batsman's Beverage.—Swipes.

THE GAME OF ROMAN CATHOLICS AT CLAYDON.



ARRY! the game of Roman Catholics is a very nice one if played prettily, and not by rude boys with intent to ridicule Roman Catholic ceremonies, and hurt the feelings of their Roman Catholic brethren; which is very wrong. It is generally played, indeed, not by boys, but by clergymen of the Church of England, in churches and chapels, during the holidays, and is, in fact, a Sunday pastime. There are several ways of playing at Roman Catholics; and the game may be played out of church as well as in, and not only by reverend gentlemen, but also by young ladies, who play at Nuns and Sisterhoods, whilst their clerical playmates play at Monks, and both play together at Penance and the Confessional.

One good way of playing at Roman Catholics is the Game of Whitsuntide, as played on Whitsunday at Claydon Church, Suffolk.

This game is played by the Rector of the Parish, a number of other clergy-

men, and several chorister-boys. The Rector plays Chief Priest; the other clergymen play Deacons and Monks or Friars; the boys play Acolytes. The head-monk sometimes calls himself Brother Ignatius, or some other such Popish nickname.

The church in which they play is fitted up as much as possible like a Roman Catholic Chapel. The Communion Table is covered with lace and embroidery so as to look like a Romish Altar, and is decorated with flowers and evergreens. A large cross stands on the middle of it, and on either side of the cross are placed lighted candles, varying in number from one or two to two dozen, altogether. The game is begun by the Rector and his playfellows, reverend and juvenile, entering the church in procession. They are all dressed up in vestments of different colours. The Rector wears an alb or surplice, which, instead of being all white, is bordered with a yellow stripe. Over this he wears a chasuble, which covers the back, something like the wings of a shiny beetle, only it is pink, and has embroidered on it a golden cross more than a yard long. Besides all this, he wears an imitation amice or under-gown, a long sort of vestment for a make-believe stole, and a pretended girdle and manipule around his arm and waist. The other persons, who play Benedictine Brothers, are clothed in black serge, and go bare-headed, with their hair round the crown cropped as close as convicts', but left long outside like what boys call "ratsails." White surplices, with scarlet skirts underneath them, are worn by the singing-boys.

Rigged out in the style above described, they set to, all hands, to celebrate a sham mass, which looks and sounds very much like a real one, as it consists principally of mumbling and music. The boys, who play Acolytes, bear censers which contain burning incense, and which they swing to and fro, and fumigate the Rector and each other. Candles also are continually carried by some of the players in and out of the vestry. The clergy, who are principally engaged in the game, bob, and bend, and fall flat on their faces before the cross and candle lights; and the Rector imitates the actions of a Roman Catholic Priest, concluding by clearing off the altar plate, folding up certain cloths, and putting the cloths and the plate on a cushion to be carried out. "All over!" is pronounced by the congregation; and the Rector and his companions reform their procession, at the head of which he marches off with his cushion and its load. The game is brought to a complete conclusion by a boy who has remained behind, and snuffs out the candles.

The worst of playing at Mass is, that the words of the game are taken out of the Prayer Book. It is all very well for Roman Catholic Priests, who believe in Masses, to say Mass; but when Protestant Clergymen make a Mass or Mess of the English Church Service, their little game may be regarded as profane and blasphemous.

The foregoing details of the game of Roman Catholics, as played on Whit Sunday, are derived from the *Bury Post*, which will be found to contain further information on the subject. It might be supposed that such mimicry of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church would be offensive to Roman Catholics; but as it is all done quite seriously, they only smile at it, and indeed are rather pleased with it than not, considering, with good reason, that Puseyism in sport often ultimately becomes Popery in earnest.

Some of those persons who play at Penance carry the game so far as to flog themselves on their bare backs, if they do not employ others to flog them. The

latter is by far the better plan; and, in playing at Roman Catholics, whoever may be selected to perform the disciplinary office should take care to give his penitent a good hiding.

DETECTIVES DETECTED.

Ours excellent contemporary, the *Builder*, had lately some information touching the London Detective. Why it should appear in the *Builder* we do not know, except that it is "edifying." But it is interesting enough to be read anywhere:—

"The London Detective may be seen in the most varied disguises, so skilfully managed that a man's wife would often fail to recognise him. At the corners of streets, near the railway stations, on the chief points frequented by the omnibuses, these policemen may be seen, in the dress of navigators, bricklayers, countrymen, &c., in search of work; at religious meetings we have heard of them assuming the garb of clergymen; and in a much frequented roadway we have met with a well-known officer in the shabby black suit of a poor country schoolmaster, who produced written verses of his own composition, and for which he pretended he would be glad to find a publisher: we have heard of detectives who in certain situations have sold baked potatoes, and in others where they have swept a crossing."

This is all true enough, and we detected a detective in our own study the other day. We had broken six panes of glass with a shout of laughter which we set up at one of our own witticisms, and he came in the disguise of a glazier, to discover, at the instance of the Government, how we make those terrible sarcasms which shake Downing Street to its foundations. We allowed him to finish his job, misleading and deluding him all the time by reading *Mrs. Tupper*, and pretending to make extracts from his proverbs, and then we regret to say we tumbled him into the street, but have settled eight thousand a-year on his rejoicing widow. But such exercises of detective ingenuity are trifles—anybody can play a navigator or a schoolmaster. It is in obtaining entrance to higher society that the Scotland Yard emissaries show their skill and sometimes their want of it. There was a detective next us in the stalls of the Opera the other night at *Masaniello*, and he pretended to be a musical critic, but betrayed himself to our keen eye by talking very good sense about music in general. We were dining on Wednesday with the *Dux* or *Hoodle*, and opposite to us sat a detective who passed for a Viennese nobleman. Him we privately unmasked by asking him how far it was from St. Stephen's, Vienna, to the Golden Lamb, when he replied that the hotel was next door to the church, whereat we winked, and the discomfited individual made signs with his fingers that he would give us £1000 to say nothing. We said it, and the money came next day. Another detective, very well made up in imitation of an M.P. who is ill, came into the House of Commons, and sat next us during the *Alabama* debate. We detected him by his clean nails (the ill man never wears such), and frightened him out of his senses by bringing him a pretended message that *Mr. Denison* wanted to see him in the retiring room. He skedaddled. The watch upon us is extraordinary, and the very boy who is going to carry these lines to the printer, is, though he certainly does not look it, one of the most accomplished little detectives in the service, and he will open the packet and read this article before he gives it in. We beg to add to his pleasure by informing him that we hereby request the printer to box his ears severely, and as he dares not omit to deliver our letter, we hope that he will like this little testimony of our admiration of the system.

THE ART OF NOT TALKING.

Religious discussions are always dangerous things, especially rather late at night after a bottle or two (or more) of wine; but of all opponents be careful that you do not come into verbal contact with a Quaker; for whereas he may, from the enthusiasm of the cause, or the heat of the Burgundy, hold you for a good hour by the button, you will have no means, with a man of his peculiar cloth, of retaliating on your Friend. His pedantic solemnity is never to be shunned so much as on such a vicious occasion. Besides, conversion is out of the question, for we will candidly tell you that the longer you listen to his prosiness, the less faith will you be prepared to put in his abominable Thou-and-Thee-ology!

A NEW BALLET.

AN Era in Terpsichorean History has arrived. We are happy to announce that an entirely new and very original Ballet will shortly be produced on the Anglo-Italian Operatic Stage. Its chief merit consists in the perspicuity of its admirably arranged plot, in which the interest is artistically sustained and carefully developed. It is said that every character is intended to portray some moral attribute or personify a virtue. The story itself contains *ad captandum* points hitherto unattempted in this class of entertainment. It is founded upon the well-known sensational drama, played by MR. FRECHTER at the Princess's, entitled *Othello*, and written by W. SHAKESPEARE, Esq. Any one who has had the pleasure of reading the libretti of the highly successful ballet *Bianchi e Neri*, will doubtless be able to give a shrewd guess at the authorship of the present piece, from which we are permitted to give a few extracts.

THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

LIQUORICIA (*Genius of the South Sea Islands and Protector of the Oppressed*).

JONES (*The English Postmaster-General near Japan*).

CHRISTY (*Chief of the Ministers*).

A WHITE CHILD (*In arms—not admitted to any other part of the house*).

SAMBO (*Her late Father*).

BLACK CHILD.

ROTH'S CHILD (*Friends of various ages*).

Ladies, Shoemakers, Monarchs, Ambassadors, and People.

PLACE—Portland Place. TIME—Next time.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLUTION OF A SEIDLITZ POWDER.

Nature offers to the contemplation a Tyrant. DEEDMONGER gives the Black Child away to the Master of the Horse and to music; the infant being thus given to music dances and plays. He expresses that "it sashies with his child;"—and in exercise of her power LIQUORICIA mixes with the crowd. This is unseen by the audience and then all abruptly quit.

The idea here suggested is then beautifully carried out in—

TABLEAU I.

JONES, the English Postmaster-General, being warned of his danger, won't. "Why" the Genius seems to say, but doesn't. "Why not?" *Othello* denies this, and soon the Evil Principle acquires the mastery. Unable any longer to restrain his feelings, CHRISTY strikes the banjo, which strikes him again. Conflict.

[Here the Clouds of Time intervene, and all is perennial.]

The Second Tableau is simply descriptive of the fearful storm which swept the Desert in 1856, and now arouses the Black Child to a sense of injury. This is followed naturally by

TABLEAU III.

The scene on rising discovers several myrmidons cautiously sleeping on the Rocks in the corner. In the Horizon is seen a warehouse. The Sun sets in a quadrille. SAMBO responds to kill the evening, and *Othello* drawing his sword declares for Liberty. Here the Clouds of Time get in the way again. LIQUORICIA appears and holds up a placard, on which it is stated that "The Free List is Suspended." *Othello* drops senseless. A strain of wine, through music, is heard without—and we come to—

The Conclusion.

The Vale of Years and the Bonnet of Time.

The Genius LIQUORICIA displays to the world,

Jones in a Glass Case.

(This slide uppermost.)

Such is the Magnificent Ballet, whose object is no less to point a moral than adorn a tale.

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

OUR Colonists, it is said, are very anxious to receive female emigrants, or EMMA-grants as some of them might be called, and it is whispered that a Paternal Government has organised a band of Solicitors, who will speedily start for our dependencies, as the pioneers of the proposed Marriage Settlements. The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY is not superintending the production of a new Ballet at Covent Garden. The scene was to have been laid in the Court of Arches, and the chief character was to have been JEANIE DRANE. The SECRETARY OF STATE has, if there is any reliance to be placed in a mere *on dit*, officially decided that Bedford Square shall any time after next week be called PAUL BEDFORD

Square, in honour of that veteran comedian. MR. TOOLS formally stated his objection to this change of name; he was understood to say "This won't do, you know, this won't do."

When MR. FRECHTER first played in town, we heard that he quite forgot to paint his face; on the following evening he "made up for it." We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but when MR. FURLEY and MR. MONTGOMERY, who are engaged, appear, they will probably inform us of the fact. An ingenious tradesman advertises a new Travelling Bedstead; we believe that it is provided with four posters, and will go at a very reasonable rate. We may shortly look for a grand function at the Mansion House: the Mace-bearer, on the occasion of the approaching ceremony, will walk before the LORD MAYOR, and his Lordship will walk before Luncheon. It will be a fine effect. We do not know if it is certainly fixed that MR. BOUCCIGAUT will give a performance for the Benefit of his health. He has, we hear, been recommended to try the "other side of" a well-known Eastern river.

PERSECUTION OF AN AUSTRIAN PRIEST.

THE Correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna makes the following statement, which will grieve those friends of freedom of speech who were beginning to rejoice at the apparent progress of liberal principles in Austria:—

"M. FRANZ PETRASCH, a Roman Catholic priest residing in the diocese of that most mighty prelate, the ARCHBISHOP of Olmütz, has been sentenced by a bench of Judges to a fortnight's imprisonment for saying from the pulpit that Protestant churches were places for cattle, and the Clergymen were drovers."

This is anything but as it should be. What are the Protestants in the diocese of Olmütz the worse for being called cattle; and what harm is done to their Clergymen by terming those reverend gentlemen drovers? Why, they call themselves pastors, and their people a flock, and by how much are pastors or shepherds superior to drovers, and sheep a higher order of animals than oxen? POOR FATHER PETRASCH committed no crime at all, and no greater error than the absurdity of calling that beef which calls itself mutton. It would be well if he never talked worse nonsense; let him read the *Tale of a Tub*. He might have studied that good book to edification during his fortnight's confinement.

How odd it is that the authorities in a Roman Catholic country should think it necessary to muzzle a Roman Catholic priest! Can they not allow the tongues of their own clergy the same latitude as that which is conceded to those of reverend gentlemen of the Popish persuasion in England, who may say what they like with impunity so long as they do not expose themselves to an action for slander or an indictment for treason or sedition? Suppose a ranting Irish preacher, in the "pro-cathedral" of Moorfields were to call every English Church a pig-stye, and its congregation a herd of swine. *Punch* would just make a note of the statement and stamp it for general circulation, in which it would raise a general laugh. That is all the notice that would be taken of it, and almost all the effect which it would produce—not quite. For it would not only create a laugh, but also an impression, such as would induce a Protestant British public not by any means to desire that the tether of any abusive Roman Catholic priest should be shortened; but on the contrary, that he should have given to him a sufficiency of rope, in order that he might, as he probably would, apply it to a satisfactory purpose.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 25, Thursday. The Commons met, and the two parties instantly flew at each other like a couple of the lovely bull-dogs that were on view at Islington. The subject was the CHURCHWARD job—we presume nobody wants to hear anything more about it, except that Virtue, which triumphed on the previous division by 8, now showed a majority of 14. This might have been smaller but that the Swells were at the great pigeon-match, where Mr. *Punch* saw eight or nine Conservative Members and only three Liberals, and a very good match it was, and it was much pleasanter to be there than to be bothering about MR. CHURCHWARD's ill-treatment. A leg with whom Mr. *Punch* had a bet, which the latter won and was instantly paid, said, rather neatly, "We always backs the Birds, Sir, 'cos we don't know what you gentlemen's going to do, but we know the Birds 'll out away for their Blessed life," or thereabouts. Nothing so good was said in the House.

Friday. O, ah, in speaking of the pigeon-match, Mr. *Punch* forgot to add that MR. GLADSTONE carried his Budget item for taxing Excursion Trains. To-night MR. GREGORY, in the presence of the PRINCESS of SERBIA, made a long and clever anti-Turkey speech, and was answered by MR. LAYARD, who defended the Turks like a Christian. The case against Mahomedanism is awfully strong, but, as MR. GLADSTONE says, we must take things as we find them. Nevertheless, the debate is highly illustrative of one of the false positions of European politics.

There's a Jolly Row coming up. ROXBUCK is going to move for a recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Whoop, yer sows!



FLUNKEIANA—AMBITION.

Lady. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"

Plunky. "WELL, MEM, I AIN'T IN NO WAYS DISCONTENTED WITH MY WAGES, NOR WITH THE VITTELS, NOR NO THINK OF THAT—BUT THE FACT IS, MY FRIENDS SAY THAT A YOUNG MAN OF MY APPEARANCE OUGHT TO BETTER HISSELF AND GET INTO A SITUATION WHERE THERE'S TWO MEN BEHIND THE CARRIDGE!" (*Poor fellow!*)

THE NILE SONG.

As Sung at the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, May 25, 1863, when it was announced that "the Nile was Settled."

HAIL to the chiefs who in triumph advancing
Bring us as trophy the Head of the Nile!
Light from the African Mystery glancing
Brightens the name of our Tight Little Isle.
Honour to SPEKE and GRANT,
Each bold hierophant
Tells what the Ages have thirsted to know:
Loud at the R. G. S.
Sets out their great success
RODERICK vich MURCHISON, ho, ieroe!

Theirs was no summer trip, scaling a mountain,
Making gilt picture-books, dear to the Trade;
Far in the desert-sand, seeking yon fountain,
Perilous tracks the brave travellers made.
They are no Longbows,
Who, south of Calbongos
And Galwen, discovered the source of the flow;
They need no rhyme-prater,
Their Line's the Equator,
Says RODERICK vich MURCHISON, ho, ieroe!

Nor, boys, alone of the Nile fountain brag we,
Now of Ungoro the site we decide,
Now we know all of Uganda and Kragwe,
And how KING KAMBAZI must fatten his bride.
STANFORD, of Charing Cross,
Swears by King Charles's horse,
Splendid addition his next Map shall show:

"Travelled by GRANT and SPEKE,"

Vainly he will not seek,

RODERICK vich MURCHISON, ho, ieroe!

Shout, buffers, shout for the African Highlands,
Shout for Nyanza, the Lake on the Lane!
Nile, that now wanders through silent and shy lands,
Some day may roar like the Thames or the Rhine.
While the Moon's Mountains stand,
SPEKE and GRANT's gallant band
Down to posterity famous shall go:
And far below zero
Are CAMEL and NERO,
Cries RODERICK vich MURCHISON, ho, ieroe!

HAPPY LAND.

ENGLISHMEN have hitherto entertained the belief that the land they live in is the freest on the face of the Earth. This delusion is dispelled by our contemporary, the *Observer*, in the following statement:—

"Direct taxation is almost unknown in Greece, and many articles would well bear a duty that are now entirely free."

Freedom nearly complete from direct taxation, and perfect freedom from taxation on many articles that would well bear it—this is freedom indeed! Pretty fellows we to call ourselves freeborn Britons, with a heavy tax on many commodities that do very ill bear it, and with an Income-Tax like a millstone around our necks! BRITANNIA may rule the waves to some extent, and Britons never shall be slaves altogether perhaps; but this is not, of all countries of the world, the Land of the Free. The Land of Freedom above all other lands is that sacred soil which was Freedom's chosen land in the days of old; Greece, the Land of Comparative Freedom from Taxation.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 6, 1863.



BRITANNIA DISCOVERING THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BRITANNIA. "AHA, MR. NILE! SO I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

IN RE — AND — MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Interesting proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench.

THE Court and Westminster Hall have for some days past been frequented by a party which has been the subject of much observation and curiosity. The party consists of a gentleman of colour, accompanied by a young lady, very graceful, and of most elegant figure, (whose face has hitherto defied all the penetration of the junior bar, thanks to a thick veil,) and a portly female, of middle age, with a determined and slightly shrewish expression of face. The military carriage and distinguished air of the gentleman (whose features have nothing of the negro cast, though his complexion is of the deepest bronze, approaching to black), and his marked attention to the young lady on his arm, with her grace and interesting timidity of deportment, have stimulated the inquisitiveness of the barristers and other frequenters of the Court to the utmost, and have not passed without notice even from the Bench. On Monday last, after the motions were disposed of, and when the Court was about to go into the business on the paper, this dark-complexioned gentleman, who was sitting in the fourth row, accompanied by the ladies, rose and addressing CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, said he had a motion to make, which he wished to support in person; but being a foreigner, he begged the pardon of the Court, should he be out of order in doing so.

The Chief Justice informed him that the Court was open to applicants who wished to move in person, though he should certainly recommend applicants as a rule to avail themselves of the assistance of some of his learned friends at the bar. The gentleman said that his case was peculiar, and he thought on the whole, as he had not yet instructed counsel, and as his stay in this country was uncertain, he had better make his motion then and there.

The Bench intimating their willingness to hear him, he stated—

That he had to make application for a rule to show cause why criminal informations should not be filed against — and — Members of the Royal Academy, the former for malicious libel on the two ladies, now present, and the latter, for a similar offence against himself and the younger lady only.

The Court said the gentlemen he had named were highly respectable men.

The applicant said that they might be respectable men, but they were anything but respectable painters, and that the libels for which he wished to move for these informations had been published by them in their latter capacity, or rather incapacity, if the Court would allow the pun.

The Court said it had no objection to a pun occasionally, but considered that such relaxation of the rules of the Court came better as a rule from the Bench, than from the Bar, or still more from an unprofessional applicant to the Court like the person now addressing them.

The dark gentleman apologised, and said that he was "rude in speech, and little versed in the set phrase of peace."

The Court begged him to avoid quotations, and address himself to the matter of his motion.

The dark gentleman begged pardon, but said he was only making use of a speech he had addressed to the Court of Venice, in a well-known case in which he had been defendant.

The Court again begged him to confine himself to the motion now before the Court.

The dark gentleman resumed. He had been a general in the Venetian service.

The Court (*interposing*). That is, the Austrian.

Applicant. No. Service of the Venetian republic.

Lord Chief Justice. Ah—during MANINI's dictatorship.

Applicant. Knew no person or officer of that name in Venice. There was a patrician family MANINI.

The Court begged him not to go into details about Venetian families, but to keep to his motion.

Applicant (*with some heat*). "Now, by Heavens!"

The Court begged him not to swear.

The applicant apologised, and said that his feelings had been so much excited by the treatment he and his wife—the young lady at his side—The elder lady here broke in with great vehemence. It was scandalous . . . shameful—cruel—so it was . . . All she wished for was a whip . . . to—

Here the Court interposed, and the vehement lady was silenced with some difficulty, by the united efforts of all the ushers.

The applicant begged to apologise for the lady, who had suffered much from a bad husband; but they had all three been exposed to so much persecution in this country, that they could hardly be blamed for irritability and occasional violence of expression. The fact was, that they had been insulted, shown up to ridicule on the stage, and made contemptible in every part of the United Kingdom, night after night, for a long series of years. But of late years, and particularly in London, this persecution had very much ceased, though he was sorry to say it had been renewed, in a particularly offensive form, only the other night

at the Princess's Theatre, and this had determined him finally to apply to the Court for such protection and redress as the law could give him.

His name was *General Othello*, and the libels he complained of were contained in two pictures in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The Court asked if he moved on affidavits.

Applicant said he did, and on being called upon read an affidavit sworn by himself and setting out, (after specification of the alleged libel, by its number and title in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition), that deponent had never sat to the said —, nor asked him, nor given him permission to paint the said libel: that the said — was the last person to whom deponent would have sat for his picture, had he wished to be painted; that deponent never wore a roundabout shirt-collar over his armour, and a scarlet muffin-cap, such as he is represented wearing in the said libel; that deponent is informed and verily believes that the effect of the said libel has been to make deponent contemptible and ridiculous; and that deponent has himself heard the words "guy," "muff," "spoon," and other like offensive expressions used of himself as he appears in said libel; that in said libel deponent is only made ridiculous, but that deponent's wife, the *Lady Desdemona*, is more foully libelled, being made ugly, and repulsive, with her neck set awry, her jaw swollen, her features distorted, and being otherwise cruelly, malignantly, and disjunctly misrepresented and defamed; that the said lady is a person of most sensitive feelings, and has suffered much under said libel; that both deponent and his said lady have been for years exposed to insult, caricature and libel on the stage, but that deponent has never suffered from any stage libel so offensive as the one deposed to in this affidavit, and that deponent is informed and verily believes, that if this information is not granted other libels of the same character will be published, so that deponent will be grievously and permanently damaged in character and reputation.

The defendant read a similar affidavit signed and sworn by the ladies accompanying him, his wife, the *Lady Desdemona*, and her attendant and companion *Madame Emilia*, setting out in even stronger terms a libel against both by the said — in the same exhibition. During the reading of their affidavits, the elder lady repeatedly interrupted; it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be prevented from assaulting the ushers who attempted to restrain her, and she actually did forget herself so far as to box the ears of a well-known junior, who was particularly prominent in remonstrating with her.

The Court said they should like to ask the young lady a question, and begged she would raise her veil.

On her doing so a loud and involuntary murmur of admiration ran through the Court, caused by her surpassing loveliness.

The Court said that was quite sufficient. It had seen the pictures which formed the subject of this motion. It had seen the lady. It was quite satisfied. The applicant might take his rule.

The applicant with his interesting companion and her attendant, after gracefully acknowledging the courtesy of the Bench, quitted the Court, apparently satisfied, though the latter seemed anxious to address the Court on her own account.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

It is Academical etiquette for a student to cap a lecturer; when however, a Master of Arts dines with the Vice-Chancellor, he is expected to cap all this dignitary's observations. A good thing was the other day said by HALL of Trinity—the HALL, you know—who had just come out of an examination, and was, in the company of a few friends, despondingly sipping sherry and looking over the difficult papers. CHAFFER of Trinity—the CHAFFER, you know—was sitting opposite to HALL, and, wishing to look at the printed questions, said, "HALL, old fellow, pass those examination papers, will you?" "Pass 'em!" returned HALL, "I wish I could." While upon these judysprees, as they say in French (no offence to *Mrs. Punch*, by the way), I ought to mention the learned Dr. WHIRWELL's "last;" he has, at the request of the Syndicate, defined a "stiff examination" to be "testing a Bank Note."

Amid all the bustle and excitement of this busy time at Cambridge, a Hairdresser has invented a new capillary attraction for undergraduates, and there is a great fuss being made about what is generally known as the new "Term-oil." It will be rubbed on all the Heads of Houses.

Found in the Dudley Gallery.

We consider that LORD WARD has offered quite a sufficient reason for what appeared churlish conduct in refusing Her Majesty's Theatre to Mr. LUMLEY. The Earl objected to the assumption of a comic character by PICCOLONINI, now that she is a Marchioness. He justly remarks, that the appearance of a member of the aristocracy ought not to set the public laughing.



ACADEMY PORTER. "I thought it was a pretty Pictur", Sir—'risin' Artis', Sir—scery 'ighly spok of by Mr. Rusk—"

ONE OF THE COUNCIL. "Shuff and nonshensh, Sir! seems to me entirely destitute o' pershpective!—What's the good of our according you the privilege of selection, if you hang such rubbish as this!—it's rejected, Sir, mind that!"

NO JOHNSONOLATRY.

OUR every reader will rejoice to hear what we are told by a correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, that, within the last few days, Streatham House, Surrey, that dreary old building, has been razed to the ground, and that its materials have been distributed among a hundred purchasers. So much for the antiquated abode of HENRY THRALE, the brewer, in which, for so many a tedious day, he harboured DR. JOHNSON, and entertained JOHNSON'S friends. We shall now no longer be bothered by being told that there still exists at Streatham the only library in which GOLDSMITH, BURKE, GARRICK, MURPHY, DR. BURNES, and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS used to congregate. It exists no longer; and there is also an end of the dining-room in which JOHNSON used to pour lobster-sauce over his plum-pudding; and of the drawing-room wherein he was accustomed to turn the candles upside down over the tablecloth to make them flare, in order that he might see to read.

Who cares for old JOHNSON and old GOLDSMITH, and their associates? Not old PHILLIPS, the gentleman who had for thirty years, according to the correspondent of the *Advertiser*, owned Streatham House, and Park of above one hundred acres; but has now pulled the house down, and "intends, we understand, to lay out the ground in suitable plots for building villas upon." Dear old PHILLIPS! He is no idolator of Dr. JOHNSON, who never did him any good, except in teaching him to spell; that is, perhaps, to spell a word when he is obliged to look it out. No BOZZY, no hero-worshipper, is old PHILLIPS. The walls and the roof that once sheltered JOHNSON are as a roof and walls to him, and nothing more; at least that is what they were before he pulled them down. Another melancholy old mansion has been demolished; lively stuccoed villas will be reared upon its site, and Streatham will become as pretty as Peckham, as, indeed, the country at large is fast becoming, thanks to gentlemen of Mr. PHILLIPS'S common sense. Hurrah for worthy old PHILLIPS! Success to jolly old PHILLIPS! May his stuccoed villas be tenanted immediately, and turn out a good speculation. PHILLIPS for ever! Yes; for ever.

A BALLAD ON A BISHOP.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER thinks it's the ticket
To hinder his Clergy from playing at cricket;
That parsons should bowl well, or make many notches, ter-
Rific appears to the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S awfully skeared
At the thought of the clergymen wearing the beard:
Nor cares for the plea of heretical railer
That they've done it from AARON to JEREMY TAYLOR.

The Bishop prohibits, with Claphamite rigour,
The spring to the saddle, the touch on the trigger,
"Nor, Fishers of Men," he remarks, "do I wish a man
To angle, though PETER, I know, was a fisherman."

To the Bishop a parson, as strong in the arm
As he is in the pulpit, says, "Pray, may I Farm?"
"No, Sir, you shall breed neither small ewe nor big ram
While I'm your diocesan," cries DR. WIGRAM.

Replies the bold parson, "Please, Bishop, to mind
That the Church hath a glebe to the pastor assigned,
Which means he's to farm it:—a brave *rara avis*
Appears, by the way, this recalcitrant DAVIES:

Says the Bishop, "Look here: it's reported to me
That you mix with coarse farmers too much, M. D."
"My Lord, some false notions you've taken aboardship,
I do no such thing, I declare to your Lordship.

"I don't buy or sell. I don't hunt, fish, or shoot.
Won't you leave a poor parson one manly pursuit?"
But the Wisdom of SOLOMON backed by young STRACH
Would never have moved the inflexible hierarch.

The Bishop, whose name is both WIGRAM and COTTON,
The latter well rammed in his ears must have gotten,
For in periods as swollen as elephantiasis
He turns MR. DAVIES slap out of the diocese.

"With how little of wisdom in State or in Creed
The world may be governed," said AXEL the Swede,
And this Bishop, who useth episcopal pen so,
Owns he doesn't know Hebrew, but censures COLENSO.

His Brother, the BISHOP OF PUNCHESTER, waits
To see how he'll get out of DAVIES'S Straits;
But wishes that PAM had been rather more wary
When VAUGHAN tacked a *solo* to *e-piscopars*.

GEORGE PHILLIPS, Esq., who has razed to the ground the house that was once the abode of DR. JOHNSON, will share immortality with the REV. MR. GASTRELL, who cut down SHAKSPEARE'S mulberry-trees.

GROUND TO DEATH!

SOME two years ago the following paragraph appeared in the *Illustrated London News*:—

"At Richmond, in Surrey, an Italian organ-grinder was on Saturday committed for trial for the murder of a man named LYNCH."

A correspondent wishes to know what became of this Italian organ-grinder charged with murder. We believe he escaped the gallows. Whether he was guilty of the specific murder which he was accused of or no, there can be no doubt that he has committed a great many other murders, both before the death of his alleged victim, LYNCH, and after that, if he was not hanged, and was turned loose on society. He has not only murdered BELLINI, DONIZETTI, and other composers, besides an infinite number of unfortunate negro-melodists, but he has also murdered sleep, and, in murdering sleep, murdered the suffering sick, whom, by his horrible and abominable grinding, he has deprived of repose. It is a disgrace to the Legislature and a reproach to Local Self-Government, that Italian organ-grinders are allowed to go about robbing and murdering people; for, whilst they murder sensitive invalids, they rob other sensitive persons of the income which they prevent them from earning by the hideous noise by which they distract and drive them mad, so as to incapacitate them from pursuing their literary or scientific occupations. The murder done by these dirty wretches, noisome as noisy, is worse than common murder. They destroy their victims by torture, inflicted on the auditory nerves, and whilst they commit this peculiarly atrocious murder, the silly servant-maids and the stupid old women, and the other depraved neighbours, who, to gratify a selfish delight in discord, encourage them to grind it, are accessories before the fact.



A LITTLE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR WANTED SOMEWHERE.

*A Hint to the Horse Guards.***"FIGHTING JOE" AT FREDERICKSBURG.***(From the New York Weekly Warhoop.)*

We have as usual this week to chronicle another splendid Federal success. Again our holy cause has triumphed: again a crushing blow has been dealt those dastard devils, who like Lucifer have rebelled against our heaven-born Union, and now are one by one being sent to deepest hell.

Grandly conscious of our strength, we can afford to speak the truth, and own that we have been confoundedly well whipped. POPE and BURNSIDE got such lickings as few could have survived: but by his superior tactics and endurance, GENERAL HOOKER has now proved to our unconquerable army, that it is capable of being still more severely thrashed. To achieve this he detached the hero SEDGWICK, with a mere handful of men (say, thirty thousand cavalry and fifty thousand foot), to cause a slight diversion on the left wing of the rebels, while "Fighting Joe" himself with the main body of his army were quietly to cross the Rappahannock twelve miles off. This movement combined the strategy of NAPOLEON, the sagacity of WELLINGTON, and the military genius of ALEXANDER, SCIPIO, and POMPEY AFRICANUS. We need scarce add that it was crowned with the most complete success. Leaving SEDGWICK to his fate, the heroic "Fighting Joe" cried "Up, b'hoys, and at 'em!" and starting at a rapid trot, the Rapide of the Rappahannock were soon reached. The bravery displayed by our devoted troops was splendid. As their general expected, nobody opposed them; and encouraged by his presence, and the absence of the enemy, regiment after regiment boldly dashed into the river, regardless of the danger of wetting their poor feet. Many heroes caught bad colds in their devotion to their country, and it is saddening to state that not one in a hundred were possessed of pocket-handkerchiefs, nor when camping for the night were proper means afforded for taking some warm gruel and tallowing their noses. A Government Commission we believe has been appointed to inquire into this most reprehensible neglect. Meanwhile the country should relieve the wants of its brave troops, and any stores or other contributions to this office, the country may depend, shall be applied where they are wanted, even if we have to use them up ourselves.

By the "celerity and secrecy" with which our army crossed the river, "our advance and passage were completely undisputed" (as *vide* GENERAL HOOKER's victorious despatch). But ere long the butcher JACKSON, who with his usual cowardice, for hours had concealed himself, came out of his ambush like a tiger on its prey, and utterly ignoring all the rules of Christian warfare, commenced an unprovoked attack on our brave troops. Doubtless he expected "Fighting Joe" would give him battle; but here the hero HOOKER showed his military genius and

doomed the rebel ruffian to an infamous defeat. Though himself brave as a lion and bold as a baboon, "Fighting Joe" knew well that there were men among his ranks in whom the love of "Vaterland" was still more strong than that of fight. So fearing lest these heroes might skedaddle without orders, and so produce a panic which might have been unpleasant, Fighting Joe at once marched them boldly to the front, and then commenced a brilliant strategic backward movement, himself heroically heading his retreating troops. In this way he secured himself a safe re-passage of the river, and when at a fair distance watched with eagle eye the carnage that ensued.

With SEDGWICK on his flank and HOOKER facing him in front, by all the rules of war the rebel LEE should have surrendered. But what can a mere brigand know of Christian warfare? LEE did not surrender; he on the contrary advanced. Such an outrage on the laws of war was never before perpetrated, and heroic GENERAL HOOKER shed tears to see what savages his mission was to crush. However, there was little leisure then for sentiment or snivelling. Action was the word; and now HOOKER's shining genius blazed forth in its full light! Throwing away his telescope, which for three long days and nights had never left his cheek, he stuck his double eyeglass firmly on his nose, and drawing his revolver shouted "Up, b'hoys, and skedaddle!" A yell of approbation broke from his heroic troops, and they performed the crowning movement of this immortal victory with a vigour and rapidity which can only be erected from Columbia's favoured sons.

As regards the killed and missing, our loss is very trifling, for Irishmen and Germans can cheaply be replaced. A few of our brave countrymen have fallen, it is true, but their relatives may be consoled by knowing that the heroes met a soldier's fate. Nor need much sympathy be wasted on our few thousands of wounded, for as their injuries are mostly in the region of the back, there is every reason to hope they are not mortal, and may most of them be healed. In fact the victory was purchased at most economic rates, considering how dearly it must have cost the South. It is known that half the rebels were left dead upon the field; and that the other half were very dangerously wounded, it may safely be inferred. We believe that GENERAL HOOKER intends to take them prisoners by the middle of next week.

Meanwhile he may be trusted "to give or to decline giving battle," as he pleases; and by his recent exploits the world may be assured that, notwithstanding his pugnacity, "Fighting Joe" knows how to fight shy of a fight.

Operatic.

WHEN *Masaniello* is reproduced at the Italian Opera, in order to add to the attractions of the scene, the Fishermen's Chorus will have a Cast-a-net accompaniment.

LORD CLYDE'S LATE VICTORY.

AMONG recent fashionable announcements the most satisfactory is the subjoined statement: whence it appears that FIELD MARSHAL LORD CLYDE has repulsed an attack of the enemy that had for some days threatened his position in a vital quarter:—

"Lord Clyde has considerably improved in health, but in consequence of the weakness arising from his recent illness, the noble Field Marshal will be compelled to forgo several engagements."

We believe these are about the only engagements that the noble and gallant Field Marshal has been ever known to decline.

Affecting.

Two Paviers, engaged in street alterations, while recounting their domestic troubles to one another, actually succeeded in moving a stone.

ZOOLOGICAL.

THE Table which was "set in a roar," has been presented as an ornament to the Lions' Cage at the Regent's Park Gardens.

EARL GREY AND THE GARTER.



PUNCH is requested to publish the following correspondence:—

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to EARL GREY.

"May 24.

"My dear LORD GREY,
"It is my intention to advise that the vacant Garter be conferred upon yourself. So put your best leg foremost, if there is any choice.

"Believe me, yours affectionately,
"PALMERSTON."

"The Earl Grey."

EARL GREY to VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"May 25.

"Dear PALMERSTON,
"Though your note of the 24th instant is couched in terms which I suppose you consider jocular, I will assume that you have too much good sense to mean a joke, and I will conclude that I am to be made a Knight of the Order of the Garter, if such be my own pleasure.

"I will accept the Garter upon the following terms, and no others:
"I will not be dictated to as to which leg I shall wear it on. The Chapter shall be held on a day most convenient to myself. Nobody else shall be made at the same time, no matter what other vacancies may occur. I will have a discount off the fees for ready money. I will have the inscription on my garter in English. The Prelate of the order may attend, but he shall be assisted by another bishop, of my own selection—not that I care about bishops, but Dr. SUMNER's politics are

not mine. The ribbon shall be supplied by my own milliner, and shall be of the width I please. And I won't sit by you during the ceremony.

"As my character is proverbially that of one who desires to make everything as pleasant as possible, and as I never permit any crotchets of my own to interfere with business, I send you this distinct statement of my ultimatum, that you may have no excuse in the event of any hitch.

"I remain, yours truly,

"GREY."

"The Viscount Palmerston, K.G."

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Civil War in America may have bereft the North of many valuable citizens; but has also lightened it of a considerable number of rowdies and ruffians. The following statement, which occurs amongst REUTER'S telegrams, will show that fratricidal strife to have not been quite an unmixed evil to one party at least of the brethren who have been for the last two years and a half engaged in cutting one another's throats:—

"GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, has resigned the command of the Irish brigade. He says that the brigade no longer exists. The assaults against Fredericksburg in December last reduced the brigade to something less than a minimum regiment of infantry."

Except as food for powder, what use could the Yankees have made of the heroes lately under the command of GENERAL "MEAGHER, of the Sword?" They have served their turn, and been consumed in fitting employment for fugitive traitors to the British constitutional Crown. They have perished in warring as mercenary soldiers, for the price of blood, to subjugate men who are fighting for their country. So may the foes of England fall! But now having used up all their Irish, had not our Yankee friends better conclude peace with the South and cave in, rather than subject themselves to a Conscription, and begin to spend really valuable lives in a hopeless struggle? They have worked the rowdies and the Irish out of the Union. The rowdies and the Irish are the scum of the earth. They are the salt of it. They have improved the scum of the earth off the face of it; now let them stop, have mercy on themselves, and not go on to sacrifice the clear grit.

A SOMES' CUP DAY.

THEY Bill, O SOMES! is like the wedge whereof the end that's thin is set unto a chink that we may smite and drive it in. If we prevail the liquor trade on Sundays to restrain, We will strike on till England shall admit the Law of Maine.

When we have won that victory, and wholly stopped the sale Of spirituous liquors, wine, stout, porter, swipes, and ale; My friends, then Ascot will become another kind of place; And thither will the brethren go to see a Gold Cup Race.

There have the Gipsies pitched their tents; but fortunes are not told Together have they gathered Camp Meetings but to hold. And place is found no longer for the Thimble and the Pea, Now that the strongest liquor of an Englishman is Tea.

Not any more at snuff-boxes, and such like idle toys, Are sticks now thrown by men whom mirth has moved to play like boys.

Stakes at Aunt Sally, in her mouth with pipe of little span, No more are cast by any Duke—or any other man.

Look how the laden carriages are crowded o'er the plain! There's lobster salad, chicken too, but there is no champagne. The popping corks on every side fall fast upon the ear, Yea, but those corks are not champagne; they're only ginger beer.

See on how many a vehicle, or "drag" by worldlings hight, The men are all arrayed in suits of black, and ties of white; And if thou cast thine eyes abroad, thou'lt notice here and there, One of them up, and holding forth with hands that saw the air.

So thick they were in coming down, that EBENEZER stuck With LITTLE BETHEL, SALEM, and BETHSADA in the ruck; And oh! when that dead-lock unlocked lips innocent of beer, The blessings they did utter it was beautiful to hear!

Homeward, all sober, singing hymns, they ride at evening grey, And fling tracts at the damsels right and left who line the way; And so to pass the State Beer Bill the Commons let us pray, To have the SOMES' Cup run upon a future Ascot Day.

"A REFRACTORY TELESCOPE."

AN optician of Hebrew name (we mention this to his advantage, as will be seen) announces that for the sum of Five Pounds he will show us—

"Double Stars, the face of a sheep and the features of a man four miles, the sign-board of a public-house five miles, shot marks upon a target two miles, and time by a church clock ten miles."

We do not understand whether the faces of the sheep and of the man are to be four miles off, or four miles long, but never mind. We doubt not that if the advertiser means four miles off, his instrument will do all that he promises, because "a Jew's eye" was always a phrase for a valuable article, and *a fortiori* a Jew's telescope must be still better than his eye. But why should we pay five pounds to see a double star when we can see ALBION, and hear her too, for a guinea? Why should we pay the former sum to see a sheep's face, when we can see BUCKSTON'S *Sheepface* for five shillings, whenever he puts up the *Village Lawyer*? As to seeing a public house four miles off, that is exactly what we shouldn't like, and we should much prefer seeing it four minutes off, especially if we were thirsty. Finally, the tremendous distance at which our Hebrew friend puts the church can, we fear, have been suggested only by his hostility to the Establishment, and that is a sentiment we must strongly reprehend. "Till, I can buy a glass," says King Richard III., meaning, of course, that he has money in his till to do so, (a beautiful new reading,) and so have we, but we shall certainly not buy one of the glasses in question, until the advertisement is brought more into accordance with our views of grammar, economy, good fellowship, and Protestantism.



THE CURRENCY.

OUR LINKMAN (after the departure of the last Carriage). "Well, if ever that there Decimal C'nage comes into hoperation, I r'ally 'ope Goverment 'll 'bolish these 'ere rubbikin' Thrupenny Bits!"

POOR POET CLOSE.

THE Poet CLOSE we've often chaffed,
And bantered sundry times,
Much at his tuneless measures laughed,
And joked upon his rhymes;
Which when we did, we did not know
That Poet CLOSE was poor,
For then we should not have done so,
As we shall do no more.

Unless we find, what's like enough,
And what will please us well,
Our pen has served his works to puff,
And make his poems sell;
Then shall we do as we have done,
That people more may buy,
And always go on making fun
Of CLOSE's poetry.

Oh! then shall Poet CLOSE provide
Continual sport for us,
Whenever he shall take a ride
Upon his Pegasus.
But scantily lives he, who fares
Upon the Muses' steed;
The *Kendal Mercury* declares!
The Poet is in need.

A wife and children to maintain
On poetry, is hard;
A struggle 'tis their bread to gain
For Kirkby-Stephen's Bard.
He has a book just coming out,
Concerning Westmorland,
And after what we've said, no doubt,
A sale it will command.

Whate'er the Poet's work may prove,
When Time shall give it birth,
At least it will some laughter move,
And cause exceeding mirth.
But though that volume's purpose may
Be serious or jocose,
This *Punch* will, for its author say;
Success to Poet CLOSE.

LITERARY CURIOSITY. — It is somewhat remarkable, that one of Literature's greatest friends was Dr Fox.

THE NAGGLETONS ON THE DRAWING-ROOM.

MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON in their own Drawing-room are beheld, like FERDINAND and MIRANDA, playing at chess, to which, to FERDINAND'S astonishment, MIRANDA has gallily challenged him. MRS. NAGGLETON, in emulation of MR. PAUL MORPHY, is playing two games at once, but not by any means blindfold.

Mr. Naggleton. Check to your Queen.

Mrs. Naggleton. O, HENRY! Now, that is very artful of you. How well you are playing! My belief is that you are getting practice somewhere out of the house, and that is not fair.

Mr. N. I have never touched a chessman since we played last. Do you mean to lose her?

Mrs. N. No, no, dear, only give me time. I can't think as fast as you do, with your arithmetical old head. And you have fortified every point. I think, if I could spare you, that you ought to go out and help the Federals.

Mr. N. You have rather crowded up the Queen, my dear. She's quite holding a levée with those bishops and knights.

Mrs. N. Now that's very funny, HENRY. I call that true wit, which you can talk when you like. I must remember that, and tell it to dear LADY PUGBURY.

Mr. N. Dear, is she? Pug was, and almost extortionate, when he kept the china-shop, and before he got knighted.

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, it was a wonderful porcelain manufactory, and I have heard you say that there can be no more honourable way of rising than by commerce.

Mr. N. Yes. But Pug was a humbug, and lived on other people's brains; and she's another, and I wonder you haven't found her out.

Mrs. N. Perhaps I have, after your hints. But she is good-natured, and I am sure it was very kind of her to offer to present me.

Mr. N. With what—ten cups, or soup plates?

Mrs. N. (laughing). My dear, I come to you for all I want. I mean she has promised to present me at Court.

Mr. N. (gasping). Present you!

Mrs. N. Yes, me. Why not, HENRY?

Mr. N. You be presented at Court?

Mrs. N. Why not, I wonder? I suppose that I—(mends her hand)—I suppose that the wife of HENRY NAGGLETON is a proper person to be received there, or anywhere else that he chooses to send her.

Mr. N. (rather hot too). But, my dear MARIA—O, come, this is rather too ridiculous. If there were no other objection—and you can't be serious about it—you have no carriage, and the omnibus hasn't the entrée.

Mrs. N. What a funny picture you imagine. You really ought to send it to *Punch*. I declare it would be capital. But there would be no difficulty and no expense, at least for the carriage, for her Ladyship would take me. I arranged that.

Mr. N. Your Queen is in check, MARIA.

Mrs. N. Well, dear, she won't run away while I speak to you. I want to consult you about my dress, and about jewels, because when you will condescend to give your mind to such things, you hit out a practical suggestion at once, and you do save me such a deal of trouble. What's the use of a husband, if he is not to assist one with his knowledge and decision?

Mr. N. My dear MARIA, you can't say that I oppose any reasonable idea of yours, but what on earth do you want to go to the Palace for?

Mrs. N. Why, I think we owe something to ourselves.

Mr. N. Let us continue to owe it—ourselves are indulgent creditors.

Mrs. N. You make me laugh, but it isn't an argument, dear. I confess I have some curiosity, and I should like to see the scene.

Mr. N. It's all in the *Illustrated News*, where the women are handsomer and the men more majestic, I dare say, than in reality.

Mrs. N. No, no, that's nonsense. And I think that all persons of a certain station, like your wife's, should manifest their respect for the Heir Apparent to the Throne, and to his bride, by attending at least once.

Mr. N. I really don't see what we have to do with royalty, beyond paying the Queen's taxes.

Mrs. N. Now, HENRY, don't give way to such vulgar, radical, democratic notions. Loyalty is next door to gentility, and I have noticed that persons who scoff at such things generally become bankrupts sooner or later. I assure you I have observed it.

Mr. N. I shall note your observation. How shall we put it? Persons who don't look after sovereigns will find themselves without bank-notes.

Mrs. N. I tell you, dear, don't turn everything into fun. I know that you have much more strength of mind than I have, but don't laugh at me when I say that I own I should like to hear the children read about Mamma at breakfast the next day. "Mrs HENRY NAGGLETON, by LADY PUGBURY." It is an event in a woman's life.

Mr. N. (with that vicious memory of his). A Lady's life, my dear. Mrs. N. (makes a ball of her handkerchief and throws it at him). The real difficulty is, that I have no jewels.

Mr. N. CORNELIA never said that.

Mrs. N. No, but I'm not CORNELIA, nor cornelian either, and there's a joke for you, Mr. HENRY. Now, dear, of course we must hire them for that day, and I should like you to go with me to SPARK AND FAOHT'S, and arrange all that—they pay more respect to a gentleman than to a lady.

Mr. N. And expect the gentleman to reciprocate the extra payment. Now, I tell you seriously, MARIA, the entire thing's absurd; but if it were not, I don't care about LADY PUG for a chaperone for you.

Mrs. N. No, and if I were a girl, or a young matron without much position, I would not have her; but it is a mere form, and it matters very little who introduces the wife of HENRY NAGGLETON. She stands on her own name, or rather his.

Mr. N. *Che sara sara*, and if the COUNTESS RUSSELL should pay you any marked attention, or tell you that the Earl is dying to consult me on some treaty, say I quoted his motto.

Mrs. N. (dubiously). But what does it mean, HENRY?

Mr. N. Does the translator of CARY's *Dante*—I mean of *Dante*—ask me that? It means that I suppose I can't help myself.

Mrs. N. You are a good, dear creature. Won't the children be enchanted to see Mamma with a train and feathers?

Mr. N. Yes, the whole business seems adapted for such appreciation—but are you going to move that Queen, or do you mean me to take her?

(The day of glory has come, and we may say has gone, for it is seven o'clock, p.m., and MR. NAGGLETON is quite ready for his dinner, and it is quite ready for him, and for his wife. He has shown no irritation at being kept waiting, however, but has been smiling, at intervals, with a very mischievous expression of face, as if he had heard something to somebody's disadvantage. There comes a tremendous ring, and in another minute Mrs. NAGGLETON, in full Court costume, enters the Drawing-room.)

Mr. N. Welcome home, MARCHIONESS OF NAGGLETON. You look splendid, but not exactly pleased. Your raiment is less ruffled than your brow—you have luckily escaped any crush, I conclude?

Mrs. N. (taking off her feathers with anything but tender care). I don't advise you to begin annoying me now.

Mr. N. Select your own date, my dear. But (hypocritically) what's the matter?

Mrs. N. I tell you, don't aggravate me.

Enter CARTER.

Carter. Please, M'm, the children want to know if they may come down and have another look at their Mamma before you change your dress?

Mrs. N. (angrily). No, they may not.

(Exit CARTER.)

Mr. N. Rather hard, especially as you dwell upon the pleasure of letting them see you in Court costume.

Mrs. N. (turning to bay). If you had behaved like an ordinary husband, this wouldn't have happened.

Mr. N. If I knew what it was, I would endeavour to defend myself.

Mrs. N. I asked and begged and prayed you to go with us, and you wouldn't.

Mr. N. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN ordered me and the masculine world generally not to come to the Drawing-room.

Mrs. N. But he did not forbid you seeing us down to the Palace, I suppose, as you would have done, if you had possessed the least manliness and good feeling.

Mr. N. How the deuce was I to get into that pill-box of a carriage? There wasn't anything like room for LADY PUGBURY and yourself—your dresses filled it all up to the roof.

Mrs. N. You could have gone on the box.

Mr. N. Six hours *tête-à-tête* with her coachman. Yes, I could—and I didn't.

Mrs. N. No, and now, through your selfishness, your wife's exposed to the humiliation of being the laughing-stock of all her friends.

Mr. N. Dear friends. But what have they to laugh at, I keep asking?

Mrs. N. Why, good gracious, haven't I told you half-a-dozen times

that we never got to the Palace at all, the crowd of carriages was so great?

Mr. N. You should have started earlier.

Mrs. N. Of course say that. We were in the line by one, and it was your duty to have been with us, and made the police let us go on. Of course, I am a wife, and can't help myself, but LADY PUGBURY is deeply offended, and I dare say will never speak to us again.

Mr. N. We may survive that. But where was her own lawful and bandy-legged husband? If she wanted an extra servant on the box of her carriage, it was PUG's place.

Mrs. N. How should I know?

Mr. N. Well, dear, it's aggravating to have taken so much trouble for nothing, but it can't be helped, and you had better get rid of your splendour and have some dinner.

Mrs. N. I want no dinner.

Mr. N. Come, don't be childish. There will be plenty of Drawing-rooms, and another time we'll manage better.

Mrs. N. I will never try again as long as I live.

Mr. N. You'll think better of it when you have dined—now you are weary and hungry, I dare say.

Mrs. N. All your fault, if I am.

Mr. N. Don't be unjust—don't say that.

Mrs. N. I shall say what I choose, and I am not going to be put down by you.

Mr. N. Come, don't be rude, or I shall go and dine at the Club.

Mrs. N. You can go and dine at Jericho if you like.

Mr. N. The idea of a woman at your time of life flying out like a school-girl because she couldn't get into a room and make a curtsy.

Mrs. N. You are talking like an idiot.

Mr. N. Yes, I am repeating your words. (Seriously.) I think I had better write at once to the Prince, and explain that you and LADY PUG intended to be loyal, and beg that your absence may be overlooked. CARTER can take the letter.

Mrs. N. Loyal indeed. The Prince—

Mr. N. My dear!

Mrs. N. If it wasn't his fault, it was that of the haughty stuck-up nosed aristocratic peacocks about the Court, who are as poor as church mice for all their fine airs, and would be glad to borrow money of their betters, whom they insult.

Mr. N. Such awful sentiments make me shudder. Loyalty is next door to gentility, and we of the Blue Blood, we with a proud pedigree, niece of the celebrated man m—

Mrs. N. I have tried to make you a gentleman, HENRY, but now I give up the task. Have your dinner, or go to the Club. I shall not come down again to-night.

(Swoops from the room, but the dignity of the exit is something marred by her angry clutch at her unaccustomed train.)

Mr. N. (the fiend). Ha! ha! I oughtn't to be angry, this time. The event has avenged me. PIGGY FARMER was right when he said he saw them, and that they hadn't a chance. Devilish handsome she looked, though, and none the worse for the excitement of her wrath. The bandeau on her hair was effective—she is like Adversity, also a toad, in respect of wearing a precious jewel in her head—I might have propounded that to her as a conundrum, but it will keep. I will go to the Club.

[Done, a brute.]

THE TUNE THE OLD COW DIED OF

GREAT mortality has lately prevailed among the cattle in the mews and suburbs of London. A cow, somewhat advanced in years, having died under suspicious circumstances, a veterinary inquest was held on the animal's body by the coroner of the district, and a respectable jury. Several witnesses gave it as their firm opinion that the death of the creature was owing to the continual irritation to which its nervous system had been subjected by the noise continually kept up by the Italian organ-men in the neighbourhood, and a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased cow had died from the effects of a discordant tune played upon a grinding organ.

Legal.

ON Ascot Cup Day there were plenty of barristers present. MR. HORN SCOTT, Q.C., opened a case of Champagne in his usual style; there was no opposition. In *HEAP v. DENISON*, reported June 3rd, we read that a "DR. COLLIER had invented a process of turning straw into paper." This will be very useful to bill-holders who find that the paper they have received is only so much straw, given them by men made of the same commodity.

INTERESTING.

THE other day a deputation from the Infant Orphans' Parents' Aid Society waited on a door-step. The interview was, we believe, satisfactory.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER,

AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.



Y TELEGRAPH.

The Turf.—After Ascot the weather refused to settle.

The *Grand Prix* having been so successful, the Parisian betting-men are already making grand preparations for next year. The Swiss Mare de glace is entered.

The Exeter Hall Stakes. No doubt is entertained in certain circles but that we shall, for this race, see—

MR. SPURGEON'S
Tabernacle. 1

It will be a hollow thing, in the present cry; and the knowing ones say, that no price is wanted, as a mere counter will do the trick.

Steeple Chase.—There is to be an exciting Steeple Chase between a Horse and a Steam Engine on the South Western Line from Richmond to Reading. The following condition is to be observed:—viz., that the horse take nothing but hedges, and the engine take nothing but water at the intervening stations.

Cricket.—June 10th, Dublin. First meeting of the Irish Cricket Clubs, well paddy'd.

Great Cricket Match of the Season.—A single wicket is to be married? Further particulars will be duly announced.

Lost Ball has been defined as missing a dance.

Aquatics.—June 8th. Curious feat in Pulling. MR. HARRY BOLEW, the well-known clown, will pull a face from Putney to Mortlake.

Amateur Boat-builders may wish about this time to know how to make a boat. Cut down a tree, and then cut up another if a policeman's coming. Having got thus far, take the bark to the water and sit in the boughs. Of course you can easily take off your hat and make your own bows with that; but the other material is better. More hereafter.

Tennis.—We are requested by a novice to inform him "who is the best player at the game?" Ask ALFRED TENNIS'UN.

Aunt Sally.—New Rules concerning this game are to be issued, entitled the Aunt Sally Law.

Shooting.—Hornsey Wood House. A large target was riddled by bullets. One of the riddles was afterwards laid before the company and several shots were made at the answer. The Conundrum was as follows:—On what humane ground is the use of an air-gun forbidden? Answer:—On the ground that the animal wounded by this weapon suffered such air-gun-ny.

Ocular Demonstration.

OUR contemporary, *The Cornhill*, has one article this month more than enough to alarm any admirer of beauty, inasmuch as its title is "On the Future Extinction of Blue Eyes." However, by way of compensation, let us hope that the time is not far distant when, what with the exertions of the Peace Society, and the improved civilisation of our fighting classes (including the valiant heroes, who delight in displaying their pugnacity at Cremorne on Derby and Oaks nights), our contemporary will indite a companion article, "On the Future Extinction of Black Eyes."

A LITERARY WHISPER.

PROFESSOR CREAMY, we understand, is busy writing for an American publishing firm (the MESSRS. HARTIES of New York), a new historical series, to be called "*The Fifteen Indecisive Battles of America*."

PUNCH'S MOTTOES.

For London Needlewomen.—"They come like shadows, now depart."

For a Fishmonger.—"Alive to-day and gone to-morrow."

ART.—MR. CALDERON is now engaged in giving some colouring to an assertion. We believe it is intended for the Mansion House.

M.P.'S HAVING THEIR AIR WASHED.

"AVE yer Air washed, Sir?" This at your barber's is a very common question; but it there has reference to the 'air of the 'ead and not the hair of the hatmosphere. Some people might perhaps not think the latter could be washed, but that this is possible we learn from MR. COWPER, First Commissioner of Works, who, in reply to MR. GRIFFITH, informed the House the other evening that—

"If the windows were opened the air admitted would be neither so cool nor so pure as that which they were at present breathing. . . . The air was admitted in a most natural and easy way into the chambers below the House. There it was washed in a stream of pure water, and means taken to get rid of many impurities which combined with the air. It travelled at the rate of about one foot a minute, and no doubt in cold weather it was warm, and in warm weather it was cool. (Laughter.) The object of MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY was at all seasons and times to keep the temperature as near as possible at 64 deg. On Friday evening the air outside the windows was at 78 deg., and in the House at 65 deg. If the windows had been opened air would have been admitted 13 deg. hotter than the air which they were breathing. (Cheers.)"

If the thought had but occurred to him, MR. COWPER might have parodied the poetry of his namesake:—

The air has been washed, just washed in the cellars,
And thus clean to the House is conveyed;
In the summer 'tis used to cool hot-headed fellows,
And lukewarm in the winter 'tis made.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY is well worthy of the gold which is paid him by the Government, if he succeed in always giving our M.P.'s good wholesome air to breathe. When we think of all the ills that London atmosphere is air to; the ill smells from the gas-pipes and ill savours from the sewers; we may form some slight idea of the foul food our lungs feed upon, and the House must be about the only one in town where the air is at all pure and really fit to put inside oneself.

Is air-washing, we wonder, an expensive operation? If not, it seems a pity that it is not more practised. Half-stifled as we are at our ill-ventilated suffocating concert-rooms and theatres, what a blessing it would be if atmospheric washing-rooms were added to such places, and if audiences thus could have pure air to breathe! The idea of cleaning air is quite a novel notion to us; for about a thing like air we never should have dreamed of asking. Will it wash? We only trust that MR. GURNEY will not prove a second Guy Faux, and try to blow the House up with his air-works underneath it. If Parliament at all feels nervous about this, it had better appoint somebody to look into the cellars; and if ever that air question be brought before the House, it may fully be observed by any M.P. fond of punning, that certainly the fittest man to see to that 'ere matter will be PROFESSOR AIRY.

EXAMPLE FOR ACTORS.

CAN MR. HOME enable us to ascertain what the spirit of SHAKSPEARE thinks of the following paragraph from the *Evil*?

"The withdrawal of the name of MR. PHILIPS from the Lyceum playbill, where it has been so long underlined, will be explained shortly in the Law Courts. A difference of opinion has arisen between MR. PHILIPS and MR. FECHTER with regard to the propriety of casting the former popular tragedian for the part of the *Ghost in Hamlet*, and for the violation of the specific agreement made by MR. PHILIPS liquid redress has been sought."

If the highest part played by SHAKSPEARE as an actor was that of the *Ghost in Hamlet*, perhaps the answer, if any, returned by his own ghost, through MR. HOME, or any other Medium, to the query, whether that same part was beneath MR. PHILIPS, would be rapped out in the negative. Naturally, or supernaturally, however, his idea of a ghost would now be clearer than it was before he became one; and therefore he would be in a position to decide whether the character is one which is suitable to MR. PHILIPS or no.

We have no wish to prejudice a case the decision of which is reserved for a legal tribunal; but we would venture to suggest that MR. FECHTER and MR. PHILIPS might settle their difference about the *Ghost in Hamlet* by playing *Hamlet* and *Ghost* each of them alternately. They might thus set a good example to subordinate actors by showing what a first-rate artist can make of a second-rate part. With the same view, if MR. PHILIPS will consent to "discharge" the *Ghost*, perhaps MR. FECHTER will condescend occasionally to undertake the *Priest* in the churchyard-scene, who offends *Laertes* by refusing to read the burial-service. A great step would then be made towards overcoming histrionic self-estimation, so as to enable us to witness that desirable novelty, a play well cast in all its parts. Let MR. PHILIPS and MR. FECHTER begin by taking turns at playing the *Ghost in Hamlet*, and then may the ghost at the Lyceum Theatre long continue to walk every Saturday night.

FRAUD.—A gentleman of the Long Robe living in the Temple, the other day, opened his door, and, we regret to say, "let in" a respectable Bootmaker.



SCENE—THE ROW.

JEMIMER HANN IS STARING AT SOLDIER—YOUNG SPOFFINGTON IS BOWING TO GEORGINA MARTINGALE—PERAMBULATOR CHARGES THROUGH YOUNG S.'S LEGS.—SENSATION!

PHŒBUS APOLLO'S COMPLAINT.

OH, weary as FOX TALBOT, and weary as DAGUERRE,
That set me up in business (as the firm of Sun and Air),
For since then as Portrait Painter so wide my fame has flown—
I haven't had a moment that I can call my own—
With positives and negatives, collodion and albumen,
I lead a life no god before e'er lived, and, I hope, few men.
Here's CLAUDET, MAYALL, WATKINS, MAUL AND POLYBLANK,
CALDEST,
At the camera and the printing-frame keep me toiling till I'm
crazy.

Standing Patron of the fine Arts I was well content to be,
To take the chair at meetings of the Muses, three times three:
With Clio and Euterpe, Polyhymnia & Co.,
To paint and play *en amateur* was nice and *comme il faut*.
But to drudge and mess about in each photographic den,
From the moment of one's rising till one goes to bed again,
Is really not the business a sun-god ought to follow—
'Tis a ray and not R. A. that flings a halo round Apollo.

If I could choose my sitters my case were not so hard:
To transmit the face of beauty, statesman, warrior or bard,
Is work that would not sully e'en the majesty of Phœbus,
But as my old friend HORACE puts it "*modus est in rebus*,"
And nowadays each nobody must with my rays make free,
Till *cartes* are ta'en by cart-loads, that ta'en should never be.
Albumenised, collodionised, on paper and on glass,
The whole world seems mad for setting the *carte* before the ass!

Of privacy our great ones' joys and griefs I'm forced to rob;
Compelled to do the bidding of the genuine British snob;
To lurk behind the sofa where the QUEEN sits in her weeds,
To squint over her shoulder at the letter that she reads;

To dodge the Prince and Princess, e'en through their honeymoon;
Play the spy upon their morning, and blab their afternoon,
Shoot them flying on their drives from some sheltering bush or tree,
And peep in through the key-hole on their dinner and their tea.

PARISIAN BARBARITY.

THE Judgment of Paris (we have heard the joke before) has been given in the elections. The EMPEROR and M. DE PERSIGNY denounced certain candidates as enemies to the Imperial System, and Paris immediately went and elected every one of them. Paris is therefore Opposition, and Paris is—or was—France. Nevertheless, we have no expectations of an early visit from our friend the EMPEROR in the enforced character of "MR. SMITH." CAPTAIN SWORD will be able to hold his own, at present, against CAPTAIN PEN, with CAPTAIN PREACHER to back him. Meantime we must notice, on the part of the Opposition, the most hideous piece of cruelty we ever read of. There is nothing so horrible in *Salammbo*, from amid whose foulnesses the Court ladies of France pick out fancy ball-dresses. We read that "in order to prevent collision of Liberals, M. THIERS was desired to be—*silent*!" This to an orator who when in England talked all through the Box Tunnel! We doubt whether a cause can prosper that is inaugurated with such a brutality. CAPTAIN PATTEN as *Master Silence*.

Phenomenon.

Flying Fish.—A disciple of old ISAAC WALTON's the other day, while strolling about his native village, caught a Perch over a Pound. We don't know how many horses go to the pound in this part of the country, but the fact of a fish in this position is truly remarkable.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL DOG-SHOW.—*Test'em* on our international relations with America.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 13, 1863.



A SETTLER FOR SOMES'S STALE BEER BILL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 1. Monday. The Bishops, admitting the existence of objections to the compulsory use of the Church's Last Service in certain cases, undertook, through the Primate, to consider how the difficulty can be met. It will be for their Right Reverencies to consider, also, that there are not many Clergymen whom England will consent to make absolute judges in the matter, with power to announce to a circle of mourners what shall be said touching the departed. The question is by no means an easy one, and their Lordships are quite right in asking time to think over it.

The International Exhibition Building is to be bought by the nation. It is to cost £484,000, but only £172,000 is to be asked this year. There is, however, another International Institution called the House of Commons, where a good deal will probably be heard on the subject before the bargain is complete. *Mr. Punch* would like to know why the place should not be called the ALBERT PALACE, and why Drawing Rooms should not be held therein? There would be room for all the Rosebuds, young and old, Crinolines and all, the distance would be no object, as they have carriages, and they could, after the ceremony, compare themselves with the roses in the adjacent Arcadia. Dressing-rooms and rouge-pots might be provided. We consider this a splendid notion, and we hope PROFESSOR OWEN will think that the building can afford space for the Whales and the Dowagers too.

Ha! A rupture with Brazil. Did not *Mr. Punch* remark upon the absence of M. MONTIPELLO from the levee. Now he is off to Paris, and the EMPEROR OF BRAZIL has made a speech about the quarrel. It is left in the hands of KING LEOPOLD.

Then we were very miscellaneous in Supply, and much was said about the Parks. *Mr. COWPER* being assailed upon fifty different points. *Mr. SCLATER BOOTH* complained of the nuisance of the Commissionaires' hands, and *Mr. COWPER* was good enough to say that if the inhabitants of houses did not like the noise, they could give their houses up, as they would easily let, and as the evening was warm this coolness was refreshing. *LORD PALMERSTON*, recovered from his gout, was vigorous as ever, and ridiculed the critics of the Estimates, saying that they were enraged because Government had been so careful and economical that there was nothing to quarrel with. *Mr. COWPER* praised *MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO's Boy and Dolphin*, *Mr. GREGORY* abused *Mr. DYCE* for not finishing his cartoons, and called that gentleman's conduct scandalous, and *MR. CORINGHAM*, on the Houses of Parliament frescoes, said that we had an excellent illustrated *History of England* from *Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT*, and that other expenditure in illustration of our history was needless. But Government got all the money that was demanded.

LORD PALMERSTON, in moving the Second Reading of the African Slave Trade Bill, complimented the United States on the good faith and liberality with which the existing treaty has been carried out and allowed to be extended.

In the course of the evening *Mr. Punch* and most of the other Members went out, on pretext of observing the total eclipse of the Moon, to enjoy an extra cigar.

Tuesday. Ninety-nine—what shall we call 'ems?—actually followed *MR. WHALLEY*—yes, *GEORGE HAMMOND WHALLEY*, descendant of the first cousin of *HAMPDEN* and *OLIVER CROMWELL*—into the lobby, to vote against the education of the Irish priests. Happily, 198 wise men went into another lobby with the Government.

Fish gives the House a good deal of trouble. But we are fond of fish, as *MR. QUARTERMAINE* is in a position to testify, and we should rejoice in anything that made fish cheaper—also champagne and early strawberries. Therefore, we are glad that *MR. FENWICK*, of Sunderland, beat the Government by nearly two to one, upon a subject on which he is exceedingly well informed, and carried an address for a Commission of Inquiry into the sea-fisheries, with a view to increase the supply of what he very properly called a favourite and nutritious food. We shall be happy to be examined, and can give important evidence, as we went out fishing from Hastings one day last September and caught a sole, two codlings, a cold, and an awful blowing up from our harem.

Wednesday. *MR. SOMES's* Bill for shutting up Beer on Sundays came on. *Mr. Punch* attended, and performed military execution. He fastened *MR. SOMES* to a beer barrel, and blew him away for a Sabbatarian Sepoy, amid the cheers of 378 Members, all of whose portraits will be seen, as also those of *SOMES's* 103, in the Large Cartoon on another page. After this act of justice, *Mr. Punch* went to Greenwich to dinner. The Danish element has, of course, got into the whitebait dinners, and *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in speaking well of what is now called *Charitons de filets de sole à l'Alexandra*, and of *Queselles de Merlan à la Danoise*.

Thursday. A pleasing Spirit. There is a Committee on Holyhead Harbour, and *MR. GLADSTONE*, a few nights before, calmly apprised the House that such Committee would not be impartial, and he implied that Government would not trouble its head much about any report that might be made. Having taken some days to consider this speech,

various Members of the Committee arrived at the conclusion that they ought to fly into a rage with *MR. GLADSTONE*, and flew accordingly. He declared that he meant nothing personal, and "recited" as he said, the words he had used, decidedly sticking to them. *MR. BRIGHT* did not know anything about Holyhead, but from the row the Cambro-Hibernian Members had made, had no doubt that *MR. GLADSTONE* was right. Besides that *MR. GLADSTONE* knows a good deal about Wales, and is always going into Flint to harden his heart for taxation, there is a *prima facie* case against the Committee.

Next, we had another row about the Volunteers. Why is not Ireland to have Volunteers? Answered *LORD PALMERSTON* thus. Ireland is loyal enough, but what between its love of religion and of riot, there would be no security against Irish Volunteers fighting with one another, so we shall give them no rifles unless a common enemy appears. This may be considered very plain speaking indeed, and after an angry debate 186 voted against trusting the Irish with arms, and 45 for doing so. The Volunteers Bill was then considered in Committee, and the clause for calling out our Household Guard to suppress riots was very properly struck out, but that for enabling a commanding officer to dismiss any Volunteer at pleasure was retained. *MR. COX*, of Finabury, spoke with sense and spirit against the clause.

In Supply, Government was beaten, and made to knock off the Clerk of the Works who looks after the repairs of our Embassy Palace at Constantinople—a queer kind of economical movement, which Government will, of course, punish by taking care that the works for next year, unchecked by a clerk, shall cost twice as much as at present; an arrangement in carrying out which we may rely on the co-operation of Turkish tradesmen.

Friday. The DUKE OF CORNWALL is to be empowered to grant long leases on his duchy. Many of the miners are Dissenters, and *LORD CHILMSFORD* objected to H. R. H. being permitted to give chapel sites to such dreadfully wicked and dangerous wretches, but the Lords are depraved enough to sanction the criminality.

MR. BARBOUR was elected for Lisburn. A Committee has turned him out with a label inscribed "Bribery" pasted on his back.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE gave rather an amusing lecture on London, with a view to show that nobody managed parks, public buildings, statues, fountains, or anything else in a proper manner. *MR. COWPER* made the inevitable answers—somebody else's fault, before his time, things not so bad as represented—no money.

The painful case of *SERGEANT LILLEY* was then discussed. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has inflicted upon the officers who are charged with cruelty the severest public rebuke ever bestowed upon gentlemen, and some pecuniary compensation is made to relatives of the unfortunate Sergeant, and as the superiors of those officers had approved their conduct, it is alleged that technicalities prevent the Horse Guards from doing sterner justice. It is well for the Service that such cases seldom occur.

The Foreign Office is above the anti-Friday prejudice which afflicts so many old ladies of both sexes. To-day the Greek King was made.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S PERFECT CURE.

News from Paris the other day contained the interesting statement that:—

"The KING OF PRUSSIA's physicians have advised his Majesty to go to the baths at Carlsbad for the re-establishment of his health."

The KING OF PRUSSIA's physicians may know better than *DR. PUNCH* what is best for their Sovereign, but it is *DR. PUNCH's* humble opinion that neither the baths of Carlsbad, nor any other baths will cure his Prussian Majesty's complaint, which is an affection of peculiar obstinacy. *DR. PUNCH* thinks that no remedy will benefit the KING OF PRUSSIA that does not effect an entire change in the Royal system. He would prescribe his Majesty an alternative, and recommend him to adopt the custom of taking a constitutional walk.

Tallow-Candle-ish Odour of Sanctity.

DR. CANDLISH, member of a Scotch sect called the *Fres Kirk*, is exceedingly abusive because upon a cairn erected to a revered memory a beautiful verse from the Apocrypha has been inscribed. A book which *LUTHER* placed between the books, is not good enough for *CANDLISH*, and he finds "an insult to Scotland" in the citation! He has achieved a great feat. We did not think it possible to rouse a laugh near that cairn, but this reverend buffoon has conquered our sense of what is fitting, and we should not feel shocked at seeing him at leap-frog in a Kirk-yard.

SCIENTIFIC.

PROFESSOR PUNCH, being asked, whether the hare chews the cud, replied with charming candour, "Well, really I don't know, but I have very little doubt that the hare cud if it chews."

PICTURES IN PROSPECT.

THE way in which the R.A. pictures have been hung, has caused this year vast wrath and virtuous indignation, and it is said that when the R.A. told its hangers to "go, hang," they ought in common justice to have gone and hanged themselves, by way of a fit climax to their labours of suspension. But *meliora laenamus*—as the compiler of the R.A. Catalogue would print it. The fuss which has been made has put the Forty on their mettle, and we hear they are already hard at work for next year's show, at which it is expected that the R.A. will array themselves in quite unprecedented force. A clairvoyant friend of ours who has been peeping in their studios, has supplied us with some sketches of the works in preparation, all of which of course will be hung "upon the line." From the brief notes we append, some notion may be formed of the merits of the paintings, each of which will doubtless prove an absolute *chef-d'œuvre*, and will completely cast a shade over the works of younger rivals, whom the swells of the Academy of course delight to snub.

The first picture we exhibit is a noble one by ———, and is a fine specimen of his severely classic style. It professes simply to represent *The Spring*. A line from "TOMKINS'S Seasons—*Come Jemle Spring*," will however probably be added in the Catalogue. A single glance will serve to show how sublimely the poetical conception is worked out:—



Another grandly simple subject is Mr. ———'s *Barn-door*, whereof the many varied beauties of both colour and expression can but faintly be imagined from the following rough sketch. The gnarled and knotted woodwork is painted with delightful faithfulness and force, and such a depth of feeling is thrown into

* We do not think it needful to supply the artists' names, as from the choice of subject, they may easily be guessed.

the hinges that one well nigh hears them creak:—



Preparing for the Bath is a more ambitious subject, but the genius of ——— has triumphed over obstacles which had well seemed insurmountable to a less daring brain and hand. By giving skilful prominence to the *bric-à-brac* of the lavatory, the artist has avoided all indelicate details; and if his picture bear a semblance to the sketch which we subjoin, we may predict that the most sensitive may see it without shuddering:—

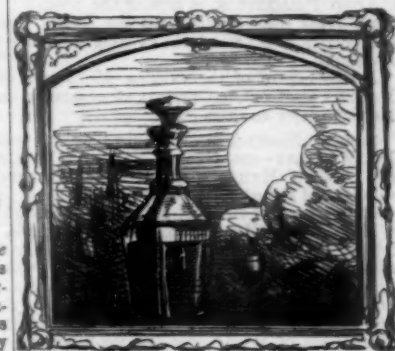


Another high-art picture is *The Cow with the Iron Tail*, in which the genius of ——— is splendidly apparent. This surpassing masterpiece is as thoughtfully conceived as it is beautifully executed, and all young animal-painters will do well to study it. Let them particularly

note the conscientious truth wherewith the iron tail is handled:—



But perhaps the finest picture by which "the line" next year will be worthily distinguished is a delicious moonlight scene by Mr. ———, R.A., who, as he always paints from nature, has not gone to bed till daybreak for upwards of three months. From the sketch which we subjoin it will be seen that this great picture combines the depth of DOMENICO with the breadth of MICHAEL ANGIOLO, and the tints of TINTORETTO with the pearliness of REMBRANDT, and the colouring of CLAUDE. As the work speaks for itself we need say no more about it; and will merely add, that according to the title selected by the artist, his landscape represents *The Port of London as it was seen by Moonlight on the evening of the Marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*.



THE DEFECTIVE POLICE.

THE Public will learn with great satisfaction that an auxiliary branch bearing the above title is about to be grafted on the old stock in Scotland Yard. It must be admitted that the present force does to some extent discharge the functions of a defective Police. But not entirely. Under the proposed system the right man will never be arrested—the real criminal will never be found out.

It is almost superfluous for us to enlarge upon the numerous advantages of a defective Police. They must be patent to every observer. We will mention four only:—

1. *Economy*. As there will be no committals except by some culpable blunder, for which the magistracy must be held responsible, our Model Prisons may be put up for sale by public auction. Prompt purchasers will be found among the landed gentry whose means are ample enough to embrace the luxurious accommodation provided by those magnificent monuments of architectural skill and legislative liberality.

2. *Charity*. Tickets-of-leave being virtually abolished, the HOME

SECRETARY for the time being will be spared the exquisite pain which is felt by that sensitive functionary whenever one of his misguided *élèves* rashly violates public confidence and private dwellings.

3. *Security*. It being understood that every real criminal has a safe conduct throughout the country, all persons not comprised within that description will take effective measures for their own protection. Housekeepers will be perpetually on the *qui vive*. Blunderbusses will be in constant readiness, and Clubs of travellers and wood will be formed for mutual succour and to be used with vigour as emergencies may require.

4. *Development of high moral character in Garotters, &c.* Honour being proverbial among thieves—though sometimes dormant from circumstances, alas! beyond its keeper's control—those gentlemen will doubtless manifest it largely when no longer harassed by spies and tormented by apprehensions. A noble forbearance may be reasonably expected on their part when their humble opponent, the honest man, looks around in vain for any office (save the office they may give him) in which he can insure his purse, his windpipe, or other personal chattel which he faintly and timidly calls his own.

THE MORALS OF MAY-BE-FAIR.

MR. PUNCH was too lazy to go with his friend MR. GLADSTONE to see the latter distribute the prizes and certificates, at King's College, to the Evening Classes in association with that establishment, and having read in the *Times* the report of what took place, Mr. Punch additionally regrets his absence. He greatly approves this Class and College wedlock. Its object is to enable young men, like himself, who are closely occupied in business all day, to improve their minds by evening educational exercise of high character, under collegiate counsel, and please to observe apt alliteration's artful aid. Of course his own mind needs no improving, in fact it is so exquisitely brilliant that when he goes into society he is obliged to take great quantities of liquid in order to bring himself a little nearer to the level of ordinary minds, and as the object of this process may have been misunderstood by the police and others, he is not sorry to explain it. But there is but one Punch. He cordially commends these Classes to the notice of his young friends.

THE CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER spoke almost as well as the Chancellor of XCV Fleet Street could have done. As witness the following passage:—

"If we have come to the time when, in certain classes of society, the attractions of wealth and the outer world prove too much for the more sober attractions of learning, then it has become more than ever necessary that we should look downwards into those veins of rich material in which the English nation abounds (above), and that by efforts such as these new recruits should be continually brought forth in increasing numbers to add themselves to the body of those who are the followers of the Muses, or students in the inferior walks of letters and mental cultivation. It is therefore a great work to which the promoters of these evening classes have addressed themselves."

Just so, MR. GLADSTONE. And any person who addresses a letter to the periodical called *Punch*, addresses a great work, but never mind that now—we never praise ourselves, indeed it is needless while the whole civilised world is singing our praises. We proceed to remark that there was one effort or exercise to which praise and praise were awarded, on which we should like to hear a little more. It was a paper—

"On the best means of improving Mercantile Morals."

Certainly MR. PUNCH would like to hear a little about this, for this is a subject to which he has devoted his best energies, and with great success; though he must say that his new gold watch chain has too much copper in it, his warranted watch loses three hours every day and stops every night, he pays an awful price for cigars of which half are cabbage, he has nearly killed five or six wine merchants for not sending him the same liquors he tasted in sample, and if he did not have his bills checked by a firm of accountants, he would be fearfully cheated, in mere false addition, every week of his valuable life. Therefore he would like to know what other minds suggest. He reads in the report that—

"Schools with a large number of students" were allowed to enter and form a separate class, and to have special examinations. Of this privilege DR. YEATS, of the Upper and Middle Schools at Peckham, had availed himself, and as the result, the Dean of the College would have the pleasure of introducing, for a certificate of honour, MR. EDWARD M'DERMOTT, one of that gentleman's pupils who had earned that mark of distinction in the discussion of the Principles of Commerce."

Well, MR. EDWARD M'DERMOTT, you have a certificate of honour, and MR. PUNCH congratulates you. But he particularly begs to know, either from you, or from your respected instructor DR. YEATS, or from MR. LLELDAYF WATSON (a doubly episcopal name), who was a prizeholder in respect of the same study, what you all recommend for the improvement of Mercantile Morals. How is MR. PUNCH to get a gold chain, a good watch, a cigar of tobacco, honest wine, and accurate bills? Are you going to have Shop-Missionaries, or to distribute tracts headed "Ah, would you?" and "I'm a looking at you?" Or would you give a prize for the best Essay on "Honesty the best Policy." Or would you nail fraudulent ears to door-posts? Or would you summon the mercantile world to Exeter Hall, and read to it the essay with which the highwayman in *Paul Clifford* tried to convert a mean thief, *On Real Greatness of Soul*? MR. PUNCH is curious to know your plans, Gentlemen. That they are good ones he doubts not, or MR. GLADSTONE and the Dean would not have awarded you prizes. Suppose you send us your MSS., MESSRS. M'DERMOTT and WATSON, and we will appropriate your machinery, if we like it.

With which benevolent proposal, MR. PUNCH concludes his notice of the Evening Class, and King's College Union, of which he once more expresses his excessive approbation, and to which he invites all his young friends to pay attention.

An Old Saw Unset.

SPEER and GRANT by their discoveries have confuted the old proverb, "*Et nihil a nihil fit*."—"There's nothing to be made out of the Nile."

RACING QUERY.—What is the use of having a horse called *Gladstone*? There can be but three courses open to him.

THE LONDON NEW YORK HERALD.

THE *Morning Star* is a good little paper, and not always ill-written. Nothing can exceed the tremendous splendour of its puff, except the terrific volubility of its abuse. When it has to write up a singer or actor, its ecstasies transcend any imitation-hyperbole from America, and must almost satisfy even the belauded artist; and when it has to abuse anybody, he is painted uncommonly black, it wells out floods of darkness. In fact, the estimable little journal is essentially provincial, and behaves among less impulsive journalists as a provincial does in London society—demonstratively, but rather awkwardly, because of a suspicion that one of his braces is hanging down his back, or that he has spilt his soup on his shirt front, and the ladies are laughing at him. Still, the *Star* has merit, and being a professedly religious paper, it tells lies, but then they must be accepted as parables, because truly religious people never tell lies. It is an American organ, and being written for the uneducated class, of course abuses the South, and is carefully angry with MR. PUNCH for having refused to bewail the fate of the Irish mercenaries who have been knocked on the head in trying to enslave the Confederates. Now as this anger would find little sympathy even among the readers of the *Star*, it states that which in a worldling would be called an untruth, and pretends that MR. PUNCH confounds the loyal people of "Ireland as it is" with the exported vagabonds who take Yankee blood-money. But as the *Star* has been kind enough to reprint MR. PUNCH's remarks in full, so that they will come under the notice of the patrons of the inferior press, and may do them good, he returns the courtesy by reprinting what the *Star* says of his observations:—

"For women and mollities we cannot call to mind any counterpart to this in any journal published in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, or any other part of the world where the English language is spoken and printed. It is unmitigated ferocity and ruffianism."

There, now! Who can say that MR. PUNCH is deficient in courteous chivalry? This is what the *London New York Herald* says of MR. PUNCH. Never mind, we shall have many a laugh at our little friend yet, but we wish he wouldn't be quite so provincial.



Change of Weapon.

PROGNOSTICATING the exhaustion of the Confederates, a Northern organ says—"The Long Purse will give us victory." Perhaps. The Long Bow has done it hitherto.

STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.—A young man who was supposed to be very swift, was seen running away from his tailor as hard as possible. Medical Science offers no explanation.



TAILOR'S SHOP.—A DISTINCTION.

NEW CUSTOMER. "I've had my clothes hitherto from—"

WEST END TAILOR. "Clothes! just so, Sir! He! He! We may amuse you to be clothed, Sir! but we re'llly can't call you Dressed; we can't, indeed!"

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS will be delighted to hear that we have at last discovered the historical origin of the Burlington Arcade. In the reign of HENRY THE SIXTH, the rebels led by JACK CADE, were making their way toward St. James's Palace, which was not then built, and were just entering Piccadilly, a few yards from Bond Street, when a soldier rushing in, L. H. on the Prompt side, and recognising the arch-rebel called out "Ah! CADE!" He was immediately slain, but on the same spot was erected in memory of this meeting an arch, which, when architecturally developed, was called an Ar-cade.

During a hot discussion, the other day, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND who was standing by, played upon several words with one of his fire engines. Profanity is on the increase in the North of the habitable Globe: the favourite oath in Norway and Sweden, now is, "Daah my Schles-wig Holstein." Masons and Bricklayers will meet together at Bricklayer's Arms to keep the feast of their patron St. James of Compostella. We regret to hear that another case of Military Barbarity has occurred in England. An entire regiment was taken to a place, not many miles distant from London, and there,—we tremble as we write it,—quartered. During the Cremorne Rows, an acrobatic performer was taken up and charged with being a "tight" Rope-dancer. It seems that he had taken to the bottle in consequence of the tight-rope business being somewhat slack. We hope that the great swimming race, between the Persian Ambassador and UNDER SHERIFF GAMMON, from the Wellington Statue to the Marble Arch will be fashionably and numerously attended. There will be a Military Conversazione held at Chat-ham. The Government design for providing everybody with three shillings a-day, two glasses of beer, and employment in a first rate banking-house, has been temporarily abandoned.

The LORD MAYOR is to give an entertainment to Royalty at the Mansion House. He will appear in fifty-six different characters and sing thirty-three comic songs. In order to keep up ancient music, he will be accompanied by the Mace-bearer on the Recorder. Cards of admission to be obtained from SIR ROBERT CARDEN, who, it is whispered, has been engaged to appear at MR. E. T. SMITH'S Tournament, as the Knight of Capel Court, mounted on a Pony; and afterwards, as a Matador, will contend with one of the Stock Exchange Bulls. We look forward to the result with anxiety.

BOCKUM DOLLS BONNETED.

KING WILLIAM with fame and frown,
Announces—*coram sat*—
His crown shan't go inside the crown,
Of BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

"Dissolve the Chamber, gag the Press!
An eagle, not a bat,
Is Prussia's badge, and down it swoops
On BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

"The self-same tile Rebellion flung
We'll take to crush it flat,
And to extinguish Liberal fires,
Use BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

"For quelling flames there's nought like oil,
For quenching fire like fat;
The first step, ere we touch the head,
Is to put down the hat.

"To Liberal Prussia, BISMARCK'S move
Has given '*Echec et mat*,'
And BOCKUM DOLLS is bonneted
With BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

"Till Hope that in Pandora's box,
A lingering inmate sat,
No more can find a lurking place
In BOCKUM DOLLS his hat."

Bat take care lest, though soft it seem,
And yielding to a pat,
You yet should find a wide-awake
In BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

A wide-awake, to multiply,
With more lives than a cat,
A hundred heads, and each one crowned,
With BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

"Take hence that bauble!" CROWWELL cried;
But this case is not that.
You're no more CROWWELL than the Mace
Was BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

Beware! when Kings and Parliaments
Once come to tit for tat,
Kings' heads have crowns to lose as well
As BOCKUM DOLLS his hat.

O hat more famed than that which erst
Shaded old FRITZ's frown,
With Revolution at the brim,
And Terror in the crown,

Say art thou destined in the mud
Neath royal feet to roll,
Or yet in lieu of *bonnet-rouge*,
To head the Prussian poll?

The hour of deeds is come: gone by
The time for idle chat,
KING WILLIAM has flung down his glove
To BOCKUM DOLLS his hat!

Hebraic Joke.

OUR Hebrew correspondent, the celebrated RABBI JEW D'ESPRIT, has sent us the following conundrum: "Vot, asks the son of Israel light literature,—"Vot are the besht vegetablesh to cultivate in your garden?" "D'ye give it up?" "Vy, peash, to be sure: 'cos yer can *shell* 'em."

CRUELTY TO A DUMB CREATURE.

THE [other evening loud cries were heard issuing from the house of the celebrated ADMIRAL FITZROY. It appeared that he was correcting his Barometer. The poor thing has been stated in the papers to have been very much reduced lately.

YANKEE STRATEGIC MOVEMENT. LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—Fighting JOE HOOKER has hooked it.



Front and Back view of a very Curious Animal that was seen going about loose the other day.
It has been named by Dr. Gunther "Elephas Photographicus."

A QUESTION FOR THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

WHAT wants a King, that he may reign
Without a Constitution,
And gag the Press if it complain,
Yet fear no revolution,
His realm though he should isolate
From each enlightened nation,
Subserving one barbaric state
With base co-operation?

He wants an army staunch and strong,
Resistance prompt to stifle,
Support him, and enforce his wrong
With bayonet and rifle.
Obey their Monarch's will as law
Superior to all other,
The trigger at his bidding draw,
And shoot down sire and brother.

He wants dragoons, to override
Their kinsmen, friends, and neighbours,
And right divine, by homicide
Impose with ready sabres;
And wealth he wants, to keep in pay
His host of gladiators,
And hold them true to him as they
To Fatherland are traitors.

To keep disfranchised subjects down,
O Majesty of Prussia!
Whilst you with law below your crown,
Betray the Poles to Russia,
May give the army you require
Some work; and you may rue it:
Have you one big enough, then, Sire,
And base enough to do it?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 8. Monday. A Polish debate in the Lords. The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH demanded information as to the state of the negotiations respecting Poland, and did not think the question premature, as the rebellion which the EMPEROR had ordered his soldiers to put down in ten days had lasted four months and a half, and was extending. The Earl made an eloquent speech in behalf of Poland, and declared his belief that she could never have a good Government under a foreign despot. The FOREIGN SECRETARY said that France and England had agreed upon proposals to be made to Russia, and that these were waiting the approval of Austria. He therefore deprecated present discussion. But, as LORD ELLENBOROUGH said, diplomats are writing, while Cossacks are massacring. The DUKE OF RUTLAND thought LORD ELLENBOROUGH "hasty." Dukes are usually slow, except when running for stars and garters. LORD BROUGHAM thought the EMPEROR a good man, and that he ought to give an independent constitution to Poland. The Great Elchi, LORD STRATFORD, whose opinion is worth that of several tons of dukes, did not see the value to Poland of the EMPEROR's alleged goodness, and was strongly in favour of an immediate settlement of the Polish question. LORD DENMAN talked nonsense, as usual, and said that he did not speak to be reported, for he despised newspaper reports, but he was reported, nevertheless, because a newspaper is bound to record everything from Denmanism up to donkey-races, and EARL GREY, K.G. expectant, was dissatisfied with everything. Echoes of some of these speeches will ring round Europe.

The ultra Protestant party opposed the Bill for sending Roman Catholic chaplains to instruct Roman Catholic prisoners, but the EARL OF DERBY, professing the greatest respect for the foolish opinions of his noble friends, argued at some length and with great fearlessness, in favour of the Bill—could not shut his eyes to the fact that the foundations of the Protestant and Catholic religions were the same, and insisted upon the right of criminals to spiritual instruction. He gave, he said, a conscientious and cordial vote for the Second Reading. Mr. Punch was sorry to see BISHOP TAIT on the other side, and imputing to the promoters of the measure a desire to conciliate Irish politicians. The Tories may be playing this game, but the Bill is a just one. LORD DERBY's adhesion of course settled the result, and the Bill was read a Second Time by 65 to 30.

On the motion for Supply, MR. GREGORY moved the opening of the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens on Sundays, after Service. The LORD ADVOCATE said, that the opinion of Scotland was against the step, and also that the gardens, being two miles from Auld Reekie, and strictly botanical, would not be available for the class who were supposed to

desire the opening. MR. STIRLING took the opposite view, and showed that 36,000 adult males had petitioned for the opening, while the counter-petition had been signed by numbers of women and children. He also inflicted a sharp rebuke on CANDLISH, whom he named The Frantic Divine (an adhesive label), for his abuse of the QUEEN's inscription on the ALBERT Cairn. DR. CANDLISH, by the way, seems not to know that the QUEEN is the Head of the Church, and has taken the apocrypha verse from a book whence the Church takes many of her Lessons for the Day, so that the attack upon the Sovereign is absurd as well as impertinent. MR. DUFF supported and MR. BLACK opposed the opening, and MR. KINWAID, also opposing, stated that the Edinburgh people were not nearly so drunken as was supposed. If so, they deserve praise, for there is no place where you can easily get such good liquor. After some other speeches, LORD PALMERSTON said that he thought the opening would be a good thing, but that as there was no doubt that the feeling of Scotland was against it, there was no necessity for acceding to the motion. It was put, and lost by 123 to 107. Then there was a long debate on SIR EDWIN LANSBORN and the Possible Lions, and MR. COWPER urged that genius ought not to be hurried, and that something very good would come if SIR EDWIN were allowed to satisfy himself with his own work. MR. STIRLING assented to this liberal and gentlemanly view, but thought that SIR EDWIN, like the lions, would be none the worse for being occasionally poked up.

Tuesday. LORD CRAWFORTH opposed the Bill for Flogging Street Ruffians, and talked about a panic. LORD WODEHOUSE supported it as an experiment, as nobody could sympathise with the parties to be operated on. LORD GRANVILLE thought that it would not be safe to oppose the Bill, as the whip had been used on the promoters. LORD HARDWICK, an old salt, explained, we presume for the information of gossamers, that long lashes on a long handle were the things to use, short handles and lashes being useless. Friends who, we hope, will keep at a distance, will please accept this intimation that the former arrangement will be adopted. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons treated themselves to a theological debate. (MR. BUXTON wished to relieve the clergy from subscription—(by the way, if the clergy would relieve the laity from subscription, instead of sending us by every other post demands for money, perforated cards, petitions for "One Bob for a Building Fund," and similar begging letters, it would keep our waste-paper baskets emptier)—from subscription to the Articles and Prayer Book. There was a good debate. The allegation was, that this necessity of signature kept men out of the Church. The answer was, that men were kept out by the fact that so much more money was to be made in other professions. MR. GLADSTONE had no idea of relaxing the rule, and letting parsons preach what they chose, for he said, "the Liberty of the Clergy is the Slavery of the Laity."

MR. DISRAELI said he had been young and foolish, but had never been actuated by the sordid motives imputed to the youth of England. *Mr. Punch* could not help speculating upon the possible result had the REVEREND MR. DISRAELI been one of the clergy, and whether he would have been Bishop of Jerusalem. SIR GEORGE BOWYER said that the Church of Rome was the only safe place, and that she turned out everybody who differed from her, but MR. DISRAELI had prepared the House for this, and mentioned that Rome had an artful habit of suppressing some of her dissenters, wheedling others, and letting the incorrigible think for themselves as members of monastic orders. The "previous question" evaded a decision—Government moving the resolution.

Wednesday. The Durham Day. Everybody went to the Horticultural Gardens, Brompton, to see the inauguration, by the PRINCE OF WALES, of the Memorial which MR. DURHAM has erected to the Consort and the 1851 Exhibition, and which the QUEEN had visited the day before, to her entire satisfaction. So the proceedings in the House were not interesting, but the Innkeepers' Liability Bill went through Committee, with modifications of a reasonable character, which *Mr. Punch* will explain when he codifies the Act for the information of the travelling public.

Thursday. LORD SHATTEBURY, to his credit, gave notice that he should demand of the Government whether it was their intention to take any further steps in the case of SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, whom the public regard as a martyr to the brutal tyranny of his superior officer.

The Foreign Minister, in answer to LORD CAERARFON, spoke with a

certain contempt of the conduct of Prussia in the Polish matter, but thought she had just kept outside breach of neutrality.

MR. CONINGHAM put an artfully devised question to LORD PALMERSTON upon Slave Trade in "the rebellious Confederate States," but it may be superfluous to remark that our friend PAM (who looked very well on the Wednesday with his Star and Garter, long may he wear both) was not exactly done. The Confederate States, he said, had passed a law making the Slave Trade highly penal, but there could be no diplomatic communication with them, unless they should establish and maintain their independence.

Education and the Volunteers kept the House sitting till nearly three o'clock, but the quality of the talk bore no proportion to its quantity, and the only thing to be noticed is, that the Dismissal of Volunteers clause in the new Bill was again contested by MR. COX, but carried by 100 to 29.

Friday. LORD WESTBURY, following, he said, in the steps of LORD BACON, introduced a Bill for Consolidating the Statute Law. The announcement is such a stagerer that *Mr. Punch* must take some time to recover from the shock. He will then report progress.

Irish distress was pleaded by COLONEL DOWNE, and other Irish Members, but MR. GLADSTONE could not see that there was any case justifying a pull at BRITANNIA's money-bags.

COLONEL CRAWLEY is to be brought to a court-martial for his conduct towards the late SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY. The country will approve this decision, but will watch the court-martial narrowly.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE took an opportunity of advising MR. CONNELLY to "drink deep." It is very good advice, this warm weather.

JUNE, JULY, JANUARY!



URING the last few days, some extracts from LAMARTINE's account of the events which preceded the revolution of 1830, were published by the *Reform* of Berlin. They have procured for that journal the honour of a second warning, on the ground of being "intended to excite hatred against the ordinance of June 1, which intention is particularly manifested by the last sentence:—

"On the 26th July, 1830, the three ordinances of July were signed by the Ministers in Council at St. Cloud, and on the 26th they appeared in the *Moniteur*. The second ordinance annihilated the freedom of the Press."

IF KING WILLIAM'S Ministers give a warning to a newspaper for merely quoting the statement that an ordinance of CHARLES THE TENTH of France destroyed the freedom of the Press, what would they have done to it had it mentioned the historical fact that CHARLES THE FIRST of England lost his head by attempting to rule without a Parliament?

How the Prussian Cat Jumps.

WE beg to call attention to the following significant telegram, transmitted, the other day, from Berlin:—

"On the departure of the KING OF PRUSSIA for Carlsbad next week, the Queen will proceed to Windsor, at the invitation of her Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA."

To the foregoing announcement we may venture to add, that her Prussian Majesty will, there is every reason to fear, be very shortly rejoined by her Royal husband, the ex-KING OF PRUSSIA.

A WARM DEMONSTRATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE friends of the Sculptor of the Memorial in the Horticultural Gardens assembled in such force on Wednesday the 10th, that MR. BERNAL OSBORNE declared the crowd was a regular importation of *Durham mustard*!!

MIRTH FOR MERCENARIES.

THE emigrants from old Ireland (and old England, too, for that matter) who enlist in the American service to fight, of course for some higher consideration than that of the dirty pay, are fine impulsive fellows. We must make due allowance for their high animal spirits, and their generous hilarity, which dispose them to look on the pleasant side of warfare. These gallant lads behold battles, and battle-fields, tinted with *coulour de rose*, and not with that deeper shade of red which is peculiar to carnage. To them the game of war is as the game of cricket, and in their noble thoughtlessness they overlook the little difference which exists, in effect, between cricket-balls and rifle-bullets. Shall such light-hearted boys trouble their heads about such consequences of their playful pugnacity as lacerated stomachs, shattered jaws, compound comminuted fractures of legs and arms, and amputations? Bless them; no: nor give themselves any concern about such facts as those thus mentioned by the *Times*:—

"THE WORK OF WAR.—An American paper states that the Pension Office at Washington has lately recorded the nineteen-thousandth application of Wives made Widows by this War between the Northern and Southern States."

The "rollicking" "harum-scurum" blades, who consider fracturing a man's skull as cracking a joke, can hardly be expected to take any serious view of the broken heart of a woman. They will probably disregard, with a genial recklessness, the nineteen thousand destitute "widdies" whom they have contributed to bereave, and alight their scowls and sufferings with that good-humoured indifference aptly described as devil-may-care.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION FROM GOVERNOR WALL.

MY name is JOSEPH WALL. I was Lieutenant Governor of Goree, acting as Chief in July, 1792. I caused a man to be flogged without a trial. I ordered SERGEANT ARMSTRONG to receive 800 lashes. He died in five days afterwards. The Board of Admiralty offered a reward for my apprehension. I absconded, and went to live on the Continent; mostly in France and Italy. In 1797 I returned to England. I was taken up in 1802; twenty years after I had flogged ARMSTRONG to death. I was tried, convicted, and hanged. COLONEL CRAWLEY is accused of having hastened the death of SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY, if not of having killed him, by illegally confining him in a Black Hole. I won't say that COLONEL CRAWLEY murdered SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY. I don't know that he did. Spirits never do know anything of the kind. We cannot tell who did the Road murder. We only know what the papers tell you. They say that CRAWLEY committed a crime that amounts to murder. What they say is corroborated by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. If it is true, COLONEL CRAWLEY ought to be tried for it. Should it be proved against him, he would deserve hanging more than I did. The man I caused to be flogged was a mutineer among mutineers. He was not a respectable non-commissioned officer. MRS. BROWNIGG tells me to give you her compliments. Good night.

ORNAMENTAL TURNING.—A Gentleman who devotes many hours of recreation to his lathe, lately succeeded in turning a conversation.

HIS IMPERIAL REVERENCE.



Ye Emperor a fondling of ye Pope.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD wrote to CARDINAL ALTIERI, Archbishop of St. John Lateran, concerning his intention of resuming the title of canon, and of sending 30,000 francs a year to the chapter in lieu of the abbey rents.

The POPE, with whom it must rest to accept or reject this offer, must have some difficulty in permitting the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH to resume what he never relinquished. For surely the eldest Son of the Church, in the conscientious judgment of his Holiness, is the

personage who calls himself HENRY THE FIFTH. NAPOLEON THE THIRD can, on the POPE's principle, which is that of legitimacy, be no more the Eldest Son of the Church than VICTOR-EMMANUEL is KING OF ITALY. If he is not the true Eldest Son of the Church, he ought not to be one of its Father's. But we shouldn't at all wonder if the Holy Father, PIO NONO, were to ignore the legitimate Eldest Son, and grant the claimant of hereditary canonry canonical induction. For, reading on, we find the remark that:

"It is a curious fact that the Church of St. John Lateran possesses property in Ascoli, which the Italian Government took possession of lately, but the Rector has protested against this act, saying the property belonged to his community."

Vindication of Church property secularised by the Italian Government is not unlikely to alone, in the view of the POPE, for that occupancy of one Bourbon's throne which, in the case of another Bourbon's throne, his Holiness treats as usurpation. Then, does not the Elect of the French people protect the Sovereign Pontiff against the universal suffrage of the Roman people? Lastly, 30,000 francs a year are not to be sneezed at. So the POPE will perhaps, bolt sceptics, consent to crown his Imperial Majesty with a shaven hat at least, and give himself a dispensation to admit the ecclesiastical claims of the REV. LOUIS NAPOLEON. A Sovereign so well up in artillery may be fit to be made an actual canon. If he is, we shall go and hear the Reverend EMPEROR preach.

Geographical.

THE Royal Geographical Society have decided that henceforth none but jocular and meeting people should live at Taunt-on. Also it has been settled that any Eastern Traveller wishing to make short journeys should take up his residence at Tripoli.

COMMERCIAL.—The Traveller for a Large House is not necessarily a journey-man.

SCHEME FOR A CERTIFICATE-SYSTEM.

In this CARDIGAN and CALTHORPE affair, Mr. Punch affirms the judgment of his friend, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN. LORD CARDIGAN was a hero in the Balaklava charge, and it is remarkable, and not creditable to any of the parties, that they did not at once settle the matter by referring to a picture, which Mr. Punch himself published soon after the battle, and wherein the EARL OF CARDIGAN is shown doing his duty like an English officer. Thus the parties might instantly have arrived at the conclusion at which they have been able to get by the costly and circuitous process of law. However, there the business ends, and LORD CARDIGAN had better get somebody to make him a large copy in oil of Mr. Punch's cartoon, and hang it up at Dean Park for the certitude of posterity.

But in connection with this case a bright idea, as usual, occurs to Mr. Punch. By a recent law, people who are in doubt, or who apprehend future doubts about their pedigrees are entitled, on proper application and on proper evidence, to obtain a Declaration of Legitimacy from a Court of Record. History being so very uncertain, why should not this salutary law be extended, and why should not any one be enabled to obtain a legal Declaration of his Heroism, his Genius, his Elegant Appearance, his Skill at Cricket, his Fascination of the Female, or any other good gift or grace for which he wishes to be celebrated hereafter? Such Declaration, which would be a sort of canonisation, must only be obtained on the strongest grounds, and on the witness of credible and knowing parties, and we might even, after the POPE's fashion, appoint a Devil's Advocate, whose business it should be to contest the facts, and show that the person was a coward, a dolt, a clown, a butter-fingers, or a women-hater. But the Court should give its decision as it has done in LORD CARDIGAN's case, and then the future historian would have nothing to do but to consult the files of the Court, which had better be confided to MR. NOEL SAINSBURY to index and digest in the masterly way in which he has treated other of our records. Will LORD WESTBURY introduce a Bill for this purpose?

THE PRINCIPAL HERO USED THIS YEAR IN THE LOVING CUP AT GUILDHALL.—ROSE-MAJORY.

A HOUSEBREAKER IN THE POLICE FORCE.

We have heard of policemen turning pickpockets sometimes, but it certainly is new to us; to hear of one committing burglary. Something vastly like this was however done the other day at Dalton, on the premises of an inn-keeper who was summoned for permitting men to gamble in his house, a charge which was dismissed when brought before the bench. How the evidence in support of the charge had been collected, the burglar in policeman's clothing thus described:—

"BARLOW. I got a bench, and a barrel, and then on the pump, and on an out-building, and through the club-room window."

"The Chairman. Was it open?"

"BARLOW. No, I got a knife and put back the fastening, and opened it. That is the way I got in."

One would think that this police-constable—or we should rather say police crackman—must in his younger days have served as an apprentice to a housebreaker, for he seems to be accomplished in the art of cracking a crib. How far the law may justify such open acts of burglary, we leave lawyers to decide; but no amount of law can make us look upon such burglaries as things which should be otherwise than viewed with deep disgust. The game of "Eye Spy Eye," as played by the police must be kept to proper rules and reasonable limits; and though the players be allowed at times to peep through a keyhole, they must not be permitted to break into a house.

Midas in a Mitre.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER forbids his clergy to shave, shoot, or play at cricket, and prohibits the REV. MR. DAVIES from preaching, for the offence of agriculture! The Right Rev. Prelate is supposed to be weak in Hebrew and German; and it may be feared that he has little Latin and less Greek. His Lordship should eschew tyranny and take to learning, lest it should be said that the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER is an absolute dunce.

DEFINITION (BY A CREMONNE CRIMINAL).—Kicking up a Bobbery may be defined as getting into a row with the Police.



FLY FISHING.

Piscator. "NOW THEN! I THINK I SHALL GET A RISE HERE!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW LIVERY.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE OF WALES, on Thursday last, was enrolled at the Merchant Tailors' Hall an honorary member of that ancient Company. On that occasion an oath was administered to His Royal Highness, who, according to a report of the proceedings, "could not suppress a smile" on hearing some of the obligations to which he was required to pledge himself. Most happily, he did not choke himself with the effort, in attempting to swallow some of them; as this:—

"You shall not withstand or disobey the summons of the Master and Wardens of the said mystery for the time being, by their officer therefore assigned; but to the same Master and Wardens you shall be obedient and obsequious at all times, without you have a reasonable and lawful excuse."

The concluding salvo fortunately exempts the Prince from the duty of dancing attendance on the Masters and Wardens of the Merchant Tailors' Company at call, and doing whatever they may please to tell him. The PRINCE OF WALES, when not wanted by the QUEEN or the Public, must always have either business or pleasure of his own to occupy him; and the pleasure of his Royal Highness, to say nothing of his business, would surely be a reasonable and lawful excuse for declining to devote himself, under the motto of "Ich Dien," to the exclusive service of the Merchant Tailors.

The Prince was also adjured to undertake the following engagement:—

"You shall not conceal any foreigner using the handicraft of tailors or merchandise, to dwell within the franchises of the said City, but as soon as you know it, you shall warn the Chamberlain of the same City thereof, or some Minister of the Chamber, that he may do due correction therein as belongeth to his office to do."

This condition his Royal Highness may have safely sworn to fulfil. Any foreign tailor whom he might be pleased to patronise, either in the City or elsewhere, would be sure enough to take good care that his Royal client should not conceal him by any means. The plume of feathers over the shop-front would preclude all possibility of concealment. It is, however, doubtful whether this security for publicity would have been contemplated with much satisfaction by the original members of the Merchant Tailors' guild. Those venerable citizens were evidently

imbued with very strong Protectionist prejudices against "the foreigner." These further stipulations, for example, were also proposed to the Prince:—

"You shall cover no foreigner in any wise, under your own franchise, to your profit, and singular advantage of the said foreigner, upon the pain that is contained in an ordinance thereof made. You shall take no foreign covenant man into your service, but only of your own mystery, such as have well and truly served as apprentices seven years within the same City, or else, apprentices duly bound, without fraud or male engine."

"Male engine," may be presumed to mean "evil contrivance;" for engines have no genders, unless screws may be called engines, but, though screws are male and female, we cannot conceive an apprentice bound with a screw of either sex, although apprentices may be bound to screws of both sexes, who stint them. From the first of the two clauses it might be inferred that the PRINCE OF WALES, in his capacity of tailor, is debarred from being employed by, as well as from employing, any but his own countrymen, since it seems to forbid him from clothing an alien. Regarding it in another point of view, we may rejoice to think that the PRINCE OF WALES did not, some four months ago, make an affidavit that would have estopped him from extending coverture to any other than a British spinster, or British widow, if preferred. Considering all these things, it is no marvel that the PRINCE OF WALES could not suppress a smile; the wonder is that he escaped bursting his buttons with laughter.

The Aspiration of a Prodigal Vow-Breaker.

"I WOULD have the same law applied to resolutions that is enforced at some respectable theatres with regard to places—what is taken in the morning should be religiously kept throughout the evening. Thus, would the day terminate with the pleasing satisfaction of one's engagements being always happily performed!"

DUTY ON TOBACCO.—It is not generally known, that in future there is to be a heavy tax levied on the snuff of a candle.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 20, 1863.



MADAME PARIS AND THE VALET-DE-SHAM.

MADAME P. (TO M. DE PERSIGNY), "YOUR MASTER TOLD ME TO CHOOSE MY OWN SERVANTS, AND I DECLINE BEING DICTATED TO BY YOU."



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY JOHN STOW
1618

Printed by I. W. at the Sign of the Gunne in St. Dunstons Church-yard

UNREVEALED MYSTERIES.

SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL has given to the public an interesting and amusing book entitled *Remarkable Adventures and Unrevealed Mysteries*. The motto of the work is "The World's mine Oyster"; and each rogue appears to have found the oyster a mine of wealth, or we may rather say to have discovered in it two pearls differing vastly from one another. The first pearl was the precious stone that raised the impostor up to a dizzy height, and the second was the pearl that threw him down again after that first hoister. But without trying back to CAGLIOSTRO, RUGIERO & Co., there is many a modern Social Mystery upon which the author has not touched, though as impenetrable as the secret of the *Iron Mask*, and as unlikely ever to be discovered.* We have turned our attention to this quarter, and may say by way of preface, that "The following work is the result of many years random running about town. That the scene of so many of the adventures is in London, may be explained partly by the fact, that the author has seldom been absent from the vast Metropolis; and partly because such a swarm of weak rich gulls reside there, who are, as it were, the predestined prey of all those ingenious individuals who make a livelihood, not so much, as has been said, by the possession of wits themselves, as by the want of wits in others."

CHAPTER I.

THE WENNS.—THE FIRST UNREVEALED MYSTERY.

THE WENNS—Their First Appearance—WENN's Employment—Salary—Residence—Reports about the Family—WENN's Son—First Night of the Opera—The Royal Box—Their Daughter's Marriage—Curious Question as to the Settlement—Real Plate—Dinner—Purity of Character—Accomplishments—Disappearance—Mystery still unrevealed.

THE WENNS first appeared in the social circles of London about the year of the first Great Exhibition. Their origin was not then known, and has never since been clearly ascertained. Some say that Mrs. WENN was a Miss WARR, while others try to identify her with a young lady of the name of HOW. The reader may adopt whichever supposition he pleases; for both are, we believe, equally erroneous. If a general haziness did surround this family, a sort of mist that might be expected to hang about the persons of those who had but lately emerged from under a cloud, there was at all events one thing as clear as the sunniest day; namely, that Mr. WENN held a far from lucrative appointment in a Government office. Everybody seemed also to know that the salary which Mr. WENN received was the entire support of himself, Mrs. WENN, and four children, the eldest of whom was a boy sixteen years old. The majority put the sum down at three hundred per annum, and nobody ever yet went over four. And yet what were the marvellous facts connected with the WENNS' existence? They lived in a handsomely furnished house on the Bayswater side of Hyde Park; they kept a man servant and a page, and whenever we saw them, were driving in a well-appointed carriage with a couple of horses. The crest on the panels was not *their* crest; but whose was the vehicle? If there was a new opera brought out, Mrs. WENN, radiant with jewellery, smiled upon us from a box in the centre of the grand tier; and Mr. WENN, gorgeous as to his shirt-front, motioned towards our stall with a fat well-kidged hand, while evidently saying to his wife, "Ah! there's *Towzer*." Every new production at any one of our west-end theatres was invariably patronised by the WENNS, whose plaudits were always heard to issue from the most aristocratic and expensive part of the house—sometimes from the seats of even Royalty itself; but be it understood that on these occasions Royalty was absent, abdicating, doubtless, in favour of the WENNS. They dined out a great deal in the Season, and disported themselves at balls and parties in and above their own sphere. *How did they do it?* His boys, who were well educated (and this does not cost a trifle by the way) have received appointments ordinarily difficult to obtain, or been placed in commercial firms in which scarcely any amount of money could purchase a share. Their daughter has married well. What did WENN give her? Did the secret of their existence transpire at that time? We are not to be deceived by hired plate, the grocer and talented assistants at five shillings a head in Berlin gloves; but on the nights that we feasted at WENN's, there was nothing of this—everything was real, good, and substantial. He puzzled us by making a profession of his poverty: "I can only give you a plain dinner," he would say, much to our confusion; "but when you dine with a poor man, why," &c., &c. There never was a word of scandal against either of them. People wondered and were silent. WENN was the best companion in the world, and his wife charming at the piano. What became of them no one knew; and not a single tradesman suffered by their disappearance. Our own belief is, that having seen their children well settled, they retired into the country; and Mr. WENN

* Among minor modern mysteries of not sufficient interest for our present undertaking, we may notice the extraordinary circumstance of the now Famous Fat Man of Pinbury. After his lamented decease, his butcher from whom we had the particulars, asserted that this corpulent gentleman always ate his dinner at home, and invariably dined upon some portion of the Galf. He lived in the strictest privacy, and it was not until his death that he was unmasked.

having given up his Government appointment, lived better than ever upon nothing at all. This we do know, that they never had more than four hundred a-year, and lived at the rate of eight thousand. How they did it is perhaps one of the greatest Unrevealed Mysteries of modern times.

THE RYAL ACADAMEE.

AIR—"The Royal Artillery."

TRAFALGAR Square is a pleasant place in the months of May, June, and July,

With its fountains, high as mountains, and its Greek Statu-a-ree;
But what does increase
This net'al grace,
Is the Ryal Acadamee.

Ye'll there be met, by the bagginet, of the Bould Mili-taree,
On guard before the entrance dure of the National Gallere;e;
Which same is done,
Lest the colours should run,
From the Ryal Acadamee.

'Tis at the wicket ye take a ticket, one shilling makes ye free,
An' ye give it to a young man who stands by immediatees;
Sure he looks a leedle
Like a Beadle,
To the Ryal Acadamee.

There are two fellars take the sticks and umbrellas, they're as busy
as the honey Bee,
'Twould play Old HARRY if each could carry such things about
carelessee;

So this rule they fix,
They want no maul-sticks,
In the Ryal Acadamee.

The females all, upon the wall, looked down so beautifullee;
Of the ladies, sure, upon the flure, I said *sub-to vo-ces*,
"For painted faces,
Not the only place is,
In the Ryal Acadamee."

Och 'twould be nice to have a vice on the Hanging Com-mit-tee,
There's some that shine, upon the line, who niver there should be,
An' some outside
That 'ud be a pride
To the Ryal Acadamee.

Here's a health and love to the Mimbers of this Great Soci-e-tee!
Their pictures here don't pass this year a medi-ocri-tee,
They are the Boys,
That make no noise,
In the Ryal Acadamee.

THE REMAINS OF STREATHAM HOUSE.

FROM information which we have received we gladly conclude that the demolition of Streatham House was dictated by a necessary alternative on the part of its worthy owner. The mansion of *THRALE*, the hospitable home of *JOHNSON*, had, for those who desired its preservation, come to exemplify the vanity of human wishes. It was, we are assured, in such a state that nobody would occupy it. We infer that its sacred walls were dilapidated—if we may venture, with *JOHNSON* and etymology in view, to predicate dilapidation of bricks. In short, if Streatham House had not been pulled down, it would have tumbled down. It would then have utterly perished; but Mr. *PHILLIPS*, its proprietor, instead of allowing it to crumble away, adopted the preferable course of having it taken to pieces, thus, in fact, subdividing it into so many memorials of Dr. *JOHNSON*.

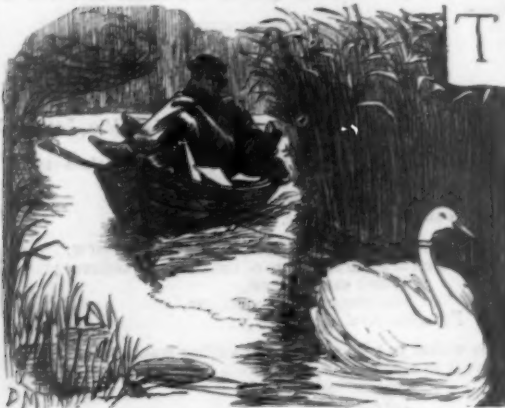
This conservative proceeding, we must acknowledge, is quite the reverse of the destructive act of the parson who cut down *SHAKESPEARE*'s Mulberry tree for fuel. If that tree had been in danger of rotting and had been felled with the view of preserving the wood, then, indeed, the cases would have been analogous. The timbers of the walls which used to reverberate with Johnsonian thunder, will now be cut up into no end of snuff-boxes, relics of the immortal *SAM*, and if Mr. *PHILLIPS* wishes to do a handsome thing, he will send one of them to *Punch*'s office.

SPORT.

A SPORTING Cockney afflicted with a slight lisp gave it as his opinion
"That betting on Atheot Heath with a Heathy way of making money."

AN IRISHMAN'S FATHERLAND.—*Patria*.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER, AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.



THE Thames Boating Clubs have elected a professor to lecture on the art of rowing, and prizes will be given to the best student in Outrigger-nometry.

June 18th. 4 P.M.
—Sculling up to six o'clock and back again.

Rule for the Great coming Rowing Match.—The competitors must sit during the race: there must be no standing up in a row.

Cricket.—The committee propose

that all candidates not elected shall be presented with tickets to leave England by the Black Ball Line of Packets.

June 19th, 20th.—Grand Match of the United Bakers & The Panting Pastrycooks. —Bakers' Dozen against the Pastrycooks' Leaven at Kennington Oven. The players on the Baker's side will be required to put a twist in their bowling: and the Pastrycockian Batsmen will be allowed to take a puff after every blow.

June 22nd.—The London Street Gymnasts & The Bounding Brothers of other Climbs. The game will be played with Acro-bats. In order to add a zest to the proceedings and enable them to get a clear view of the ball, every Tumbler will be provided with glasses.

We are sorry to record a sad accident that happened during the past week, in one of the Great Matches at Lord's. A well-known long-stop attempted to make a catch. The ball, however, which was travelling at a fearful speed, passed right through his hands. We fear that he will not show in the field for some time.

Another Casualty.—A distinguished member of the Quiddances while getting his hand in by practising a catch, put out his arm.

The Tice.—The Tice is almost a full pitch, and will take the player by surprise, especially if he has had no-tice beforehand.

Style in Bowling.—Round-arm bowling is undoubtedly English, but Gend'arme bowling is peculiarly French.

Running.—When you've made a hit, run; it doesn't matter where, go anywhere as long as you only run. The invariable rule for a batsman is, "Cut and run."

Leg Hits.—Cricketers, who disdain the protection of pads, must consider every painful blow caused by receiving the ball upon their ankles, as a punishment for their shins.

Out.—At the commencement of every innings the umpire shall call "play." According to the rules of polite cricketing society, if anyone is "out," the umpire must call again.

Trap and Ball.—This is one of the sole amusements permitted to the Austere Trappists. Hence the name. Perhaps Brother IGNATIUS, of Claydon, may get a hint from this. The game adapted for a Mother and her Daughters *versus* Paterfamilias is thus played: Let Mamma and her feminine offspring lay a trap for Papa in order to get him to give a Ball. If he gives one, the petticoats win, although, it may chance, that the younger daughter of the house will come out. A good ball thus given is never entirely thrown away, as it will be returned by one or more of the guests.

Croquet.—Grand match at this exciting game will be played, during the ensuing month, by the ladies of England, on the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY's lawn. We warn our fair readers that if during the game of Croquet the grass is damp, they will find themselves very croaky next morning. We anticipate a glorious example of Fair play.

The Turf.—At Exeter Hall it was lately stated that very Correct Cards were never seen at races. We, in our capacity of "Noble Sportsman" deny it.

Racing.—Several horses in training for Goodwood, at Hitchin, have been scratched.

Will it Wash?

THE Americans have discovered the power of manufacturing washable bank-notes. The secret, it appears, consists in covering the paper (Green-backs, or otherwise), with a solution of india-rubber. This may, in one sense, tend to an expansion of their credit; only they must not over-stretch this easy solution of getting out of their difficulties. However, this washable process throws into their hands a very tempting means of wiping off their liabilities. It is the only probable source, we see, of liquidating their enormous National Debt. A bit of sponge, and the thing is done as cleanly as possible.

BATHING CONUNDRUM.—When very warm, the Londoner should go for a morning's trip to the Serpentine.

CRAWLEY AND LILLEY.

WHEN your flesh seems to creep and grow chill,
As if something was nigh to appal ye,
The mysterious presage of ill
Folks describe by the words "I felt CRAWLEY."

But henceforth that word "CRAWLEY" should move
More horror in blood and in breath,
As the name of the Colonel who drove
SERGEANT-MAJOR JOHN LILLEY to death.

'Twas an old Greek belief that there lay
In men's names omen true of their lives,
And from CRAWLEY and LILLEY, we say,
The Greek doctrine some count'nance derives.

How the name "CRAWLEY" calls up the thought
Of some slow, slimy, cold, creeping thing,
Big with venom, to wrath slowly wrought,
And with all of its strength in its sting:

Of the adder coiled under the stone,
Of the slow-worm that crawls in the dust,
All that prompts every heel to tread down,
Or raises each gorge in disgust;

Of the wriggling circuitous coil
As the creature approaches its prey;
Or, its game if the by-stander foil,
Of its dart to concealment away;

The quick double tongue in its head,
The gleam of its cold cruel eye,
The foul fetid slaver o'erspread
The victim 'twill crush by-and-by.

Then "LILLEY"—the name seems to breathe
Of purity, sullied in vain;
Of the flower that thy tombstone should wreath,
Good soldier—a name without stain.

With that emblem the Church doth endow,
Her martyr-confessors of fame,
And a true soldier-martyr wert thou,
Though humble thy rank and thy name.

Dying man—dying wife—let them lie,
Close-pent in their casemate of doom,
Night and day 'neath the sentinel's eye,
Though the sun to white-heat fire the room,

Till stilled is the labouring breath,
And the fevered blood clots in the brain,
And the stout soldier's freed by grim death
From arrest, and from anguish, and pain.

Lay him down; his wife will not be long,
Ere she shares his cool grass-covered bed;
But that nought may be lacking to wrong,
Write "Drunkard" up over his head.

And for proof—here 's the long brandy score.
Fifteen quarts in the month! Did he swim?
True, the doctor prescribed it for her,
But 'twill back up the charge against him!

Who that reads what our Commons have heard,
Nor the Horse Guards itself can deny,
But must think of the ill-fated bird,
Stricken dead 'neath the snake's cruel eye?

What man with the heart of a man
But feels his blood tingle and glow,
With the longing to do what he can
To bring this iniquity low?

What man with the heart of a man
But feels the blush burn like a brand,
Reading how this wrong-doer is left
"On trial," but still in command?

On trial! This heart hard as stone,
Whose sin no excuses can lighten!
This accused—whose accuser has gone
With his wrongs to the High Court of Heaven!

On trial! This tyrant whose hate
Not even by death could be cloyed;

Who spurned the poor corpse at his gate,
And flung shame on the life he destroyed!

On trial! To those who condone,
Where the duty is clear to condemn,
Let England's just anger make known
That "on trial" 's the sentence for them.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



MR. PUNCH,

"I wonder whom we have to thank for having fixed the London Season at a time of year when everywhere the country looks its loveliest, and all lovers of Nature would surely fain be out of town? It seems to me surprising that people who can please themselves and are no slaves to society or business avocations, should waste the summer's sweetness by spending it in London, and when the May is fairest should come up to May

Fair. They who love the opera and the nightingale as well must perforce give up the one if they desire to hear the other; for just when Nature's Concerts are most tempting and delightful, our London operatic season arrives at its full height. For myself I own a preference for Nature over Art, and the fragrant breeze that whispers over the fresh heath to me is sweeter than the sweetest air that PATTI ever sang. So no doubt it is to many more, who like me (and STRAW'S starting), 'can't get out' of town till autumn; but instead of idly grumbling at one's fate, one had better make the best of it, and, as one can't get to the country, enjoy as much as possible the pleasures of the town. Lovers of the theatre should recollect that the dramatic season now is in its prime; and they who better like to hear an opera tune need hardly be reminded to embrace the opportunity.

"Excepting the Lyceum, which still is nightly crammed to see the graceful BLAANCHER made love to by the gallant CAPTAIN FRECHTER; and excepting the St. James's, where the wretched *Lady Audley*, after nightly throwing her husband down the well, returns to close the evening as the *Merry Widow*; with these exceptions, something new has been produced at all the theatres, and at each of them that something is an advertised success. At the Haymarket a Comedy by the granddaughter of SHERRIDAN should be attractive by its pedigree if not by its plot. In the latter respect *Finesse* has not much to remind one of the *School for Scandal*; cleverness, for it smacks more of the *Mummy*, and the like old style of farce. But there's enough of active incident to keep the piece from flagging, and the dialogue is lively, and shows sparks of real humour, without being polished up to be unnaturally smart. MR. WIGAN (it rejoices one to see him back in town) has one of those Old-Frenchman-glibly-speaking-broken-English parts which no one else upon our stage can play so smoothly and so well; and his wife is very amusing as a Cockney-talking servant, who can't abear them 'furriners,' and has a wondrous fund of anecdote to justify her hate.

"*Court and Camp at the Princess's* is a bustling lively melodrama, with a *Watteau* *féte* as pretty as a princess could desire. The characters are dashing and the dialogue is dull, for the writers of such plays care little for an epigram so long as they can get a good strong stirring stage effect. In fact, in melodramas generally the characters are made to talk a language of the stage, such as nobody has ever heard in real life. And if only as a notable exception to this rule, the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* at the Olympic should have a notable success. But besides this, the piece is very skilfully constructed, and, while it deeply moves our sympathy and interest, it gives the actor truer scope for emotional expression than is ever done in melodramas of the good old stagey school.

"At the Adelphi (which old playgoers won't call the 'New' Adelphi, however much the playbills may endeavour to re-christen it) PROFFERSON PERRAN'S *Ghost* will have appeared ere this is printed, and the house

will doubtless be haunted by good audiences for many a week to come. Besides the ghost of MR. PERRAN, the spirit of SIGNOR VERRI has been summoned to this theatre, and people who affect to laugh at him as a composer will, if they see *Il Trovatore* here, be forced to laugh a good deal more. As the burlesque in MR. BYRON'S, it is needless to remark that there is plenty of good fun as well as of bad puns in it; and as MR. TOOLE plays one of the chief characters (let MR. GYE'S *habitudes* endeavour to guess which) it is superfluous to say that the acting is as humorous as the author could desire.

"Entertainments" (so-called) are becoming as numerous as those of the Arabian Nights. Of the Thousand and One or so, which have in the last week or so been started to amuse us, I am inclined to give most praise to that of MR. DAVID FISHER, who, long known as a good actor, now appears as a good singer, and by no means bad musician. There is a certain stagey smack about some of his characters, which is less his fault than that of his librettist; but he plays the fiddle well, if not quite 'like an angel,' and his bit of Norfolk dialect must please all good philologists. As for his friend JENKINS and his great (rejected) tragedy, which is turned into a sensation play by simply leaving out the words, I have not for a long while been amused by any tragedy as I somehow was with this. Indeed, I really laughed as heartily at MR. FISHER in his drama, the *Mysterious Melancholia*, as I have ever, I think, done at MR. KRAV in *Hamlet*, and this, you will allow, is saying a good deal.

"But of all the entertainments, that at the *Gallery of Illustration* is still by far the most deserving of the name. In musical ability combined with pleasant acting, the REEDS and MR. PARRY have long distanced all their rivals; and pious people, who object to being seen inside a theatre, may at the *Gallery* in Regent Street enjoy an entertainment which is every whit 'as good as a play.' MRS. REED is one of our few, our distressingly few, actresses who have any notion of a ladylike demeanour; and in the present state of things, it is no light praise to say that she knows how to speak plain English as plain English ladies do. Moreover, she is cleverly accomplished in the art of 'making up,' as is specially evinced in the present entertainment, by her transition from the masculine old maid of five-and-forty to the pretty hisping fair-haired maiden of eighteen."

"ONE WHO PAYS."

SHADOWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE will shortly be a Missionary Meeting and Evangelical Alliance Pic-nic party on the Thames. The festivities on the occasion will take place at Bel Pie Island on account of the great *Bel-pie-ry* shown by the landlord, who is so attached to the Church that he lives in the Aisle.

MR. BENNETT of Frome, has communicated, we hear, with Brother IGNATIUS, in order to tell him that his conduct is not the Frome-age or cheese. The Bishop of the Diocese has elegantly and grammatically remarked that he is glad to say there is only one Brother IGNATIUS, but there are many *loyaller* to the Establishment than he is.

To continue our ecclesiastical news, we may add that Convocation will give a Grand Ball this year. The *census* is St. Paul's; the advertisements have already been issued by the Dean and Chapter, and the sights of London will be found under the heading "St. Paul's," the announcement that "Admission to the Ball is Sixpence;" too low a price to ensure a Select Company.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests will have their first dinner in Kensington Gravel Pits, weather permitting.

It is not generally known that Chalk Farm supplies the entire Metropolis with milk.

We have lately heard, at the beginning of June, several people speaking of May as "the last month;" we applied to ADMIRAL FITZROY who immediately pitched out his barometer, hoisted his cone, beat his drum, blew his own trumpet, and then telegraphed off to us that "May was not the last month; that we're in another month now, and there'll be plenty more up to the end of the year."

A change of name is to be made: the authorities of the Zoological Gardens have determined upon calling the *Mon-agerie* the *Beast-agerie* as decidedly more appropriate.

The Dean of Christ Church has ordered that, in case of inclement weather, when MR. LEVY, the clever *cornet-à-piston* performer plays, he shall do so under a horn.

The proposed plan for an Underground Balloon Railway is still under consideration.

Scientific Gastronomy.

THE principal members of the Geological Society dined together one day last week. A new dish, invented by a scientific epicure, was submitted to discussion, and universally pronounced an excellent *mee*. Consisting of a crust overlying inferior strata and deposits containing reptiles of the Batrachian order, it formed a vast improvement upon Toad-in-the-Hole, under the name of Toad-in-the-Conglomerate.

NEW NAME FOR ST. JAMES'S PALACE (on Drawing-Room Days).—The House of Detention for Ladies.



OLD LADY (wrathfully, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion). "It's nothing of the kind, P'lesman, that I can assure you; but I have unfortunately entangled my foot in my Crinolins, and can't get it out!"

MR. PUNCH AT THE MEMORIAL FÊTE.

BEING a loyal British subject, and feeling a strong wish to have a peep at the Princess, Mr. Punch of course was present at the Gardens on the Tenth, to see uncovered the Memorial of ALBERT the Good Prince. Mr. Punch had been invited to take part in the procession, which included almost every one of note, except himself and SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, the designer of the Crystal Palace of 1851. Mr. Punch, however, nobly declined the invitation, for he had no great wish to mix with mayors and people of that sort: and besides he desired to exercise the liberty enjoyed by all the Sixteen Thousand visitors, of staring with all his might and main at the Princess. Having, for his years, an active pair of legs, Mr. Punch, after seeing her, with her usual good nature, pick up the PRINCESS MARY's handkerchief underneath the Western Dome (an incident not chronicled by any newspaper historian) ran along the route of the procession to the Gallery, where he heard ALBERT EDWARD speak his little speech, which he did extremely well: and then with Deerfootlike rapidity he rushed to the Memorial, and uncovered it as soon as he had uncovered himself. Five minutes being allowed for intellectual refreshment, Mr. Punch then feasted his eyes upon the beauties of the work of his friend MR. DURHAM: a work which assuredly "the artist may well be proud of,"—and indeed the country also, though ALBERT EDWARD in his speech somehow forgot to add the words. Fine statues are not so numerous in England that we can afford to pass a new one without notice: and as an exception to the hideous monstrosities which have been libellously sculptured to represent our Princes, the statue of PRINCE ALBERT by MR. JOSEPH DURHAM is, with its fair surroundings, worthy of all praise.

After this, Mr. Punch with some few thousand other Starers, was engaged for half an hour in running about the gardens, in chase of the Princess; and he feels some little shame in publicly confessing that thanks to his superior agility and stature, he obtained in all no fewer than eleven clear views of her sweet face. The only faint excuse that

* Don't be jealous, Judy. We placed you in the chair which you yourself selected, and if you lost it when you scampered off for shelter from that shower, it was because you would make us buy you that new bonnet. Had you worn your old one, as we sagaciously suggested, you would not have been afraid of a drop or two of rain, and so would not have lost your seat.—Punch (the Brute!)

he can offer for his rudeness is, that she really looked so pretty that he could not keep his eyes off her, and his loyal legs would follow her until she left the ground. As she did so, Mr. Punch, who had rushed to the departure-place, succeeded in obtaining his eleventh and last peep. Whether or no, the Princess then recognised his features, glowing as they were with the ardour of the chase, Mr. Punch was too excited just then to determine. It is, however, certain that she smiled in the direction of the shoulders he was peeping over; and with a modest consciousness that she had meant her smile for him, the gallant gentleman withdrew to the neighbouring refreshment-room, and drank eleven brimming bumpers of champagne to the memory of those eleven peeps at his Princess.

An Egyptian Haul.

(From the old flows of the Nile.)

THE following curious question and answer, throwing a strong light upon the social habits of the subjects of the Pharaohs, has been translated from some lately discovered hieroglyphics. The question is—

Why is an Egyptian Son remarkable for his filial affection?
To which is appended the answer,—

Because after the decease of his Pappy, he takes such care of his Mummy.

MUSICAL NOTES.

AN Eminent Musician, possessing a most sensitive ear, departed this life, suddenly, on hearing a sharp played instead of a flat. Musical verdict, "Accidental" death. Let us remark once for all that the *Music of the Spheres* is led by a lightning conductor, who is, we should imagine, rather a flashy sort of gentleman.

VEALLAINOUS!

A DISTINGUISHED Cosmopolite, the other day, was telling a friend that he admired continental feeding, adding that he should be glad to know at what Parisian hostelry they never served up beef and mutton? "Why," answered his companion, "The Hotel de Veal, of course."



VERY RUDE.

"I say; I wonder who 'elped 'im up with that Box."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 15. *Monday.* LORD NORMANBY made another appeal on behalf of that converted goose BISHOP, at present under Italian lock and key for ludicrous treason. LORD RUSSELL said that the goose must cackle in his cage, for the present.

LORD CLANRICARDE is very anxious to break the American blockade, but EARL RUSSELL told him that his arguments were not based on STOWELL or sense, but came out of his own head, not the most eligible receptacle for international law. EARL JOHN also remarked that he should take good care of English honour, but should be in no hurry to take offence. From what the Protector SOMERSET said, we infer that the English and American Sea-Captains are on the best of terms.

LORD SHAFFESBURY demanded whether there would not be further inquiry into the "frightful" case of SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLEY. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE vindicated his own conduct, and stated that he had become acquainted, within the last few days only, with circumstances making a court-martial imperative. He spurned the idea that pressure had been brought to bear on him. EARL DE GREY promised the fairest trial. LORD MALMESBURY said that SIR HUGH ROSE had made his statement as to the alleged intoxication, on the authority of the medical man who attended LILLEY.

MR. LAYARD told the Commons that Government had demanded both vengeance and compensation in respect of the recent Japanese outrages on English subjects. We had required the execution of the offenders, and £35,000 in respect of three murders. Next mail would tell whether the Japanese Government could enforce these demands, and then we would talk about instructions to our Admiral. What was right in Brazil must be right in Japan, EARL RUSSELL.

After a row with independent Members about their bothering motions, LORD PALMERSTON proposed the vote for buying the land and buildings at Kensington. He urged that the purchase was a bargain, that the edifice might be made handsome, and that we should then have a place for the Museum Beasts, for the Patents, and for MR. GEORGE SCHARY'S National Portraits, besides a long nave for all sorts of diversions. So he asked for £67,000 in part of £120,000. MR. GREGORY attacked the plan, and brought letters from a furious architect called MALLEY, who

OUR VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

In the course of his speech in a case in the Queen's Bench, the other day, MR. COLERIDGE, who is not in the habit of exaggerating, or speaking without knowledge, said—

"There were noble personages who were the pride and flower of the land—who were truly the leaders of the people—whose lives adorned the history of the country, and whose great station naturally made them the thinkers and actors in all matters that tended to the development of the material and intellectual resources of the country."

This, of course, was literally true, and LORD PUNCH is the pride and flower of them all. But—

"But on the other hand there were noblemen who were a scandal and a disgrace to their order, and a discredit to society, whose high rank only made their vices and crimes the more notorious, and universally detested—men of bad hearts and base minds, and who used their influence, their power, and their authority for dishonourable and licentious pursuits, to oppress the poor, and corrupt the innocent."

Good gracious, MR. COLERIDGE, you don't say so? We wouldn't have believed it, if any less respectable authority than yourself had told us. You shock us more than you can conceive. We thought that all the nobility were perfect persons, and we are quite sure that MRS. FITZ-JONES, of Gentility Square, thinks so, and will deem your remarks most uncalled-for, ungentle, and what she calls obnoxious. She wishes you would not say these things, disparaging her betters, whose footmen look so grandly beautiful in the Park that she is sure you cannot be speaking the truth. Pray, COLERIDGE, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, and do not try to make us believe that any coronet is other than the best gold and purest jewels. Dress and paste, indeed! MR. COLERIDGE, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

A Running Account.

A WINE Merchant, celebrated for his great flow of spirits, was talking volubly to a friend in the street, when some one tapped him on the shoulder. Upon this, he ran on faster than ever, until he ran over the way, and was then stopped by a considerate acquaintance.

THE SONG CAPTAIN FOWKE SHOULDN'T SING.

"Domum, Domum,
Dulce Domum."

hammered away like fun at the building, and described the whole plan as a sickening mass of falsehood and jobbery. MR. GLADSTONE defended the scheme with his usual adroitness (to adopt the lazy stereotype form of criticism) and there was much clatter—but the division showed that the whip and something else had been used, and the land was bought by 267 to 135, majority 132. The building purchase has yet to be discussed, but MR. PUNCH knows what he knows, but he munna tell yew.

The House then cleared, but a few Members, 70 or 80, remained to vote Education votes, and MR. PUGH, for some reason, wished the standard of education lowered in the Welsh schools. Odds splutter hur nails, quoth the giant. The Volunteers' Bill finally passed, a last attempt, by MR. HENNESSY, to qualify the Dismissal clause, being rejected by 138 to 31. The Swells in the House must have a curious estimate of the character of the Household Guard.

Tuesday. Irish Fish again, and then the Ballot and MR. BERNETLEY. He juggled with the balls pleasantly enough for an hour or so, and then PAM, with equal good humour, tossed them about in another fashion, and the House, laughing, decided by 123 to 103 that the veteran prestidigitateur best hit the public taste. There is no objection to an occasional bit of nonsense, when it does not interrupt serious business. It would have been better, however, had the House stayed and given attention to MR. M'MAHON'S proposal for improving the Circuit arrangements, which at present amount to a Denial of Justice; defendants with very good cases preferring to pay an unjust demand to incurring the frightful expense of fighting it at a distance from home. Besides the Circuits want other over-hauling. MR. PASCH utterly declines to mention of which it was said to him by a cynical young barrister, "Respectable—there's nobody respectable on our Circuit, bless you, not even the criminals."

Wednesday. A small Bill in the interest of Dissent, and called the Endowed Schools Bill, was withdrawn by MR. DILLWYN, in a most gentlemanly manner, because many of its opponents had gone down to hear the Undergraduates bellow at Oxford in honour of the PRINCESS OF WALES. MR. SELWYN was as polite in his acknowledgments as was proper, but MR. LOWE was ungracious as usual—some men never can say a civil thing, even when it would be much more galling than rudeness itself.

A Bill for aiding our brave sailors to obtain Prize Money was opposed by the Government, on the plea that next Session they meant to introduce a similar Bill of their own. But the House felt the wrong that the present vexatious system inflicts upon our gallant fellows, refused to listen to the Government proposal, and made LORD CLARENCE PAGET accept the Bill, and promise to improve it in Committee. Twelve years after an action, men who fought in it have died, leaving their families in want, because red-tape tied up the prize-money bag. The difficulties are trash—a firm of City Accountants would distribute the money in six months from the day of battle.

Materfamilias will be charmed with LORD RAYNHAM, who introduces a Bill for regulating the use, in schools, of the instrument strongly recommended, and (it may be inferred from results) neglected by the Wiser of Men. *Aut Disce, aut Discade* seems the counsel that would be offered to youth by LORD RAYNHAM, who objects to the *tertius sors*. He stipulates for the birch, and nothing but the birch.

Thursday. LORD GRANVILLE said that he had no taste, and was glad of it, seeing how those who thought they had plenty, abused one another's tastes. This was apropos of the Exhibition Building, assailed by the DUKE OF RUTLAND. Asked about Vaccination, the same Earl said that Government were considering the Matter.

The Bill for giving Gog power to regulate City traffic is a strong Bill, but highly necessary. The City itself is one huge block during business hours. Something might be done by sending all Vans and Waggon round back streets, executing all old women who haven't their money ready at getting out of the omnibus, seizing all cabs that loiter, and forbidding the delivery of any goods except between midnight and three in the morning. Nothing less will enable Mr. Punch's Hansom to dash at his favourite lightning speed from point to point, and with nothing else will he be satisfied. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The Bill for enabling the distressed manufacturing districts to borrow money to be spent upon improvements which shall keep the operatives employed, was read a Second Time. An interesting debate followed. MR. CORDEN spoke excellently against schemes for wholesale emigration without preparation or object.

We then voted £236,016 for Irish Education, despite the resistance of several Irishmen to that act of Saxon tyranny. The Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, MR. O'HAGAN, a Catholic, delivered an admirable and enlightened address on the right side.

Friday. The new horrors reported from Poland are working upon the minds of some Englishmen who are not in the habit of hastily yielding to emotion. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE urged the Government to state what they were doing, and LORD RUSSELL said that the Notes of the Powers had been sent to Russia, and that if they were not answered forthwith, he would lay them, without further ceremony, on the table of the Lords. He expressed a hope that MOURAVIEFF's threat to knout the women of Poland had not really been uttered. So hope we, but it is hope against hope.

LORD MALMESBURY at great length objected to LORD RUSSELL's conduct towards Brazil. LORD RUSSELL defended himself and all his subordinates.

The Commons sat till nearly three, but were not lively. The only discussion of interest arose on MR. LIDDELL's overhauling the Greenwich Hospital system. MR. STANSFELD entered with ability into the whole story, and promised a Greenwich Reform Bill for the next week. While it is in hand, it might include a clause prohibiting more than thirty dishes of fish before the white-bait comes on, as really one has dined before one comes to the glories of the art. MRS. HART and MR. QUARTERMAINE may be heard by counsel if they like, and Mr. Punch knows several elegant young barristers who are ready to hold any number of briefs in the matter, and accept any number of Refreshers.

Mysterious.

THE other night cries were heard proceeding from the South Western district of the Metropolis. The neighbourhood of Kensington took the alarm, and the Police, hurrying to the spot, found several puddles of Kensington Gore. No body has as yet been discovered, but the authorities, we may venture to say without defeating the ends of justice, are on the right track.

What's in a Name?

MADAME STELLA COLAS, a young French actress, is advertised to appear at the Princess's Theatre in *Juliet*. Her name carries bad and good omen with it. Let us hope STELLA will prove a star—of the first magnitude—but that her *Juliet* will not be a reduction by the "*procijs Colas*" of SHAKSPEARE's large and lovely figure, to a small stage statuette.

MR. CHRISTIE'S PRESENT TO LORD RUSSELL.—A Brazil-nut to crack.

YOURS SINCERELY.



TRULY here is a nice little bit from a Husband and Wife case. No, MRS. GRUNDY, it is not one of those cases which come before SIR C. C., and of which Mr. Punch has as little to say as possible. This is out of an action for libel, but the libel is not to Mr. Punch's purpose. But, aware as he is that some persons of the masculine sex are rather easily manipulated into spooniness, by feminine epistles, when the lady redoubles her affectionate appellatives, and does a little piteous playfulness, Mr. Punch, in order to arm the manly breast against such weakness, begs to submit a little passage or two from a wife's letters, and the wife's own gloss thereupon. No, MRS. GRUNDY, there is nothing

against the lady, whom we will call MRS. TUDOR, as we merely wish to point a moral, not to adorn a tale. MRS. TUDOR and her husband had not set their horses together very well, and in order to get the animals into better co-operation, MRS. TUDOR writes to CAPTAIN TUDOR—so prettily:—

"How I wish I was home, dear darling HUSBAND, how much I love you—how kindly and tenderly I think of you I cannot say. I often think if you are, thinking of me."

Very nice, isn't it? Well, and so is this:—

"I tenderly look back upon this last year as the happiest I have ever known—the quietest and the happiest—and I think of HUSBAND with much of grateful love, and I wish I had been a better wife to him who was so good and kind to me. Never mind, she'll do better next time if she has the chance." "HUSBAND, for heaven's sake, come home soon; I will never go another voyage without you, and I don't believe that you ever, ever think of me, or wish me with you, where as I do both all day and all night long. Oh, HUSBAND, come home! come home! (Laughter.)"

What did the coarse brutes laugh at? Could anything be more gushing and affectionate? Punch declares it almost makes him cry. But he wipes his eyes, and extracts a little more:—

"I want you to come home soon, please, for your leave, and afterwards I'll come out with you to St. Helena or Canada. I won't leave you again, Mr. HUSBAND, I can tell you. I wish I could think you missed me."

Then we grow poetical, and think of MR. SIMS REEVES:—

"Good bye, sweetheart, good bye; don't forget me, old HUSBAND, and remember how very, very welcome and longed-for your letters will be. Oh, HUSBAND, how I long and weary to hear from you; I wonder if you ever think of me now. I have had less time than I otherwise have to myself, but every day, dear, dear old HUSBAND, and many times a day, do I think of you, and long for letters; and wish you were here. I can't sleep at night, and I get very melancholy and very frightened."

Only one little bit more—it will do for married ladies to stick into their Complete Letter Writer:—

"How little we know what we would like till we try it. No, HUSBAND, your profession and yourself altogether suit me better than anybody I ever saw before. You like knocking about, too, activity, and all that sort of thing, and so do I. Do I tell you, at all, old HUSBAND? I hope we shall have many hours together yet, and I do with intense delight look back to this last year, the most quietly happy and comfortable that I have ever known. I send you some violets that I picked for you in the garden this afternoon. I don't know if they smell sweet, but I send them with much love to you, my dearest little husband."

That is all Mr. Punch means to quote out of the most charming and tender correspondence which he has had the good fortune to read for many a day. One must love a woman that could write such pretty letters, and the man who could read them unsoftened must be a brute, eh, MRS. GRUNDY?

Well, M'm, the letters are read in Court, not in impeachment of the

lady's character, but in reference to a male quarrel. And MR. SERJEANT SHEP, yes, that nice looking gentleman, with his pleasant voice, and his beautiful white hair under his wig, he is heartless enough to ask Mrs. TUDOR a question which we are ashamed to write.

"Perhaps Mrs. TUDOR, you will tell me whether you were or were not in EARNEST when you wrote those letters?"

In earnest, Serjeant, you old Brute. How can you? MRS. TUDOR replied that those letters WERE PARTLY WRITTEN WITH SINCERITY AND PARTLY NOT. Her object was concealment from her Husband.

And she had very good reason for wishing concealment from a very violent personage, and we are not blaming her in the least. But, O young, middle-aged, nay elderly men, of a tender disposition, and apt to be mollified by letters, will you ever yield to that spoonifying influence again? This is the way the women serve us, O beloved brethren—and thus they mock our gentle natures. But warnings are useless—JUDITHA might sell OURABLES to-morrow.

YAK!

A Maniac Chant, in which a Married Friend of ours was heard to indulge while waiting for an hour and twenty minutes outside a shop-door.

YAK!

Another new item of lady-clack:
Another new nonsense for lady's back.
You see it in white, and you see it in black,
Drawn rather tightly, or lying quite slack,
Neatly or dowdily—that's in the knack,
Tearing whenever it catches a tack,
And costing a doosid deal more than a plack.
Of course, it's a thing that no lady can lack,
But at Concert, and Rose Show, and Sermon must lack,
For, bless you, they follow like bounds in a pack,
The fashion announced by each clothes-vending quack.
They'd do it, if ordered to walk in a sack,
Or stick themselves over with loads and abell-lac,
Or pile up fresh hay on their heads like a stack,
And, till rigged so, would fancy themselves on the rack.
Well, I shall be off to the Club for a snack,
I wish I'd been born where a JILL has no JACK,
But shouldn't I like to indulge in a crack
At the head of the cove who makes fashion-books? Whack!

YAK!

YAK!

[Cuts with his stick at an inoffensive lamp-post, and jumps into a Hansom.]

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

MADAME RISTORI, the greatest of living actresses, is now to be beheld at Her Majesty's Theatre. That bright southern star will be visible for a few nights only. In the interest of real and noble art, Mr. Punch begs to say, that in no English or American dictionary will be found words of sufficient strength to express his admiration of ADELAIDE RISTORI, or his compassion for the unhappy person who does not go and behold one or two of her performances. This is a debilitated understatement of the case, but the fact is that he is at present so absorbed in a retrospective vision of an awful old moribund Queen, haughty in her decrepitude, and fiercely clutching the crown of England (a vision which the subsequent sight of one of the loveliest of faces, flushed and smiling at a shouting audience, could not dispel) that he is conscious of not writing with his accustomed earthquake strength and lightning brilliancy, but he means to say that if he were not *Punch* he would be RISTORI. What a magnificent voice that is, and how artistically managed. The *vox humana* is the finest musical instrument in the world, but then so few can perform upon it. Our ADELAIDE is one of the few. Clapham—and we don't use the word disrespectfully—may go and see RISTORI. It will see and hear nothing to offend, or even suggest offence, and will comprehend what is meant by lofty tragedy. Here are sensation dramas, with a sensation of which no decent person need be ashamed, and if anybody thinks that he knows what acting means, and has not seen RISTORI, let him go to Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards write us his thanks for having educated him. He need not cross the cheque he will of course enclose.

A Prize.

PRINCE WILHELM, of Denmark, has been a good boy. He has passed his examinations, and, being found an apt pupil, is going to be sent to Athens as *First Grecian*.

THE BEST HEAD TO BE ENGRAVED ON THE AMERICAN WASHINGTON BANK-NOTES.—Washington.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER

AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Cricket.—July 1st. At South Kensington Museum. Brothers IGNATIUS and FRYERS v. BROMPTON BOILERS.

July 4th. The Annual Parliamentary Match will be played on one of the Commons in the House.

Female Cricketing.—Ladies are trying their hands at the national pastime. An instance in point has come under our notice. A Lady, the mother of a large small family, often "goes in," about the nursery dinner hour, and makes a cut for fourteen.

A correspondent wants to know what a Duck's egg in cricketing phraseology means. He will not be much wiser on learning that it means nothing.

The Umpire.—When the question, "How's that Umpire?" is put, the referee must be prepared to answer for himself. "Quite well, thank you," or not, as the case may be. The form of asking merely shows the cricketer's natural anxiety for the state of the Umpire's health.

Invariable Rule.—Never boast of what you are going to do. A well-known cricketer at a recent match told us before his innings, that he was going to "come out rather" this time. His prophecy met with a melancholy fulfilment. He went in, and came out directly. We have not seen him since.

July 3rd, Scotland Yard Steeple Chase.—Among the many obstacles placed in the way of the Mounted Police, who are to display their equestrian capabilities on this occasion, there is one which we know will be the centre of interest; crowds will assemble to see several civil executives taking an "Old Fence."

Two's Pictures.—July 2nd, Goodwood.—For the Ladies' Plate. Several Muffs have entered for the Flat race.



MUSICAL NOTES.

M. GOUNOD's Opera, *Faust*, seems to suit every one's taste, and MR. MAPLESON, intends, we believe, to adopt an old proverb, by inscribing over the grand entrance, *Chacun à son Gou-nod*. It is but fair to state that SIGNOR GAS-SINI, of Her Majesty's, has nothing to do with the lighting of the theatre; and certain rude inquirers must be satisfied when we assure them that MADLIE TITENS' brother is not known as TOM TITENS; finally, the superintendent of the Box Office, MR. NUGENT, is a very respectable old gent in his connection with Her Majesty's Theatre, and whose "benefit" is fixed by command of several persons of distinction for the 6th of July, when children in arms will be admitted to the refreshment Saloons, and made free of the Sponge Cake and Cherry Brandy department throughout the evening. SIGNOR TAMERLIK, we are credibly informed, thinks of taking a house in one of the great squares. At the house-warming he will enchant the entire neighbourhood by singing his own Area.



AN ENVIOUS PARTY.

CONDUCTOR (with a sneer.) "When you a' done admirin' yerself in that Plate Glass Winder, p'rhaps you'll go on with the Bus?"

NORTHERN PROCLIVITIES.

ACCORDING to the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has addressed to MR. CLAY a despatch expressing the satisfaction of the CZAR at the reply of MR. SEWARD to the proposal of France, that the American Government should join the diplomatic intervention in favour of Poland. That invitation appears to have been declined by MR. SEWARD, in language which, of course regulated by all the politeness of diplomacy, in effect informed the French Government that the Yankees would see Poland hanged first. As they themselves say, that's a fact; and, says GORTSCHAKOFF:—

"Such facts draw closer the bonds of sympathy between Russia and America. The Emperor knows how to appreciate the firmness with which MR. SEWARD maintains the principle of non-intervention."

The bonds of sympathy between Russia and the Federal States appear to be those of bondage, in which the great Autocracy on the one hand, and the considerable Republic on the other, want to retain peoples who claim independence. MR. SEWARD could consistently do no otherwise than maintain the principle of non-intervention between Russia and Poland. Does he not expect that, in the subjugated South, Yankeedoodledom will soon have a Poland of its own?

Cards.

THE Annual Contest at Whist between members of the two largest Linendrapers' Establishments in town, may be expected to take place early in August. No money will be used, but each side will play with their own counters.

STUCCO-STRICKEN.

(A Chant for KELK AND LUCAS.)

BOTHER that PAM, what did he mean
By talking about *stucco*?
The word is dinned in people's ears,
And rings like note of cuckoo.

Had he gone in, the building praised,
With his accustomed pluck, oh
The House had voted "Buy, buy, buy,"—
But to fall back on *stucco*!

Of terra-cotta had he talked,
Or to mosaic stuck, oh
The purchase-plan had ne'er been balked,
As 'tis by talk of *stucco*.

The vision rose of brick first spread
With garb of sable muck, oh,
Soon to be shabbily arrayed
With short-lived coat of *stucco*.

One long half-mile of villa-front
The House with horror struck, oh,
Not even Patience in a punt
Could swallow so much *stucco*.

"In summer suns 'twill peel and go,
The winter rains 'twill suck, oh,
From MADAME RACHEL's bills we know
The cost of mending *stucco*."

So round the House the whisper's dropped,
Reiterate as the cuckoo—
And our defender's mouths are stopped
With *stucco, stucco, stucco*!

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—The London Street Boys are going to give an Amateur performance in aid of the Knuckle-down Club. The first piece will be the *Marble Art*.

PROPOSAL FOR A CAT SHOW.

WE have had a Dog Show: and when the new Security from Violence Bill has passed into law, it is to be presumed that we shall have a Cat Show. An exhibition of the cats (each provided with nine tails), which are to be laid upon the backs of the garotters, and are to scarify the savages who bruise and beat their wives, will probably be held as soon as the Bill passes, and will doubtless be productive of very good effects. The exhibition should be held as publicly as possible, and placards should be posted in all the courts and alleys, "rents," "buildings," and back-slums, inviting the attendance of all ruffians to inspect it. The cats should be displayed in their most ferocious aspect, and particular attention be requested to their tails: the notice of the observer being specially directed to their flexible condition, and the bigness of their knots. It would be well too if a boatswain's-mate attended at the show, to explain the actual way in which the cats were used, and give a vivid picture of the feelings they produced. For this purpose a lay figure might be put up to be flogged, that the visitors might see how very pliantly the cat tails intertwined about the ribs, and what cruel lacerations they were able to inflict. Coloured models might be added also, taken from the life, to show the actual condition of men who have been flogged: and, to add to the effect, large drops of waxen blood might drip at stated intervals, after the manner of the miracle of the good Saint Januarius.

By attention to these hints, which might easily be amplified, the Cat Show might be made a most instructive exhibition: and many a brutal ruffian might be bettered by inspecting it.

A Joke by a German.

A GERMAN friend of ours has made a little joke in English, and as an encouragement to other foreign students of our language, we spare our friend an inch of our immortal print. Some one was talking of a brewer who had married a young lady related to a peer, when our friend remarked, "Ah, yes, a very proper match. Of jource a brewer ought to be connected with the Beerge."

HORTICULTURE.

A SCIENTIFIC Gardener succeeded, the other day, in planting a blow on his master's nose. The interesting result has not yet been ascertained.



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.

PAM (THE PLASTERER). "LOR BLESS YOU! A LITTLE BIT O' STUCCO WILL MAKE IT PERFECT."



THE END OF THE WORLD



- ACHILLES' Wrath, 58
Adelaide Ristori, 281
Admiralty Making a Mess of It (The), 22
Advertising Game Butchers, 67
Allegory on the Banks of the Tiber, 18
Amends to Gower Street, 285
American Anecdote (An), 21
American Eagle (The), 22
American Pedigrees, 80
American Wonder (An), 109
Anecdotes of Animals, 198
Angle-can Difficulties, 144
Another "New Fantomime," 98
Anticipated Progress in Prussia, 92
Apology for the Gushers, 35
Appalling Self-Cannibalism, 79
Armstrong Pacificator (The), 154
Arrest of American Sympathisers, 22
Art of Not Talking (The), 250
At Home with the Spirits, 189
Auctioneer in the Pulpit (An), 42
Aurora Floyd, 117
Bad Stowage of the City Solicitorship, 8
Bailed on a Bishop (A), 236
Banker's Clerk (The), 75
Barnum's Wedding "Cards," 91
Bath Beaks, 67
Ben the Turk, 44
Becher and Overer, 204
Becher-Stove Manifesto (The), 29
Better than Baron Munchausen, 117
Bishop Masworn's Apology, 40
Bishops and the Bismarck-sappers (The), 34
Blitz Bit (A), 199
Black Hat-mosques (A), 124
Blankets and Broad Sheets, 41
Beckum Dolls Bonneted, 248
Beckum Dolls his Hat, 314
Bold Experiment (A), 25
Bowyer at it Already, 70
Bugs and Howards, 70
Butler in Bodily Fear, 20
CAPABILITY of the City (The), 145
Card (A), 69
Chairman of Christendom (The), 167
Chance for Garibaldi (A), 26
Chance for Three Hospitals, 66
Change of Name, 86, 68, 179
"Changing Names," 42
Character at Court (A), 218
Character of "Puff" (The), 199
Charge of the Two Thousand Seven Hundred (The), 189
Charity and Chronology, 33
Chief Cause of Colic, 179
Choruses and Cant, 114
Christmas Criticism, 3
Church Chess, 118
City War-Song (The), 120
Civil Service Intelligence, 29
Clerical Blondin (A), 154
Clothes! Clothes! Clothes! 11
Clothing Diseases, 214
Colenso and Convocation, 79
Colenso and the Clops, 49
Comfortable Convicts, 63
Common Sense Extraordinary, 95
Comparative Price for Fugitives (A), 158
Concerning Feckler, 51
Constitutional Demonstration in Mary-lebone, 216
Contradiction (A), 18
Conversion of a Bishop, 19
Convict Commission (The), 27
Correspondence, 218
Counter and the Church (The), 194
Court and Casino, 79
Crack for a Colonel (A), 144
Crawley and Lilley, 258
Cribbage, 168
Crown of Greece (The), 8
Cruel, 111
Crusade against Crinolines (The), 208
Cry from a Common (A), 185
Culture of the Bull in Egypt, 177
Curator's Easy Conscience Money, 47
Cut at a Man's Character (A), 146
Cutting Remarks, 166
DANGEROUS GLASSES (The), 17
Dangerous Donkey Hiding, 124
Dark Lantern (A), 77
Deaths of Army Surgeons, 189
Defective Police (The), 246
"De Heretico Comburendo?" 92
Deliverance from French Fashions, 161
Derby Prophecy (A), 29
Deriving the Daring, 31
Detectives Detected, 286
Detective's Diary (A), 186
Detrimental Innings—A Drama of the Princess's Drawing-Room (The), 217
Discord in Denmark, 154
Discouragement of Garotting Bill, 114
Dogged Conduct, 168
Domestic, 168
Do you See any Green in my Oyster? 188
Dwarfs at a Discount, 215
Eats Grey and the Garter, 238
Early Impressions, 88
Easy French Translations, 75
Eccentricity of the Working Classes, 18
Egyptian Haul (An), 258
Equivocal Offer (An), 67
Empire and the Ancient Régime (The), 609
England's Welcome to Alexandra, 90
Ennoble Vegetables and Plants, 91
En Sweet, 91
Every Man his own Quack, 60
Example for Actors, 241
Excess of Charity (An), 120
Exclusive Public-Houses, 4
Exhibition of Softshoes, 197
Experiments at Woolwich, 185
Extraordinary Annihilation of Spaces, 88
Extraordinary News, 48
Eye Life, 70
FACT (A), 51
Fashionable Arrivals, 9
Fashionable Intelligence, 213
Fate of the Club Tax (The), 209
Favourable and Unfavourable Signs, 213
Feast of Lanterns (The), 124
Federal Brute Tamer (The), 20
Female Illuminations, 123
"Fighting Joe" at Fredericksburg, 237
Fighting with Shadows, 120
Foreign Intelligence, 149
Foreign Notions of Fun, 101
Found in the Dudley Gallery, 235
Freedom to John Bright, 8
Frustrated Hoop Woman (The), 99
Fudge Maintained by France (The), 28
GAMES of Jack Ketch (The), 27
Game of Roman Catholics at Glaydnn, 290
Giving us Pepper, 204
Glasgow Cannibals, 150
Gloria Mundi, 147
Going the Hull Hog, 23, 68
Gone Goose, 45
Good Riddance (A), 238
Gower Street Gothic, 299
Gracious Work of Mercy, 66
Great American Billiard Match, 199
Great Jaw of Moulin-Quignon (The), 224
Great Omniscient Derby Race (The), 210
Great Suburban Railway, 184
Greeting to the "George Griswold," 69
Ground to Death, 236
Hail from Admiral Nelson (A), 187
Hair and many Friends (The), 18
Happy Land, 286
Hard Labour in High Life, 167
Hatch its Hotel, 98
Hat it Again! 111
Hawdon's Easter Holiday, 159
Hebrew with Points, and Good Ones, 90
Hair-Hunting among the West Indians, 7
Henry, Marquis of Lansdowne, 64
Heraldic and Genealogical Notes, 166
Hint to Cork (A), 139
His Imperial Reverence, 251
Homage to Butler, 187
Horrid Calumny, 49
Housebreaker in the Police Force, 251
How about the Rappers? 78
How the Prussian Cat Jumps, 250
How to make Home Happy, 189
How to Save Conscience Money, 174
Humilities of the Hustings, 61
Humility in High Style, 165
Hymen and his Assistants, 198
Icyp Vagrants, 1
Icyp Young Man (An), 216
Idiotic Signatures, 216
Important Court Dress, 50
Important from Lord and Lady Dun-dreary, 169
Inglorious Legend in Prose (An), 153
In Re — and — Members of the Royal Academy, 235
Interesting Exhibition (An), 183
Interesting Intelligence, 149
Interesting Match, 226
Invasion of the North, 29
Irish Temperance of a Yankee, 18
Is Fox-hunting Injurious? 116
Jack's Miniature, 139
Jesus's Bark, and Bits, 48
Jonathan in a Fix, 58
Judges of Music, 149
June, July, January, 250
King of Prussia's Perfect Cure (The), 245
Leaves in Lincoln Green (The), 89
Knocking up a Suisanne, 126
Lament of an Old Cannon Ball, 52
Last Nursery Rhyme (The), 91
Latch-Kegs for Ticket-of-Leave Men, 7
Latest from America, 94
Lawyer Amendment Society, 9
Legal Queries, 145
Lenten Dinners v. Lenten Dancers, 84
Les Misérables, 164
"L'Esprit Court Les Rues," 19
Lesson of the Year (The), 29
Letter from a Brahmin, 42
Liberty of the Press (The), 91
Lift for the Lifeboats (A), 109
Literal Solomon (A), 47
Little Bill for Bruises (A), 205
Little Lift for Lumley (A), 236
Little Puff for a "Little Party" (A), 199
London New York Herald (The), 247
London Traps for Country Flats, 69
Lord Clyde's late Victory, 237
Lord Mayor Ross, 88
Low Style of Nimrod (A), 197
Loyal Whisper to a Royal Rascal, 194
Machern in the Kitchen, 169
Magistrate Committing Himself (A), 17
Majority against Mr. Hubbard (The), 197
Masonry at the Mansion House, 3
Matrimonial Happiness Company, 3
Men and Monkeys, 19
Middlesex to Wit, 79
Mirth for Mercenaries, 289
Mokeana, or The White Witness, 71, 91, 92, 86
Momentous Question (A), 74
Morals of May-be-Fair (The), 247
More Bristol Diamonds, 146
More Novelities! 188
Most Alarming Question (A), 195
Most Serious Suisanne (A), 158
M. P.'s having their Air Washed, 241
Mr. Prussia—Process-Server to the Court, 228
Mr. Punch at the Lyceum, 60
Mr. Punch at the Memorial Fete, 268
Mr. Punch's Derby Prophecy, 286
Mrs. Martha Latheran on Convict La-bour, 21
Mud that Won't Stick, 69
Musical Notes, 105, 218, 238
Music for May-Day, 186
My Lords at Sheffield, 164
NAGGLETONS after Dinner (The), 48
Naggletons and the Bishop (The), 174
Naggletons on a Party (The), 67
Naggletons on Fleurette Bent (The), 187
Naggletons on the Derby (The), 289
Naggletons on the Drawing-Room, 289
Name-Changes, 11
Nasty Team to Drive (A), 149
Natal Correspondence (The), 115, 167
Nephtus's Address on the Moonymoon, 112
New Ballot (A), 251
Newman on Deglutition, 100
New Dodge for a Dramatist (A), 105
New Moral Poems, 128
New Rebecca Wanted (A), 198
New Regulations for Munificence, 90
New View of Bray (A), 49
New Wine Plant (A), 19
Nice Spring Bonnet (A), 189
Nile Song (The), 285
Nobility and Walker, 18
"No Cards," 27
No Johnsonism, 286
No more Property, 47
Non-Natural Prosecution (A), 84
No Prophet but Punch! 177
Northern Frolics, 262
Not Beger for the Bear, 67
Notes on Spirit Rappings, 2
Notes on Development, 123
Notion for the New Budget, 66

Novel Entertainment (A), 183
 Nursery Rhymes, 8, 17, 51, &c.
 Nymph and the Demon (The), 99
 One to Alexandra, 133
 Official Case (An), 41
 Oh! Pity Poor Bobby, 59
 Old Abe in a Fix, 54
 Old King Cotton, 38
 On a Late Accident, 158
 One Fool makes Many, 145
 Operatic Eclogue (An), 148
 Order in Divorce, 69
 Original Anecdotes, 157
 Our Dramatic Correspondent, 175, 257
 Our National and Domestic Defenders, 158
 Our Railway Capital, 138
 Our Virtuous Indignation, 259
 Out-of-Door Gamester and Sporting Register (The), 204, 209, 224, &c.
 Pam's Incubus on Italy, 143
 Pavane Proclaimed (The), 53
 Paradise in Fimlico (An), 43
 Paradise in the Park, 164
 Parian Barbary, 249
 Parliamentary Notices, 147
 Patent Medicine for Small-Pox (A), 208
 Peep into Pettland (A), 237
 Persecution of an Austrian Priest, 231
 Person and the Purse (The), 123
 Phœbus Apollo's Complaint, 241
 Photographic Fæstoria, 166
 Pictures in Prospect, 246
 Piece-Work at South Kensington, 104
 Pillar of the Law (A), 73
 Pity a Poor Duke, 155
 Pleasant Situation (A), 223
 Poetic Permits, 57
 Points of View, 109
 Poland's Chain-Shot, 135
 Policeman's Little Game (The), 11
 Politeness in Police Courts, 53
 Polite Rejoinder, 53
 Political Economy, 79, 156
 Poor Post Chase, 229
 Popery in Quod, 179
 Prescher and Pultis, 169
 Premier Green (The), 23
 Priests and Penitents, 105
 Prime Ministers, 169
 Prince of Wales's new Livory (The), 252
 Prison and the Poorhouse (The), 78
 Private View (A), 166
 Prize (A), 281
 Progress of Civilization, 19
 Proposal for a Cat Show, 262
 Proposed Reform Act (A), 145
 Prospects of a New Journal, 193
 Puff for Handel (A), 203
 Punch and the Funsters, 157
 Punch at the Procession, 116
 Punch's Cookery Book, 68
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 63, 73, &c.
 Punch's Prophecy for the Derby, 215
 Punch's Real Newmarket Prophecies, 194
 Puzzles for Playgoers, 9
 QUACK! 173
 Queensberry Question, 19
 Question for the King of Prussia (A), 249
 Quiet Affair (A), 49
 Quite Fair, 89
 RACED University (A), 163
 Rapid Growth of Debt (The), 72
 Banks of Respectability (The), 74
 Rayner Tall, 128
 Real Church Rate Martyr (The), 190
 Real Truth (The), 12
 Reformatory Drill and Discipline, 61
 Refractory Telescope (A), 238
 Remains of Streatham House (The), 255
 Reproof Valiant (The), 63
 Reward of Probable Merit, 214
 Rhymes for the very Young, 154
 R-gues' Rate (A), 23
 Rome and Russell, 74
 Rose-Coloured Accidents, 91
 Rose in Sun (The), 178
 Royal Geographical Society (The), 52
 Royal Letter—the King of Dahomey and Sir Joshua Jebb, 111
 Rule Britannia! 196
 Russia's Reason, 260
 Royal Academies (The), 255
 Bad News for Savages, 223
 Saucy Questions, 89
 Scandalum Magnatum, 92
 Scheme for a Certificate System, 251
 Schoolers in the Army, 307
 Schooling and Starvation, 185
 Science for the Schools, 213
 Scolding the Stocks, 68
 Scotch Stores, 102
 Sensation Advertising, 183
 "Sensation" Sufferers, 29
 Shadows of the Week, 165, 169, 179, &c.
 Shakespeare in the City, 227
 Shakespearean Juveniles, 205
 Signatures by Sunlight, 219

Signs of the Times, 29
 Sir George Cornwall Lewis, 179
 Sir James Outram, 149
 Sir Robert's Lecture, 51
 Small Debts and Heretics Court, 57, 100
 Snobs/Complaints of the Weather Office, 57
 Soap for the Sleepy, 48
 Social Catechism, 229
 Soldiers to Spare for the Union, 156
 Some's Cup Day (A), 238
 Some's Popular Exasperation Bill, 126
 Some's Throated Sunday, 197
 Something Fabulous, 168
 Something for Mr. Some, 178
 Something like a Jewel, 61
 Song from the Quaker City (A), 163
 Song of Hohenzollern, 102
 So Tired, 111
 Source of the Nile Discovered (The), 219
 Speaking by the Letter, 167
 Specimen Page of the Academy Catalogue, 201
 Spiritual Communication from Governor Wall, 250
 Spiritual Intelligence, 89
 Spiritualists Raising the Wind, 89
 Starling of the Vatican (The), 57
 Startling Discovery of a Great Crinoline Conspiracy, 154
 Stereographic Loyalty, 169
 Story of an Earl, 41
 Strange Sight in Suffolk (A), 134
 Street Dialogue (A), 113
 Struck-Stricken, 262
 Suggestion from Suffolk (A), 73
 Surprising to a Degree, 183
 Taffy in the Jury-Box, 51
 Taking in, and Letting out, 54
 Tales of my Grandfather, 164
 Talk with Thames of London (A), 106
 Tallow Candle-lash Odour of sanctity, 245
 Tattle from Tatterall's, 87
 Taxation of Idiots (The), 195
 Taxes on Folly, 155
 Terrible Revenge (A), 197
 Theatre for Brompton (A), 49
 Theatre near Everywhere (The), 113
 Thief to Himself (The), 8
 To all England, 229
 To Persons about to Furnish, 8
 Touching these Clubs, 63
 Town in Filling, 78
 Trades' Union Strike for Poland (A), 225
 Transfer of St. Thomas's, 118
 Tremendous Sacrifice of Preferment, 113
 Tune the Old Cow died of (The), 260, &c.
 Two Georges (The), 14
 ULLIEST Sight in Europe (The), 175
 Ultra Know-Nothing (An), 89
 Ungrateful, 89
 University Intelligence, 235
 Unrevealed Mysteries, 255
 VIRTUE its own Reward, 39
 WASTED, a King, 34
 "Water! Water! Everywhere," 7
 Way of the Imperial Will (The), 59
 Wedding-Card Tax Wanted (A), 195
 Welcome and the Wedding (The), 58

Wet Derby (The), 226
 What are you, Hat? 79
 What's in a Name? 33
 What Teetotallers Drink, 10
 Wife and no Encumbrance (A), 146
 Will it Wash, 256
 Window in Tears (The), 27
 Wisdom in Globules, 217
 Wit in the Queen's Bunch, 32
 Word on a Demonstration (A), 51
 Wrong by its Right Name (A), 144
 Yankos at San Francisco, 71
 Yankos: Ungracious Idol (The), 58
 Yankos Valentines, 69
 Yak, 261
 Yours Sincerely, 260
 Youth in the Wood (A), 23
 Zeal for a Friend, 110

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

Amnesty (The), 171
 At Home and Abroad, 96, 97
 "Beware!" 181
 Britannia Discovering the Source of the Nile, 233
 City Police (The), 151
 Derby, 1863—Portrait of the Winner, 211
 Dowry (The), 85
 Gladstone Salve for Tender Consciences, 141
 Gog and Magog Clearing out the Van-Demons, 221
 Great "Cannon Game" (The), 191
 Growl for Poland (A), 75
 Honeymoon (The), 107
 Latest from Spirit-Land, 15
 Looking out for the Next "Derby," 45
 National Crinoline (The), 55
 New-Born Year (The), 5
 Poland's Chain-Shot, 131
 Probable Effect of Mr. Some's Sunday Closing Bill, 130
 Publican's Friend (The), 25
 Putting a Good Face on it, 263
 Russia's "Evasive Answer," 201
 Some from the American "Tempest," 35
 Scotch Witch's Cauldron (The), 161
 Setting To-Rights, 119
 Settler for Some's Stale Bear Bill (A), 243
 Spring Meeting (The), 65
 Madame Paris and the Valet-de-Cham, 253

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

ADVICE Gratis, 140
 Anti-Garotte Movement, 18
 Bad Excuse better than None (A), 31
 Black Fog (A), 68
 Boy and Mamma, 112
 Calby and Intoxicate, 11
 Canine, 146
 Captain Smith and Mr. Holmes, 100

Chapeau Blanc, rooted to the Spot, follows the Mokeanna, 103
 Christening of Jones' First (The), 92
 Clara and Tom, 236, 238
 Conductor and Old Lady, 79
 Consolation, 224
 Contamination, 184
 Counter Irritation, 89
 Currency (The), 229
 Deal (A), 260
 Delicate Hint (A), 154, 166
 "Did you never see a Manx Man," 125
 District Telegraph (The), 20
 Dramatic, 44
 Drawing Room (The), 106
 Duet under Difficulties (A), 190
 Dust Ho! The Long Dress nuisance, 222
 Enraged Lady of the Vegetables, 144
 Enthusiastic Niemrod, 64
 Envious Party (An), 262
 Envy, 174
 "False Sailing," 8
 Flunkiana—Ambition, 223
 Fly Fishing, 252
 Front and Back View of a Curious Animal, 249
 Garotte Effect (A), 14
 "Get! man! Prefers the Oven!" 197
 H-mus for the Holidays, 24
 Horsedealer's Logic (A), 4
 Hush! Hush! 54
 Idle Servant (The), 40
 "It is the Chapeau Blanc, the White Witness," 115
 Impetuous (An), 186
 Jones and his Shadow, 2
 Jones and John Thomas, 114
 Juveniles and Bessy Travers, 159
 Kindly Meant, 214
 Kind Old Aunt, 10
 Lady Audley's Secret, 194
 La Mode, 36
 Latest Fast Thing (The), 169
 Latest from America, 167
 Latest Imperial Carte de Visite, 60
 Linguist (The), 85
 Little's Rowlands' Macassar Wanted, 237
 Master Tom and Nurse, 137
 Mr. Punch and the Bishop, 38
 New Costume for the Geographical Society, 52
 Night Flight of the White Witness, 71
 Official Little Gent and Calby, 84
 Old Gentleman and Hair Dresser, 237
 Old Lady Entangled in her Crinoline, 258
 Old Mr. Gaffer slashes his "Old Apple-woman Knitting," 147
 Old Salt and Master George, 48
 Omnibus Driver to Coster, 161
 Once more upon the Track of the Fugitive, 95
 Papa and Child, 21
 Passages in the Life of a Volunteer, 176, 186, 206
 Patience Rewarded, 123
 Pleasant Intelligence, 177
 Poor Fellow! 41
 Porter at the Academy, 226
 Portrait of a Gentleman who doesn't Care for Garottes, 33
 Portrait of Tomkins, 210
 "Prave Ords!" 134
 Prevention Better than Cure, 229
 Punch's Advice to Ladies, 73
 Query for M.P.'s, 123
 Railway Official and Swell, 25
 Rising Generation—a Little Smoke Jack (The), 54
 Scene in the Temple, 74
 Scene—the Row, 242
 Servantism, 180
 Sir Joshua Dogberry and Ticket-of-leave Men, 59
 Sketch at a Steeple-Chase (A), 179
 Small-Bird Murder, 44
 Son and Heir, 51
 Splendid Illumination, 122
 Sporting Enthusiast, 113
 Standard Bearer (The), 69
 Stodge Recognising our Friend Browne, 157
 Street Arab, 78
 Syman and Jeames, 179
 Tailor's Shop—a Distinction, 248
 Ticket Clerk and Old Lady, 267
 Two Cadgers (The), 61
 Voiled Seducer, 187
 Very Rude, 256
 Well (?) Brought up, 216
 Well Over! Anyhow! 137
 White Witness Back-hairs the Lady Bettina (The), 81
 Ye Emperor Pondering of ye Pope, 251
 Young Paterfamilias at Home, 90
 Youthful Artist and Old Lady, 159

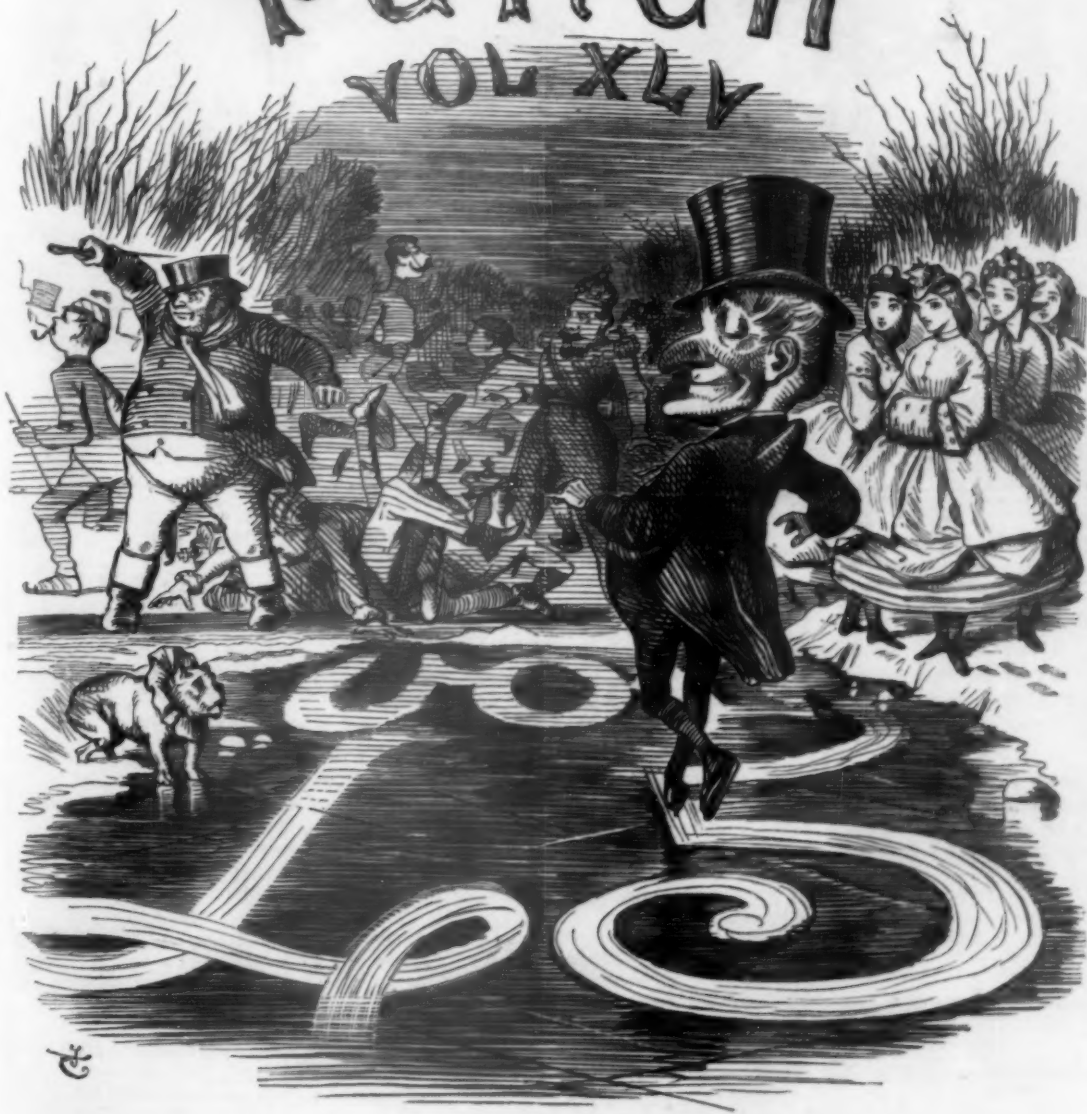


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